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Walker/Gamma-Liaison (Bush);
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chief, after local children started a make-believe cocaine-grass clippings



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T-shirts either. Indian summer is perfect, and perfectly American—the free bonus gift in every package, the automatic deadline extension, the obligatory encore of “My Way” or “Satisfaction.” Even in New York City, where nature is reduced to real estate amenity (the park view, the 90 minutes of sunlight each afternoon, the terrace bonsai



ndian summer,



our favorite

quasi-season

(mark October 23 on your calendar) the leaves disintegrate, the skies turn British and the social whirl goes haywire. The benchmark for the current party season was set very early on, when obese conglomerateur Saul Steinberg's 50th birthday became the pretext for a staggering spectacle. Steinberg's wife, Gayfryd, hired actors, ordered some to undress and arranged most of them in tableaux depicting Old Master paintings (Rembrandt's *Danaë*, Vermeer's *The Kitchen Maid*);

had two women, identical twins, outfitted as mermaids and installed

in the swimming pool; then served dinner to 250 people (including Ron Perelman, Henry Kravis, Abe Rosenthal, various Trumps and virtually all Tisches); and, of course, solicited cov-



“These kids were intelligent to set something up like this.”—the Lebanon, Pennsylvania, police and-marijuana dealership, with a sales ledger and plastic bags of sugar and

erage by an invited gossip columnist. "Honey," Steinberg said in a toast to his wife, "if this moment were a stock, I'd short it." That's right — like so much of life today, it was the opening scene of yet another colorful, compelling chapter in our ongoing novelization of the fin de siècle, 1999: *Casinos of the Third Reich*.

So, despite some widely influential preliminary findings issued in this space three years ago, *the 1980s have not yet ended*, and the nineties are looking to be just like the eighties, only more so. The Dow Jones Industrial Average pulsates toward 3,000, the highest it's been since the beginning of time, and the 1990s will open

with the trials of dozens of Chicago commodities traders, 46 of whom have been charged with fraud; a third of those indicted have already agreed to



snitch, eighties-style, on the rest. Have the indictments provoked a chastened new consensus at Wall Street's highest levels that fundamental reforms are in order? "The nasty part," says the man in charge of futures trading at Gruntal & Company, a major brokerage house, "will be the public-relations impact."

Bushian compassion (*Bush-style? Bushesque? Busby?*) has turned out to consist mainly of an earnest frown and the phrase *Barbara and I...*, and now all sorts of people have adopted a disingenuous kindergarten tack, and it is unsettling. Greg Johnson, the man whose Supreme Court case established every American's right to destroy patriotic icons, finds he has a strong sense of flag-burning etiquette. "There is a time and a place for everything," Johnson says. "People should stop baiting me and daring me about the next time I am going to burn the flag." Even the Marine Corps has, under Bush, given in to Barbarism: all sergeants must now read "a minimum of two books (ideally four) annually." The nasty part ("Okay, maggot — *Reflections in a Golden Eye*, now!" "Carson McCullers, 1941, sir!") could be the public-relations impact.

Not just the Marines, but now Sylvester Stallone is indulging in introspection. He is avoiding sexual entanglements, Stallone told *USA Today*, because he's just "not fit for human consumption right now. Botulism.... Bad meat in a can."

A quarter of a century ago, as the decade of free love and the Peace Corps was really getting under way, John F. Kennedy blithely had sex with an average of 2.4 women a week other than his wife. Today a Peace Corps volunteer in Zaire accuses a visiting Democratic congressman of fondling her just once and the House launches an investigation. The alleged fondler, Representative Gus Savage — *nice name* — claims he was framed. "I did nothing," says Savage. "That's what I did. They tried to destroy Dr. Martin Luther King with a lie. I'm in good company." (Memo to Congressman Savage re nasty public-relations impacts: when denying

charges of sexual misadventure, *do not refer to Martin Luther King.*)

Because especially when it comes to sex, public-relations impact is all. Walter Annenberg, the bookie's son and billionaire art collector, was asked about the exhibit of Robert Mapplethorpe's photographs that prompted Congress to cut arts funding. "I hate to see a constraining hand in relation to art," Annenberg said. And yet, he added, "I'm sick of people expressing their artistic attitudes and talents in an unappetizing manner."

Senator Jesse Helms, by contrast, *likes* to see a constraining hand in relation to art, especially art involving Negroes without any clothes on. "There's a big difference between *The Merchant of Venice*," Helms explained, "and a photograph of two males of different races...on a marble-top table. I'm embarrassed to even talk to you about this," he confided to a reporter. "I'm embarrassed to talk to my wife." And who wouldn't be: when the senator showed the Mapplethorpe catalog to Dot Helms, she became so giddy she lapsed into the present progressive tense. "Lord have mercy, Jesse," Dot cried, "I'm not believing this."

In the Soviet Union, where the constraining hand in relation to art has just been lifted, perhaps they are not believing

that after all the struggle, what they get is American B-movies. The 1976 remake of *King Kong* was the biggest-grossing foreign film in the Soviet Union last year, and in second and third place were *Short Circuit* and *Bedroom Window*, films starring Steve Guttenberg and Steve Guttenberg, respectively. Is it any wonder that Cuba has just banned two Soviet magazines, accusing them of "justifying bourgeois democracy as the highest form of popular participation and [having] a fascination for the American way of life"?

The American way of life: Steve Rubell's funeral was broadcast out onto the street by loudspeakers, and Donald Trump was there, climbing into his stretch limo (the one with gold exterior trim), when he insisted on speaking to a *Post* reporter. "Studio 54," Trump said, "had tremendous impact on the city — it made New York hot." Days later, Rubell's stylish Hotel Royalton finally got its liquor license ("Now, *finally*," Rubell's partner, Ian Schrager, said movingly, "Steve's vision of the hotel lobby as *the* social meeting place of the nineties can be realized"), and a Trump Shuttle flight was forced to make an emergency landing. The nasty part, just possibly, will be the public-relations impact.

A faulty Trump Shuttle, a fab Studio 54 funeral, a bittersweetly timed liquor license, the simultaneous deaths of Diana Vreeland and Huey Newton — that's right, we're nearing the suspenseful, sensational conclusion of yet another chapter of 1999: *Casinos of the Third Reich*. The most exciting plot twists are still to come, as the nineties begin officially: next March in London, Sotheby's will auction off 13,000 bottles of wine from the cellars of Czar




Nicholas II, and weeks later, back in New York, Robert Goulet will open on Broadway in *After You, Mr. Hyde*, a \$4.5 million musical that concerns, Goulet explained helpfully from his home in Las Vegas, "a shy, almost but not quite absentminded-professor type who swallows a

little vial of something and becomes a get-out-of-the-way, flamboyant character." Imagine the spectacle! Imagine the public-relations impact! Imagine the chanting roar of the crowd: Gou-let! Gou-let! Gou-let! "I can't wait," Goulet says, and, as caught up as we are in 1999: *Casinos of the Third Reich*, neither can we. ■

A.D.: NANDO MIGLIO - PH.: MARIO TESTINO

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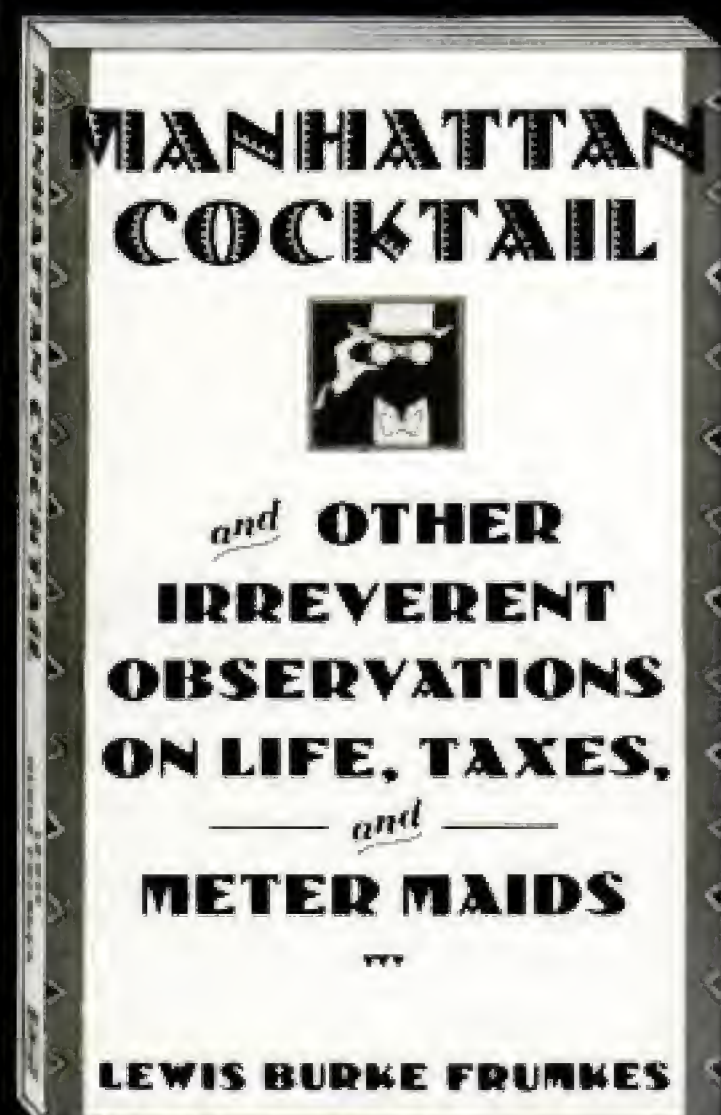
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From the SPY mailroom: If fewer night crawlers made personal stationery of their cocktail napkins—which, after all, are meant to be crumpled and thrown at people one momentarily mistakes for friends—there would be less pain and



embarrassment and misunderstanding in the world. Jay McInerney's note to "Brett" Easton Ellis, written on a cocktail napkin

but salvaged and reprinted as part of SPY's Celebrity Pro-Am Ironman Night-life Decathlon Championship II results (July), has, predictably, brought grief to all involved.

Briefly, what happened is this: by misreading "WCW" (as in the saloon-serviette signature "J. 'WCW' McInerney") as "WOW" and failing to detect an allusion to William Carlos Williams, SPY awarded McInerney ten Ironman points he did not deserve. In so doing, we, as one reader put it, "fucked up." The "entire Ironman contest is now blemished," he added. Some things other readers had to say: "Don't make us wince again by making McInerney look clever." "Tell me you're kidding.... Tell me you knew that already." And "Hey, you bucketheads." So much for our grief and our readers'—considerable.

Curiously, McInerney and even Ellis—the latter an innocent bystander—also got it: "Yet another example of McInerney's huge overestimation of his place in the American literary scene." "I hope you will deduct 15 points from McInerney's score for having paid attention in his freshman English class." "You needn't apologize. Anyone who styles himself after Williams needs a new role model." "Williams was a serious and thoughtful writer, which is a hell of a lot more than can be said about his frivolous would-be successor." "It seems more significant to me that Jay can't spell his great friend and co-luminary Bret Easton Ellis's first name." "I do wonder whether McInerney is ordinarily a bad speller or if he misspelled 'Brett' as an actively hostile gesture." "Considering his anticipated homage to Ford Madox Ford's *Parade's End*, is J.M. founding a second career alluding to writers who are not only far better than he, but whose first names are identical to their last?" ▶

DEAR EDITORS I don't live in New York, and I know who Joe Franklin is ["The Irony Epidemic," by Paul Rudnick and Kurt Andersen, March]. Does this make me "hip"?

*Peter Bianchi Jr.
Miami, Florida*

We don't know; check your decoder.

DEAR EDITORS Since less energy is used in reading *Nancy* than in not reading it, one becomes a member of the Ernie Bushmiller Society almost by default. Count me in [The Un-British Crossword Puzzle, by Roy Blount Jr., April].

*Brad Bonhall
Laguna Niguel, California*

DEAR EDITORS In his fascinating account "Doing Deals With the Devil: A SPY Audit of Faustian

Bargains, Mephistophelian Transactions and the Current Bull Market for Selling One's Soul" [June], Ned Zeman failed to mention the most puzzling of the 1980s' sellouts.

I am, of course, referring to the deal Gregory Peck struck with those anti-Bork Devils. Or has Zeman himself sold out in his possibly biased decision to exclude Peck's classic Faustian outrage from his otherwise clever article?

*Jack Hughes
River Forest, Illinois*

DEAR EDITORS I congratulate Mr. Zeman on his keen perception in revealing the supposed media genius Christopher Whittle as the Faustian character, pouncing on the media stage, that he is. Mr. Whittle has convinced himself, along with a few others, that he is a true entrepreneur worthy of a political office bankrupt of any ideological preference.

I do hope you pursue his annoying meddling in the media industry. New York and California have caught on to him; I have faith that SPY will bring him to justice.

*Paul van de Kamp
Old Greenwich, Connecticut*

See page 70.

DEAR EDITORS Ned Zeman's piece was pretty good, but it did leave out some rather choice examples of Faustian deals, mainly in today's music business.

Rotund composer Andrew Lloyd Webber is a perfect Faust, selling off his musicals for a lot of money while losing whatever minimal credibility he once had. George Harrison is the benefactor of a major deal with Mr. Lucifer. For almost two decades Harrison's post-Beatles career consisted of coasting on his former band's popularity. In other words, Harrison played Faust to himself, until 1988, when he tried for some kind of demonic equivalent of a Tupperware party by dragging Bob Dylan, Tom Petty and Roy Orbison into a scheme whereby, as The Traveling Wilburys, they all played Faust to ex-Electric Light Orchestra guitarist Jeff Lynne's Mephistopheles. Lynne, in turn, played Faust to himself, for the whole Wilbury mess gave him the greatest recognition of

his career.

However, the most glaring omission was Jann Wenner, who allowed *Rolling Stone* to participate in the film *Perfect* and devoted its 1985 Summer Double Issue to two cover stories on the movie's stars, John Travolta and Jamie Lee Curtis—actions that made the magazine look rather silly when *Perfect* came out and completely bombed.

*Dave Platt
Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada*

DEAR EDITORS "Doing Deals With the Devil" was terrific, but "Hellcat of the Turkish Army" [by Melik Kaylan, June] may explain why you get so many unsolicited sonnets and bios.

Those readers must figure, "Who the hell knows *what* those wild and crazy guys at SPY are going to print?"

*Jim Tynen
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania*

DEAR EDITORS In your exposition of the ten most litigious New Yorkers ["Those Who Can, Sue," by George Kalogerakis, June], you gave Anthony R. Martin-Trigona short shrift. Mr. M-T not only pursues his own legal concerns but also has the public weal at

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An unpleasant episode that could have been avoided had McInerney bothered to use the telephone or some basic letterhead to communicate with his chum. But note: the ten points he was awarded did not in any way affect the final Ironman standings. McInerney would still have placed second to the extraordinary, never-beaten, retired-while-still-on-top Anthony Haden-Guest, the Florence Griffith-Joyner of Manhattan's demimonde.

Speaking of night crawling, when Stuyvesant High School's prom was held in the Puck Building last June, Hillary Anger of Brooklyn found that the building—SPY's first home—"didn't look like it does in the ad in the magazine; nonetheless I was inspired." To?

We're often asked to explain the elusive appeal of "Separated at Birth?" (on occasion we've tried to explain it without actually having been asked, but now we just drink club soda). We confess we never really understood it ourselves until a letter arrived from Tim Hillson asking permission to use SPY's *Separated at Birth?* book in a Department of Psychology, University of Western Ontario, research project on "the perceived humour value of stimuli." Sounds interesting. Sounds Canadian. Now, just why do the researchers think the photos are funny? "A close physical similarity in the persons in a pair juxtaposed with a large difference between their backgrounds are what we hypothesize would be responsible for at least some of the humorous effect of the pairing." Plausible. But will our participation help mankind? "The research itself will help establish a cognitive-emotional model of humour, which would be of benefit to people in general, as humour has been shown to be a healthy stress mediator." Uncanny! Almost the exact wording used in the original plan for this magazine.

"The IVANARAMAI issue [May] had just arrived and was lying on the ottoman waiting to be read," writes David Schackow from Holland, Michigan. "Alex, my 3½-year-old son, walked by the stool. Glancing at the cover, he stopped and shrieked, 'Daddy, Daddy, where's my Ghostbuster gun? I have to blast this scary lady.'" Maybe. Your son's subsequent remark ("That chick is toast!") makes us wonder, though. Is that really how preschoolers, albeit pre-



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heart. Shortly after the accused (now convicted) cocaine kingpin Carlos Lehder found himself the guest of the Justice Department, M-T filed papers in the case, attempting to intervene as the attorney for Mr. Lehder. As Senor Lehder had apparently never heard of his supposed mouthpiece and the court clerk did not recognize him as admitted to practice before the Florida Court, the selfless M-T was denied another opportunity to display his legal prowess.

Ronald Bergwerk
Jacksonville, Florida

DEAR EDITORS Just a question regarding the June article on Norman and Frances Lear ["Desperately Seeking Seriousness," by Leah Rozen]. Three times you say that Norman's new wife, Lyn Davis Lear, is a psychotherapist. This is a pretty general term for those of us who are students of the science. Is she simply some recovering addict who muddled her way through a two-year master's program, or is she actually legitimate (an M.D. or Ph.D.)? Maybe she even did some work at the Los Angeles Psychoanalytic

Society and Institute, although from the tone of your article I wouldn't bet on it.

Chris Segal
Chicago, Illinois

What you're asking is, has she simply put up a shingle and started mailing bills? According to papers filed with the FEC, she is both a psychiatrist (therefore an M.D.) and a Ph.D.

DEAR EDITORS Frances Lear sounds like a bored, rich divorcee who's trying to outsucceed one of her earlier husbands—with HIS money. Furthermore, where does she get the effrontery to openly declare a type of person—the "Lear's Woman"? If Frances Lear is in fact the definitive "Lear's Woman," why on earth would anyone want to be like that? My advice to her is to get out of publishing and hone up on her motherly skills—they could apparently use some work.

Jim Fuhrman
Los Angeles, California

DEAR EDITORS Three European numeric irritants ["The Ugly European," by George Kalogerakis,

July]: they cross their sevens, decimal the recording of time (8.30) and transpose the order of day and month (22/10/63).

Elan Fleisher
New York

DEAR EDITORS I liked your article on Twinkies ["Twinkie, Twinkie, Little Suet-Filled Sponge-Cake Crisco Log, Now I Know Just What You Are: Baking America's Favorite Processed Snack Cake at Home," by Jane and Michael Stern, July]. However, I've always been more interested in those rubbery phosphorescent spheres known as Sno Balls (also made by Hostess). I've never eaten one, but a few years ago I flung a number of them off the 35th Avenue overpass of the Clearview Expressway in Queens. Contrary to your free-fall experiments with the Twinkie (in which the junk food merely bounced onto its back following a 120-foot plummet), Sno Balls rebounded a good three feet when hurled from a height of only two or three stories.

Further analysis of these resilient desert food samples was often halted by the radials of oncoming cars. Even then, a few



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cocious ones, in Holland, Michigan, talk?

Some follow-ups to articles and letters appearing in SPY:

1. Fleming Meeks's seminal "Elvis's Weight on the Planets" (September 1987) has infiltrated not only downtown music-shop business cards and the thinking of members of ZZ Top (see this space last month) but also, now, the work of director Jim Jarmusch. Writing from Cannes about Jarmusch's new movie, *Mystery Train*, Vincent Canby of *The New York Times* said, "[Jarmusch] also has a knack for the oddball detail.... Sample line: 'When he died, Elvis Presley would have weighed 648 pounds on Jupiter.'" Precisely the Elvis-on-Jupiter figure calculated by Meeks.

2. Additional proof that 007's influence (see "Bondmania—James Bondmania," by Bruce Handy, October 1988) is as far-reaching as, oh, Fleming Meeks's. Here is Trump hotel designer Alan Lapidus in *Newsweek*: "You know where I get my inspiration from? The movies.... And what were the glamorous movies when I was young? James Bond."

3. At least one support group was missing from Mary Schafer's "People Who Really, Really Need People" (*Naked City*, August). The following is from a letter written to the *Daily News*: "The 300-plus patients who are members of the New Jersey Chronic Fatigue Association have a debilitating and disabling condition. Nine out of 10 people in our support group have never been to a meeting because they are too sick to leave the house."

4. More blood on your hands ("Slaughterhouse America," by Peter Heffernan, July), and if it looks like tomato sauce, well...Domino's Pizza Inc. admitted to 20 fatal traffic accidents involving frenzied deliveries in 1988—.000000083 dead delivery kids or bystanders for every pizza eater. Think about *that* next time you're idly choosing between mushroom and pepperoni.

5. Days after our August issue, with its story on Dino DeLaurentiis's Hollywood shenanigans ("The Little Producer That Couldn't," by Mark Frankel), appeared on Los Angeles newsstands, Dino was sued for \$50 million by the DeLaurentiis Entertainment Group, his former company. DEG charges that Dino defrauded them.

6. And Susin Nielsen of Toronto has

cited yet another use of the word *nubbin* (see this space last month, and also *Eating*, May), this one on page 54 of Anne Tyler's *Earthly Possessions*.

More intrareadership squabbling, the worst since July. Kimberly Epstein of Monroe, New York, "must disagree" with David Gartner, who was himself agreeing with Michael Gates (see Letters to SPY, May—the one pining for SPY's pre-bar-code days). "If SPY was as exclusive as Gartner remembers," writes Epstein, "I never would have been solicited through the mail and would probably have never heard of SPY. A shame, no?" A shame, yes, Kimberly. As is the fact that Gartner, if he ever made good on his promise to go "back to reading *Interview*," may never see this. In a (so far, but who knows) nonrelated skirmish, the wise, acute and probably beautiful Kathleen Thompson of Seattle felt compelled to respond to William B. Azaroff's "scathing missile" (see Letters to SPY, July—the one about biting the hand that feeds us): "I would just remind him that those who can laugh at themselves probably are not such great targets as those who are not willing or able to be part of (or appreciate) the joke. In light of this, if I were Mr. Azaroff, I would be looking over my shoulder...." Now we'll just step back and see what happens.

Finally, in a special third-anniversary, hands-across-America public-relations gesture, this: "I first learned of your magazine from seeing your *Separated at Birth?* book," writes Jason Steltz of Essington, Pennsylvania, alluding to our 1988 attempt to juxtapose persons with close physical similarity yet large differences in background to humorous effect, thereby adding to the planet's supply of healthy stress mediators. Steltz has since become a regular SPY reader and has a few questions (veteran readers, please bear with us). The answers: (1) Well, it's really just a completely random list. (2) Because *The New Yorker* doesn't; we try to get *them* to answer; we really don't know whether they mind. (3) The *Naked City* design, which uses strips of different drawings or photos every month, is there so that some other magazine can eventually imitate it. (4) Three years this month! (5) Yes you are and yes it is. (6) He is one great (albeit trademarked) guy, and no, he's actually *much smarter*. ♫

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hardy Sno Balls were good for at least 50 or 60 feet of highway travel before splattering into goopy pavement fricassee.

*John Derevlany
Hoboken, New Jersey*

DEAR EDITORS **I**n your review of P. Quint Smith's Twinkie variant ["Every Which Way but Good: Six Chefs in Search of the Ultimate Twinkie," by Rachel Urquhart, July], one of your gentlemen implied that American Twinkies are superior to Canadian Twinkies. As to this I reply only, "You have eaten them, then?" 'Tis strange, is it not, that 532 miles, for 'tis absolutely no farther, should give a man such rights.

*Dominic Farrell
Toronto, Ontario, Canada*

DEAR EDITORS **A**s a SPY-reading Rand-oid who is neither a too-rich self-made tycoon nor a picked-on computer nerd, I took exception to Bob Mack's snipe at Ayn Rand ["Meanwhile, the Most Influential Conservative in Young America Is... Dead — and She Has

a Hard-to-Pronounce Name," July]. Although Rand's philosophy has its flaws and her fiction tends to fall into the category of sledgehammer-over-the-head prose, I am tired of people assessing her work without understanding (or reading) her books. How else to explain the inclusion of Rand (an atheist and antiracist who was as disenchanted with the conservative right as she was with the liberal left) in an article about Bible-thumping bigoted pig-dogs?

SPY, *Vanity Fair* and other recent Rand-bashers seem comfortable tagging her as a fascist cheerleader. As any Objectivist will tell you, Rand's ideas were much more complex (and humane) than people (i.e., jaded journalists) think.

*Larry LaForet
Toronto, Ontario, Canada*

DEAR EDITORS **C**oncerning "The Boys Who Would Be Buckley" [by Bob Mack, July], let's all join the campaign to make P. J. O'Rourke the conservative "writer" of the nineties. The payoff for our efforts will be watching President Quayle earnestly discussing one of P.J.'s in-

fluent early works, such as "How to Drive Fast on Drugs While Getting Your Wing-Wang Squeezed and Not Spill Your Drink" (*National Lampoon*, March 1979).

*Roy Donald Rausb
Milwaukee, Wisconsin*

DEAR EDITORS **I** write to protest Bob Mack's vile calumny that I am now on the wagon.

Because of this smear, 14 bartenders and several former friends are no longer speaking to me. In addition, Mortimer's has closed [editors' note: only for two weeks in August].

*Jeffrey Hart
Dartmouth College
Hanover, New Hampshire*

DEAR EDITORS **T**hose of more charitable disposition may prefer to interpret William F. Buckley's assertion that he takes 20 minutes to write a column and 12 days to write a novel as excuses, rather than boasts.

*Simon Roberts
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania*

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H O T E L A N D G A R D E N S



**"It is wretched to be gratified
with mediocrity when the excellent
lies before us!"**

— Anonymous

DEAR EDITORS I was somewhat bemused by "The Boys Who Would Be Buckley," which prattled on [*sic*] Bill Buckley—positioning him, as it were, for a kick into the dustbin of rhetorical has-beens.

My husband and I were among a gang of 98 who recently voyaged 23 days on a continent-hurdling circumnavigation of the globe via the Concorde.

Our regimen was one of journeys on sight-seeing coaches, train trips, helicopter dashes over a smoldering volcano, whirling over New Zealand alps, gazing spellbound at a primeval canvas of elephants, lions, zebras in Kenya.

Since Bill Buckley was the celebrity presence aboard, he was an object of perfunctory curiosity on our aerial excursion. I recall him ensconced pencil in hand before sheafs of paper perusing and researching for his commentaries. Among our 98 empyrean sojourners, we saw no ink-stained wretch or tedious raconteur, caricatured as a "toothless cat in winter" in your imaginative yarn.

I'll remember Bill Buckley as one always amiable, given to civility, an infectious smile and piquant wit.

Take heart, Bill baby, there was once another "intellectual lion" who in his sixties rallied the world to a triumph of the human spirit. I allude to W.S.C.

Mrs. Susan Scott Gladwin
Bloomfield Hills, Michigan

Did you talk this way before your continent-hurdling circumnavigation, Mrs. Gladwin?

DEAR EDITORS Ayn Rand and Gertrude Stein would love SPY—if not for the consummate fragging of public icons, then for the phenomenal biting style that saturated the July issue. Some very Louisville Slugger-worthy personages were hospitalized for shattered egos, I'm sure. Good old boy Billy Buckley will hopefully be seen in light of the remarks made in the "Boys Who Would Be Buckley" article and maybe most of his tight-sphinctered ideology will be dismissed as the slimethought it is. So when will we get news on the retired Cowboy of the Deregulation Apocalypse, Ronald McReagan? Would that take up a whole issue?

One point of interest, though. In the July issue of *Esquire* Jay McInerney said, "If there's a general problem with my

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g-g-g-generation...it is too fucking polite, too focused on the psychology of individuals, when we live in a time of extreme social pathology." Despite all your Jay-bashing, you've proved him right...on two counts. Primarily in that SPY is focused on the behavior of marble-shitting deities in NYC and how many times Sir Trump picks his nose. Secondly, the stance you take by creating shock and thrills is by being brutally *impolite*. Both SPY and McInerney deserve to be canonized for the honesty and pictures of society you relate.

*James Flynn
Toronto, Ontario, Canada*

DEAR EDITORS **A**pparently the "Americanization" of Natalya Negoda also involved a name change [Selling: "Cheesecake Gone Sour," by Anne Williamson, July]. Why else would you refer to her as "Natalya" in the first paragraph and "Natasha" throughout the rest of the piece?

I assume that Natalya is her correct name, as that is the name used in the ads for *Little Vera*. On the other hand, maybe this is just another cruel joke in the capitalist plot to ruin the young woman's career and reputation.

*Marla Matzer
Los Angeles, California*

Natasha is the diminutive of Natalya, just as Marla is of I Clearly Have Too Much Time on My Hands and Stamps to Burn.

DEAR EDITORS **I**n "Peter Cottontail Died for Your Vanity, Flipper for Your Tuna Melt" [July], Elissa Schappell lists the ways in which all of us are guilty of using animals for food, testing and other purposes. Yes, the "smug" vegetarians I have encountered are usually those who believe their bodies to be temples, own crystals and say things like "I only eat fish once in a while."

I'd like to point out that there are many cruelty-free products out there, never tested on animals and that do not contain *any* animal products. Plastics are an unfortunate addition to our world, but there are biodegradable substitutes that are made from vegetable protein (sandwich bags, garbage bags and other items are now available).

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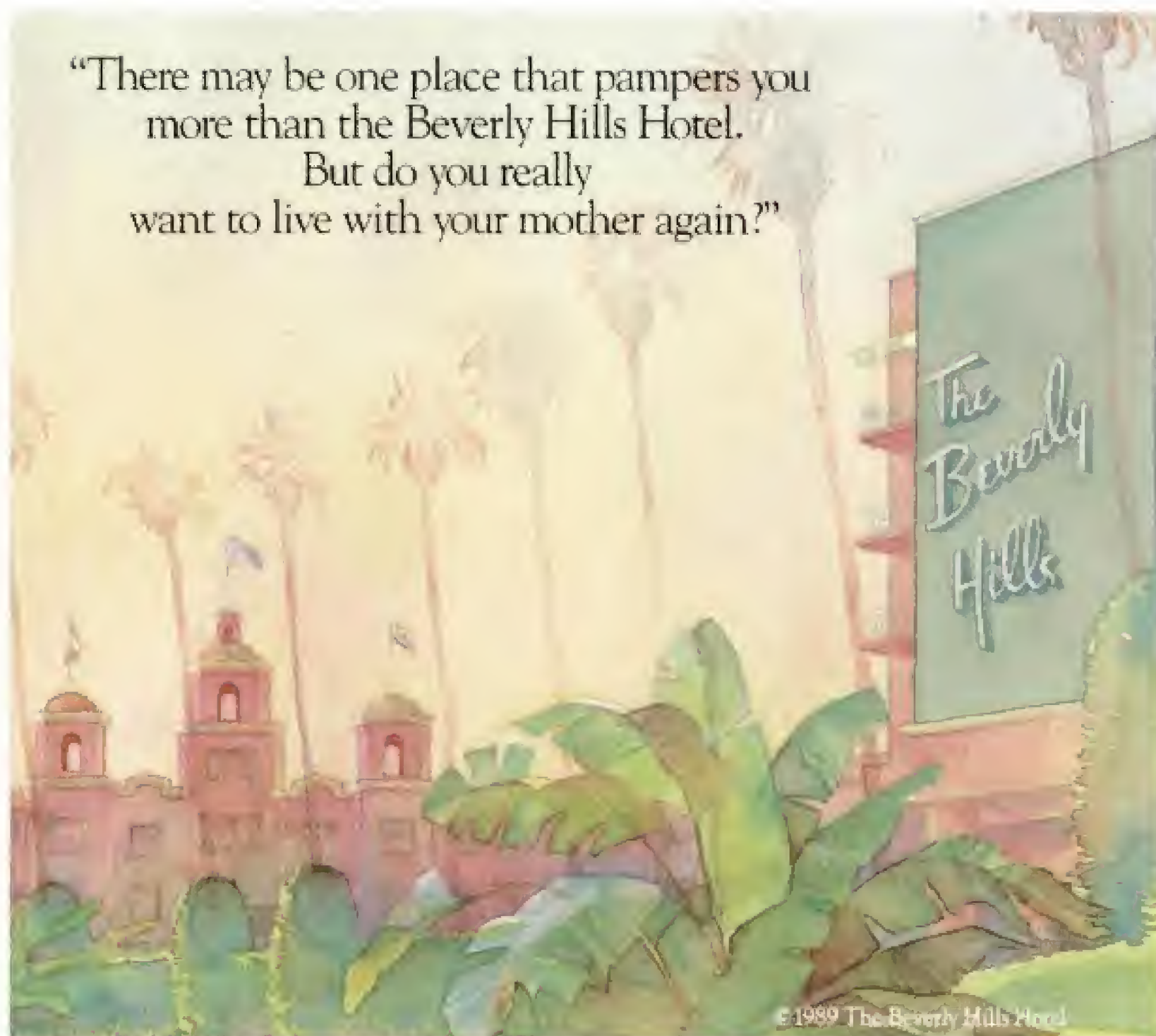
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when restaurant menus will no longer include meat, chicken, fish or any other animal products (including dairy, eggs, honey), and carnivores who cannot control their urge for animal flesh will have to seek out the back rooms of delis!

The issue is not who's guilty of what, and all kinds of niggly nit-picking. We should all be recycling *everything*, and try to save our planet every way we can. One, I find, can live relatively cruelty-free and animal-free if one makes the effort and asks questions.

Alex Rheault
New York

The writer — who by signing her missive "Flipper Cottontail" forced us to dispatch an operative to determine her identity — is a painter as well as an animal-rights activist. She was spotted carrying a nonbiodegradable plastic shopping bag.

DEAR EDITORS I came across a rather peculiar coincidence in the July issue of SPY. Two of the six men listed in George Mannes's Celestial Hind-sight column share a birthday: Bryant Gumbel and John Tower were both born on September 29. The odds of exactly two of six people having the same birthday are about 1 in 25. On the same page (the odds of which are roughly 1 in 120), September 29 appears again — as the doomsday of SPY magazine, as predicted by Donald Trump. The odds of all this happening are about 1 in 1,095,000. Just a coincidence?

James Rosen
New York
(b. 9/29/70)

You certainly caught us, Mr. Rosen! In addition, Tower and Trump have the same number of letters; Trump once chaired an NAACP convention, and Gumbel is black; the boozehound Tower is both a Mason and a Shriner, whereas Gumbel was born in New Orleans, a city renowned for its creepy voodoo-like religious cults (and where one of our editors, as a child, spent a weekend during a boozy Shriners' convention). And that's not all: all three have been seen on the Today show.

For more on SPY's imminent demise, turn to page 42.

SPY welcomes letters from its readers. Address correspondence to SPY, The SPY Building, 5 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003. Please include your daytime telephone number. Letters may be edited for length or clarity. D

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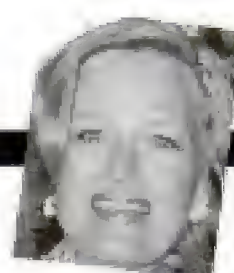
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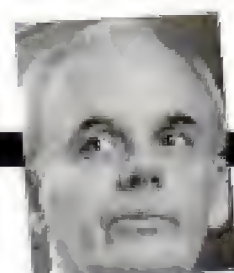
THE USUAL SUSPECTS



J. BROWN



D. SAWYER



M. GARTNER

THE FINE PRINT

by Jamie Malanowski

GIFTS TO THE GOVERNMENT I: FROM GUILT-RACKED MISCREANTS

In these days when alleged malefactors in Wedtech scandals and Pentagon procurement scandals and HUD scandals are pleading their innocence, when billionaires like Si Newhouse and Leona Helmsley are swearing to the IRS that they are not tax cheats, it's sweet to hear about some people who willingly admit they've done something wrong, tell the government and freely pay their debt to society. The fact that most do so anonymously shouldn't sour our appreciation completely.

Every year, about 100 people write to the Treasury Department in Washington and, confessing to be guilt-stricken about defrauding the government, send payment for their crimes. The money is deposited in the so-called Conscience Fund, and is used, to the best of its modest ability, to lower the federal deficit. The first time conscience money was paid was in 1811; the government received \$5, on the way to a \$250 total for that year. The largest single contribution, \$139,000, came sometime during the fifties, though someone sent in \$50,000 in 1985 (*Mike Deaver? Ivan Boesky? Ed Meese? Ah, it could have been anybody*). The current record for total annual contributions was set the next year, 1986, when

JERRY BROWN, THE ONETIME GOVERNOR of California and presidential candidate who is now the state's Democratic Party chairman (don't ask us—it's apparently some kind of Zen career-in-reverse thing), seemed eagerly on the campaign trail one night last summer. At the Los Angeles airport, about to board a flight for San Francisco, Brown fell into a conversation with a young woman who (1) was pretty, (2) was politically inclined, (3) had heard of Jerry Brown and (4) told him she was seeking a job in public service. "I'd like something more substantive," she said, to which the seminary turned **LINDA RONSTADT** playmate leeringly replied, "I'll give you something *substantive*." Later, during the flight, Brown left his seat and, bourbon in hand, strode up the aisle, seeking his companion from the queue. Availing himself of the empty seat next to her, he began talking of this and that, speaking rather more loudly than anyone else in the cabin. It was during the course of this rather one-sided discussion that Brown let it slip that he was hankering to run for the Senate next year—a confidence that came just after he spilled his drink on his pants.

THE FABULOUS THING ABOUT VIP DINNER PARTIES on the Upper East Side is that people don't go just to eat and drink—they go to deliver invigorating bons mots and wry aperçus and singular insights. Putative journalist and former society boy toy **BARBARA HOWAR**, for example, demonstrated her exceptional powers of observation at a recent Fifth Avenue gathering of swells. While other guests talked current events over postprandial brandy and cigars Howar, who was preparing to leave, directed her attention to **CAROL DINKINS**, the wife of the tax-evading former Manhattan borough president and mayoral candidate. "I just want to tell you," Howar announced, "that you have the nicest set of tits I have ever seen on a woman." Mrs. Dinkins, evidently overcome by Howar's compliment, managed to stammer her thanks, only to be admonished: "Don't be embarrassed—keep your back straight and hold them out there for the world to see."

60 MINUTES EXECUTIVE **DON HEWITT** has been around for a long, long time, but Hewitt is 66 years *young*—excessively tan, excessively fit, excessively man-musky, excessively vainglorious. So it was not surprising that his thoughts on CBS defector **DIANE SAWYER**'s new professional incarnation were obsessed with her physical appearance. *What the hell did she do to her eyes?*, Hewitt cried when he saw his ex-employee's new, improved look last summer. Then he added the charming punch line: *The plastic surgeon overdid it—she looks like an Oriental or something*.

BUT AT LEAST THE BOSSES at CBS News aren't overtly cruel to *current* employees—that is the specialty of **MICHAEL GARTNER**, the angry little tyrant who's run NBC News for the past year. Last summer (around the time Gartner was hiring professional-wrestling impresario **DICK EBERSOL** to be vice president in charge of **BRYANT GUMBEL**) *Today* show contributor **NANCY COLLINS** introduced herself to Gartner at a social event. "I've been a big fan of your op-ed columns in *The Wall Street Journal*," Collins said. *Thanks—I'm glad you liked them* wasn't good enough for Gartner. *Well, I've enjoyed doing them* wasn't good enough for Gartner. Instead, he told Collins, "You wouldn't be saying that if I weren't your boss," and left her standing there, mortified.

NEW YORK PUBLISHER AND SOCIETY STOOGES **ED KOSNER** evidently can't get enough of himself. Even while on vacation. In London the week after attending **MALCOLM FORBES**'s birthday party in Morocco, Kosner was so desperate to see himself in the *Post* or on *Live at Five* that he had his assistant fax him all the newspaper gossip columns and get hold of videotapes of any TV shows on which he might have appeared, however briefly, among the other groveling swells at the party.

THE SAYINGS OF JOHN GOTTI

Overhearing the Boss of Bosses on Mulberry Street, 1987-89



John Gotti, Wry Existentialist: "I don't enjoy fairs, and I don't enjoy wakes, of course."
"Because I don't know why."

John Gotti, Skeptic: "Ya see the shit he gives ya?"
"Well, we gotta watch everything."
"Don't ever fuckin' trust nobody."

John Gotti, Visionary: "A rocket to Brooklyn! Now, there's an idea!"

—Hank Rosenfeld

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

\$380,929.49 was contributed. Last year, the government's Conscience Fund got \$161,700.89, pushing the 177-year total to \$6,109,826.75. Here are some of the letters that accompanied Conscience Fund gifts in 1988:

"Many years ago I damaged a bracket that held a fire extinguisher on a fire truck at the temporary Army Engineers Depot at Timonium MD. I did not report the accident and have thought of taking care of the damage many times. I am happy, as a follower of Christ, to send this check to make restitution." (\$100 enclosed)

"Attached is \$200 for the time when I was a government employee and took sick leave when I was not sick."

"My friend died and his wife told me to send you \$25. She does not know the reason for this and neither do I. She does not want to reveal his name—she only knows he owes you this money."

"I still have in my possession some Air Force manuals, and I gave away a dictionary, which I also kept when I was discharged. Both of these really are/were AF property. Please forgive the theft." (\$50 enclosed)

"Forty-one years ago... I sent several (3-4) army blankets home in a duffle bag... I realize now how wrong that was... I am sending \$50 to the government as pay for the blankets."

"On a trip to Europe I purchased some jewelry which I wore home and did not declare at customs. The enclosed will cover it." (\$1,075 enclosed)

"Back in 1966 I worked for the Gov't. And Retired that yr. 'My Conscience Hurts!' Because I stold Gov't. property: Two metal pannels office (room) dividers with plastic upper portion. I ask your Forgiveness and say I am Extremely Sorry for this Rotten Act. Enclosed \$50.00 bill to cover cost (This material was Second hand.)"

INSANE OR INARTICULATE? YOU MAKE THE CALL!

To look at them, you'd think we have the edge: our president is an amiable, Ivy League father and businessman who's given years of faithful service to his country, while theirs is a raggedy-faced, fanatical mullah who wears caftans and doles out death sentences as if they were passes to Palladium. But when they open their mouths, who's the better spokesman for his country?

"[The hostage problems in Lebanon] have intelligent and manageable solutions. One cannot solve the issue with such bullying ways, with arrogant confrontations, and tyranny. Come along wisely;

we then will help you to solve the problems there so that the people of the region may live in peace and tranquillity."

—Hashemi Rafsanjani of Iran, as quoted in *The New York Times* on August 5, 1989

"We have engaged in a very—a very—an extraordinarily broad exercise of diplomacy here in the last couple of days. And let me say I am—I would be—I am pleased about that. I don't know what—what it means fully, but I think the world is familiar with our policy."

—George Bush, same paper, same day

PRIVATE LIVES OF PUBLIC FIGURES



On a search for new musical inspiration, David Byrne unexpectedly runs into Paul Simon.

ILLUSTRATION BY DREW FRIEDMAN

THE SPY LIST

"Fat Emily" Bates

"Princess Littlemeat"

Clift

Enid Geffen

Mary Hoover

Nancy Spellman

Beryl Stewart

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

"About 12-13 years ago I was working at a Government installation and I used a duplicating machine for my own personal use which was wrong. I ran off about 100-250 sheets of different pages.... I believe it had on the machine that each copy cost the Gov't 2 cents a copy.... Of course I paid nothing for the sheets I duplicated. At 250 sheets 2 cents a copy would be \$5.... I am sending \$20 since the Bible says the thief has to pay back 4 fold."

"Your Federal Welfare Office helped me and my family when I was a kid, and I am trying to pay you back. Enclosed is \$1000.... I would have been able to send this years ago, if the world had given me only half a chance to get a job to work and support myself, much less be able to get ahead. Just because I happened to be born a woman instead of a man. Too bad."

"I am enclosing a check for \$80.00 dollars. This payment is for a connection box that I damaged back in 1974 while on board the U.S.S. Midway CVA-41. In following Jesus Christ of Nazareth mentioned in the New Testament of the Holy Bible, I am convicted [sic] that God wants me to do something about this issue."

"I arrived at Houston Hobby Airport... on June 16, 1986. I used a metered cab... to go from Hobby Airport to the Downtown Holiday Inn.... The meter in the cab read \$14.95. I gave the cab driver \$17.00 and requested a receipt for \$15.00, figuring the government wouldn't begrudge me 5 cents since I didn't intend to claim the tip in my expense report. On June 18... I left the Federal Courthouse in Houston bound for Hobby Airport.... The meter read \$16.01 when I reached the airport. I gave the driver \$18.00 and requested a receipt for \$16.00.... I am enclosing the 4 cents and please before I am sent off again send me a copy of the rules and regulations you use to decide allowable expenses. ►

MOVIE BLURB OF THE DECADE



A big bat-hit!" The phrase has a certain ring to it, and its author, Joel Siegel, deserves to be miffed. Siegel must have figured that his measured critical response to that modestly entertaining summer diversion, *Batman*, was a shoo-in winner of the *Batman* promotion sweepstakes. But Siegel never had a chance. Nor, for that matter, did Gene "[*Batman* is] Walloping Fun" Shalit, ordinarily Siegel's main nemesis. Neither of them counted on dark horse critic Erik Lee Preminger of San Francisco's dinky KGO-TV. It was Preminger who dared to utter five words so audaciously fulsome that Warner Bros. didn't even bother to slap on its usual entirely invented exclamation point when it ran the blurb as a banner headline atop virtually every *Batman* ad. Preminger called *Batman* "the movie of the decade," thereby forever raising the stakes among froth-at-the-mouth, just-spell-my-name-right blurbification contenders. We had a chat with Preminger. He says he meant every word of it.

On whether he noticed that hardly a day went by all summer long without every newspaper in America printing his blurb: "I am aware of it. I am surprised.

And, in fact, if you go back to one of the earlier ads, you will see that it was more in context: 'It may even be the movie of the decade,' or something like that."

Second-best blurb he could think of: "Another thing I've said about this movie which sums it up for me is, 'It's brilliantly conceived and perfectly executed.'"

Why *Batman* is the best movie of the past ten years: "For me this movie totally transcended the genre unlike any other fantasy movie I've ever seen. You know what's motivating the characters in this movie. No one knows what motivates Superman, right? These are the things that make this a great movie."

On being asked to name some other movie-of-the-decade contenders: "Oh, I would hate to do that off the top of my head. Can I call you back in 20 minutes?"

Twenty minutes later: "Hi, it's Erik Preminger. Let me give you a list of the movies that certainly qualify for me as among the greatest movies of the decade."

Some of Erik Lee Preminger's other movie-of-the-decade contenders:

Zelig
The Killing Fields
Prizzi's Honor
Something Wild

One last thing: "If you are going to quote me, could I give you the correct spelling of my name to make sure you have it right?"
—Adam Liptak

THE ONTOLOGY OF PORNOGRAPHY

Ten Valuable Lessons About Life Learned Watching X-Rated Videotapes

1. A couple can always rejuvenate a troubled marriage by having sex with friends, business associates and strangers.
2. The first thing any woman is inclined to do upon awakening from a night's sleep is have sex with the person sleeping next to her. If she has slept alone, she will have sex by herself.
3. Whenever one calls a friend, spouse, employer, politician or clergyman on the telephone, it is probable that he or she is having sex with someone during the conversation.
4. A woman's bath is not complete until she either masturbates or has sex with the people who unexpectedly join her.
5. The sale of a house or condominium is traditionally closed by the purchaser's having sex with the broker.
6. When a burglar surprises someone at home, the intruder and the homeowner have pleasurable sex.
7. All maids, chauffeurs, cooks and butlers are willing, skillful sexual partners.
8. It is considered standard operating procedure for law-enforcement officials to have sexual relations with witnesses and suspects during questioning and interrogation.
9. When one discovers a spouse engaged in a homosexual affair, the appropriate response is not to file for divorce but to join in.
10. Grocery, pizza and newspaper delivery men routinely accept sexual favors instead of money as payment for their goods and services.

—Charles Kadoo



Own a bottle.
It's worth the price
to have at least one thing in your life
that's simply perfect.
Tanqueray. A singular experience.

Imported English Gin, 47.3% Alc/Vol (94.6°), 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. © 1988 Schieffelin & Somerset Co., New York, N.Y.

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

It might save us both some time."

GIFTS TO THE GOVERNMENT II: FROM RITUALLY UNCTUOUS POTENTATES

George Washington warned us about this. *Avoid foreign entanglements*, he admonished as he was leaving office. He was probably thinking that they led to wars and police actions and the sort of illegal and extraconstitutional though not really punishable shenanigans in which Oliver North engaged. But Washington might have been thinking about the insincere ceremonious gift-giving that attends official visits by heads of state. Every time some foreign nabob drops by—and for that matter, every time one of our nabobs goes on the road—protocol requires an exchange of gifts. Maybe we're too naive, or too American, but it's a pretty empty exercise. If a porcelain figurine of a horse (estimated value: \$500) was the extent last year of Helmut Kohl's gratitude to President Reagan for keeping 247,255 American soldiers sitting in his country, ready to die if Warsaw Pact tanks trundle westward, well, let's let him defend the Bundesrepublik on his own. What makes these trinket exchanges even more meaningless is that U.S. law prohibits our officials from keeping and enjoying any memento worth more than \$180 (unless the official wants to *buy* it from the federal government, which he or she can do after a bureaucratically regulated period has elapsed). Most of the objects end up in the National Archives or in General Services Administration storerooms, where a lucky few get distributed to backwater army bases and remote Social Security check-processing centers and other official buildings in the empire. Here are some of the host gifts President and Mrs. Reagan collected during 1988, along with their officially estimated value.

"Art": An embroidered tapestry of a village scene, from the president of

OCTOBER DATEBOOK

Enchanting and Alarming Events Upcoming

1 William Rehnquist turns 65, ordinarily retirement age.

2 William Rehnquist leads the first session of the new term of the Supreme Court.

4 Ten-Four-Day. What radio operators and their admirers call the fourth day of the tenth month. Other people, content that the vogue for CB slang has passed, simply remember it as the 24th anniversary of Pope Paul VI's Mass at Yankee Stadium.

6 Fred Travalena turns 47; if he were a native of the Republic of Togo, he would probably be dead.

7 As good a day as any to visit the Hall of Oceanic Birds at the Museum of Natural History, where,

periodically this month, museum employees will open the diorama cases and explain how the displays are prepared. The ideal event for anyone who finds himself with a surplus of dead birds and blue felt.

13 A good day to ride the Haunted Train in Indianapolis. "It'll scare your wazeenie off!" they say. Subsequent procurement of a prosthetic wazeenie is up to you.

13-14 The Brooklyn Academy of Music's NEXT WAVE Festival presents the German rock group Pöhl Musik. Pöhl Musik incorporates sounds of heavy machinery in music that is "informed by the Ruhr Valley's unique cultural landscape, which contrasts the gritty



romanticism of industrial scenery with the automated eight-hour dance of... 'human machines.'" Sounds of heavy machinery? Industrial scenery? People acting in a heavy-handedly alienated fashion? Count us in!

14 The Surrealist Masquerade Ball is held in St. Petersburg, Florida, to help support the Salvador Dalí Museum. Perhaps the only chance to wear your melting-crutch costume and not seem inscrutable.

16 National Boss Day. Celebrate by using the word *boss* as a form of address throughout the day. "Hey, boss. How ya doin', boss? Gonna Xerox some letters now, boss. Going to

lunch now, boss."

20 The Museum of Natural History, having disclosed the secrets of dioramas and their production, goes one step further with "Birds Fact, Birds Fiction," wherein it will screen Alfred Hitchcock's *The Birds* "to explore the perceptions and the reality of birds." For those who live with the misconception that birds exist only to fill up the attic, squawk thunderously and then gouge out humans' corneas, this lecture is a must.

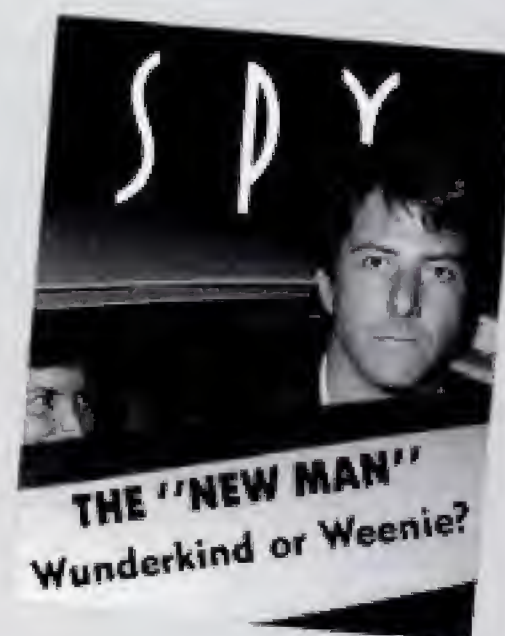
24 International Forgiveness Day, on which all nations are encouraged to "join in mutual forgiveness and urge their citizens to do likewise." Iran: *let's have coffee*.

31 Halloween. Okay, not the Village; where, then? ☹

TEN YEARS AGO IN SPY

"Koch hasn't been a terrible mayor so far, but there's something about the guy that makes me nervous. I can picture him throwing himself into the arms of the Republicans a few years down the road. And I can picture him running for governor (although I do think that Cuomo has his number now, and would come out ahead in any contest between the two of them). I also have the feeling that Koch is going to fill City Hall with exactly the sort of corrupt old hacks he claims to despise. One thing's for certain, though: this guy is going to be with us for a long, long time, certainly the rest of the decade."

—from "Koch's First Year: A Report Card,"
by David Owen, SPY, October 1979





At last,
perfection in a vodka.

Tanqueray Sterling.

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

Bangladesh (\$125); a green stone carving entitled *Fish and Bird*, from Canadian prime minister Brian Mulroney (\$750); an 80-square-foot acrylic carpet depicting the Reagans (\$2,000) and a smaller, wool rug showing "a charming scene of a town with naive style people [*sic*] and animal figures" (\$200), from President Hosni Mubarak of Egypt; a bronze sculpture, *Arab Mare and Stallion*, from François Mitterrand (\$5,500); a porcelain figurine of a rider on a stallion with two hunting dogs, from the premier of Bavaria (\$1,000); an ivory statuette of a man wearing a leaf costume and headdress, from the president of Guinea (\$1,500); a brass map depicting Jerusalem as the center of the world, from Mayor Teddy Kollek of Jerusalem (\$750); a sterling silver model of a traditional Kuwaiti boat, from the prime minister of Kuwait (\$1,500); two hand-carved gazelle masks from the president of Mali (\$600); an oil painting of two women and a child, and a brass figure of a man, from the president of Zaire (\$1,650).

Photos: A leatherbound album of 38 photos of the Reagans' visit to Finland, from the prime minister (\$391); a leather album of 22 photos of the participants in the economic summit, from the Canadian government (\$321); a leather-framed autographed photo of the king and queen of Sweden, from them (\$515); an ivory-framed and autographed photo of President Balaguer of the Dominican Republic, from him (\$500); a computer-generated photo of the Reagans on fabric from Prime Minister Takeshita of Japan (\$800); a photographic compilation called *Mexico Lindo* (\$30), plus a leather album of 84 color photos of Reagan and the president of Mexico, from him (\$940); and an autographed photo of Prime Minister and Mrs. Silva of Portugal, from them (\$65). (*Oh, honey, look, that photo of the Silvas! Weren't they fun!*)

Tchotchkes: A crystal

BLEEDING HEART ON BOARD

A Census of Cars and Causes in Cambridge



hey say girls in southern California refer to a date not by his name but by his make of car. We suppose car choice does reveal a lot about a person, but what does it mean if *an entire city* seems to drive the same sort of car? And what if that sort of car comes from a neutral, quasi-socialist, environmentally conscious country with no nuclear weapons and lots of government-provided child care? Does it mean that the city wants to be like that country?

Yes, we're talking about Cambridge, Massachusetts, Sweden on the Charles. Saab reckons that 2,240 of its cars are running around Cambridge, accounting for nearly 6 percent of the town's vehicles—16 times the national average. Volvo's main Cambridge dealership is among the busiest in the country, disgorging nine more Volvos every week.

Naturally, here in Causeville U.S.A., the bumper sticker has not gone out of vogue. Even a casual stroll, from the Nature Food Center on Massachusetts Avenue, through Harvard Square and down Brattle Street, epicenter of the Cambridge gentry, proves it. This is Neighborhood 10, in the parlance of the 1980 census, 93.4 percent white, mean family income 85 percent higher than the city's as a whole. There are lots of Saabs and 21 Volvos on our three-mile walk, and on them and other vehicles the following bumper stickers:

Peace: SAVE THE HUMANS/PLANETARY PEACE

ALLIANCE; PEACE IS OUR ONLY SECURITY; BREAD, NOT BOMBS; CHILDCARE, NOT WARFARE; GIVE PEACE A CHANCE; VISUALIZE WORLD PEACE; IF YOU WANT PEACE, WORK FOR JUSTICE; KICK THE BOMB HABIT; FREEZE NOW OR BURN LATER

Central America: YOUR TAXES PAY FOR TORTURE, RAPE, AND MURDER IN CENTRAL AMERICA; STOP U.S. AID TO EL SALVADOR (3); STOP U.S. WAR ON NICARAGUA; NO VIETNAM WAR IN CENTRAL AMERICA; EL SALVADOR IS SPANISH FOR VIETNAM; NO U.S. \$\$ FOR DEATH SQUAD GOVERNMENT IN EL SALVADOR

U.S. politics: GEORGE BUSH COULDN'T RUN A LAUNDROMAT; BUSH-NORIEGA '88; BUSH-KHOMEINI '88; JACKSON '88; MONDALE/FERRARO

Music: GRATEFUL DEAD (6)

Miscellaneous world issues and exhortations: ABOLISH APARTHEID (3); I SUPPORT GREENPEACE (3); THINK GLOBALLY, ACT LOCALLY (2); BOYCOTT SOUTH AFRICA, NOT NICARAGUA (2); IMAGINE: A WORLD WITHOUT HUNGER!; ONCE IS NOT ENOUGH: RECYCLE; MEN ARE NOT SUCCESS OBJECTS; SEXISM HURTS, EQUALITY HEALS; LET GO, LET GOD

The tally was 45 stickers in 45 minutes. Only two did not express left-of-center or countercultural sentiments. One was on a taxicab (SO MANY PEDESTRIANS, SO LITTLE TIME) and the other—LA—was on a car with New York plates. —Bruce Irving



Nobody has the Carlton combination.

1.
Lowest
tar.
(1 mg.)



2.
Lowest
nicotine.
(0.1 mg.)



3.
"The taste
that's right
for me."

U.S. Gov't. Test Method confirms of all king soft packs:

Carlton is lowest.

King Size Soft Pack: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

© The American Tobacco Co. 1989.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking
Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

bowl from the king of the Belgians (\$5,000); a crystal bowl from the Swedish ambassador (\$450); a crystal bowl and six gold-plated coins from the Irish ambassador (\$3,110); a silver bowl and a pair of silver candlesticks from the king of Sweden (\$290); a black lacquered box from the Soviet ambassador (\$375); a lacquered box from Eduard Shevardnadze (\$400); a silver box from the deputy director of the Thai police department (\$225); a silver plate from Margaret Thatcher (\$600); and a set of sterling silver pieces (*What do we call these? Uh—pieces, I guess*) used for crushing and storing betel nuts, from the Thai foreign minister (\$400). Plus a plaque from the Angolans, a diploma from Brazil, a vase from the Chinese, a vase from the Hungarians, a jug from Cyprus, a rug from the Turks, more rugs from the Egyptians, a wine decanter from the Portuguese, a replica of the Olympic torch from the Koreans and a bronze model of the Kremlin from Mikhail Gorbachev.

Other stuff: The Reagans also received a \$25 box of chocolates, 20 ounces of caviar and 3 bottles of vodka, worth \$540, from Gorbachev; flower arrangements on two occasions from King Hassan II of Morocco (\$500 total) and two arrangements on one occasion from King Hussein of Jordan, worth \$190; a hand-tooled leather saddle from the governor of the state of Sinaloa, Mexico, worth \$400; and a black harness, black whip and black felt hat from the evidently somewhat raffish president of the Council of Ministers of Hungary, worth \$250.

President Reagan was by no means the only official to get sucked into this mad, gift-giving and -getting maelstrom. Vice President Bush received nine gifts in 1988. Two of these presents were from the gracious Shevardnadze, who sent Bush eleven bottles of vodka, three bottles of wine and eight tins of caviar. Crown Prince Saad and

SEPARATED AT BIRTH?



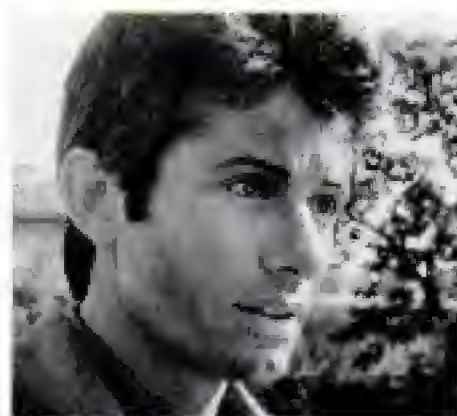
Drew Barrymore...



and Leo Gorcey?



Calvin Klein...



and George Chakiris?



Pat Harper...



and Martha Raye?

THE NEW, IMPROVED
LIZ SMITH
TOTE BOARD
A Monthly Tally



Clients of press agent

Jeffrey Richards.....mentioned every 2.63 days
Robert De Niro.....once every 5.25 days
Roseanne Barr.....once every 7 days
Mikhail Baryshnikov.....once every 7 days
Marlon Brando.....once every 7 days
Dustin Hoffman.....once every 7 days
Swift Lazar.....once every 7 days
Le Cirque.....once every 7 days
Sue Mengers.....once every 7 days
Billy Norwich.....once every 7 days
Scaasi.....once every 7 days
Frank Sinatra.....once every 7 days
Dawn Steel.....once every 7 days
Meryl Streep.....once every 7 days
Joseph Papp.....once every 10.5 days
Mort Zuckerman.....once every 10.5 days

CHRONICLE OF OUR DEATH FORETOLD

A SPY Public - Service Countdown

"My pal **Donald Trump**... said that SPY magazine is in trouble financially and will not be around much longer. I chided the handsome mogul, of whom I am very fond... that he should not indulge in wishful thinking. He said, 'No, you'll find this is true if you just investigate. **I predict they won't even be around in a year.**'" —Liz Smith in the Daily News, September 29, 1988



DEATH BE NOT SHORT-FINGERED

Another SPY Public - Service Countdown

The Department of Health and Human Services says that **Donald Trump** is in trouble statistically and will not be around much longer. We chided the large, impersonal government agency that it should not indulge in wishful thinking. But it said, in effect, "No, you'll find this is true if you just investigate—as indeed we have. A white male of Trump's current age, 43, has an average total life expectancy of 74.7 years. **We predict he won't even be around in another 31.7 years.**"



With Gel Exfoliant...
say goodbye to clogged pores
and ingrown hairs.

© Cosmair, Inc. 1989



PROGRAMME
HOMME

LANCÔME
PARIS

The skin resource for men.

Printed material
© 1989

SPY SALUTES THE STARS OF TOMORROW TODAY

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

the prime minister of Hungary each sent Bush a candelabra (*It is nice, George, but we have the one Saad gave us and the one from your Uncle Prescott*). Astonishingly, given the enormous number of junketing congressmen Washington annually disgorges, apparently only three senators (Bill Bradley, Robert Byrd and Terry Sanford) and two representatives (Alan Mollohan of West Virginia and Bernard Dwyer of New Jersey) were presented with gifts. Or, at least, only those five declared anything.

Former secretary of Defense Frank Carlucci received 51 presents in 1988, more than the president. Carlucci, who got his job late in Reagan's tenure and thus had to cram all his junketing into a scant year or so, was given a lot of weapons by the Third World: an automatic rifle from the minister of defense and aviation of Saudi Arabia, an automatic rifle from a Pakistani general, a replica of a freedom fighter's gun from Jonas Savimbi, a flintlock pistol from the president of Tunisia, a flintlock pistol from the Egyptian minister of defense, a sword in a gold-plated sheath from the Kuwaiti minister of defense, a sword from the Chinese minister of defense, a sword with a gold and bone handle from the governor of the eastern province of Saudi Arabia, a knife with a gold-inlaid sheath from the Argentine defense minister and a knife with a gold handle from the crown prince of Bahrain.

Eleven gifts were presented to former CIA director William Webster and two to former CIA deputy director Robert Gates, but under the provisions of Public Law 95-105, the identities of the presenters can be, and have been, kept secret. Gates got real secret-agent things—a dagger and an automatic pistol—while Webster, his boss, got one gun but mostly a bunch of girl stuff: three rugs, a runner, a screen, a pair of candlesticks and a Middle Eastern bridal mirror. ☛



SPY: *Why do you like being an actress?*

Sheila Kaye, Star of Tomorrow: In my act I sing "There's No Business Like Show Business," which I believe. That is my guiding thought. Whenever I'm down or sad, I think of that song. What it says is true. ☛

LOGROLLING IN OUR TIME

"Richard Ford's sportswriter is a bird rare in life and nearly extinct in fiction—a decent man."

—Tobias Wolff on Richard Ford's *The Sportswriter*

"This is a wonderful book...[by] one of this country's very finest writers, working at the top of his talent."

—Ford on Wolff's *This Boy's Life*

"A deep and lovely book."

—Josef Skvorecky on Eva Hoffman's *Lost in Translation*

"A nourishing, serious and wonderfully entertaining novel."

—Hoffman on Skvorecky's *The Engineer of Human Souls*

"One of the dozen best novels to have been written in my lifetime." —David Slavitt on George Garrett's *Death of the Fox*

"Highly skilled...brilliantly written...wonderfully original."

—Garrett on Slavitt's *The Hussar*

—Howard Kaplan

CELESTIAL HINDSIGHT

Special Courtroom Bonanza!

Subject: WILLIAM HURT

Sign: Pisces (b. 3/20/50)

Date: June 19, 1989

Notable Activity: On first day of trial to determine whether had common-law marriage with Sandra Jennings, denied that they were ever married

Horoscope: "You need to forget about being mild-mannered and self-effacing. When dealing with home, family or career issues, prove how independent...you can be." —Patric Walker, *New York Post*



Subject: REV. AL SHARPTON

Sign: Libra (b. 10/3/54)

Date: June 29, 1989

Notable Activity: Was charged with 67 counts of grand larceny, falsifying business records and scheming to defraud; in courtroom, announced that State Attorney General Robert Abrams, who had brought indictment, was "insane"

Horoscope: "Finances become an issue midweek and arguments develop over extravagant spending." —Laurie Brady, *Star Magazine*



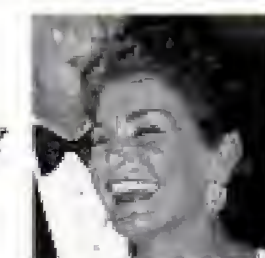
Subject: LEONA HELMSLEY

Sign: Cancer (b. 7/4/20)

Date: July 5, 1989

Notable Activity: Went on trial for income tax evasion and extortion; allegedly had disguised renovations on house as business expenses

Horoscope: "Lunar emphasis on personal possessions, investments, financial obligations." —Sydney Omarr, *Newsday*



Subject: ROSEANNE BARR

Sign: Scorpio (b. 11/3/52)

Date: July 13, 1989

Notable Activity: Filed for divorce from husband of 15 years after three-and-a-half-month separation

Horoscopes: "Now is the time when you should stress your independence...Be direct, get to the heart of matters" —Sydney Omarr, *Newsday*; "An ideal time to make long-term plans" —Wendy Hawks, *National Examiner*

—George Mannes





Secret Love



For every man there is a secret love. For that man there is Guinness. The only drink deep enough, dark enough to hold all your secrets. Guinness... full, rich mysterious flavor enjoyed by men in over 120 countries.

GUINNESS

Deep.
Dark.
Secret.



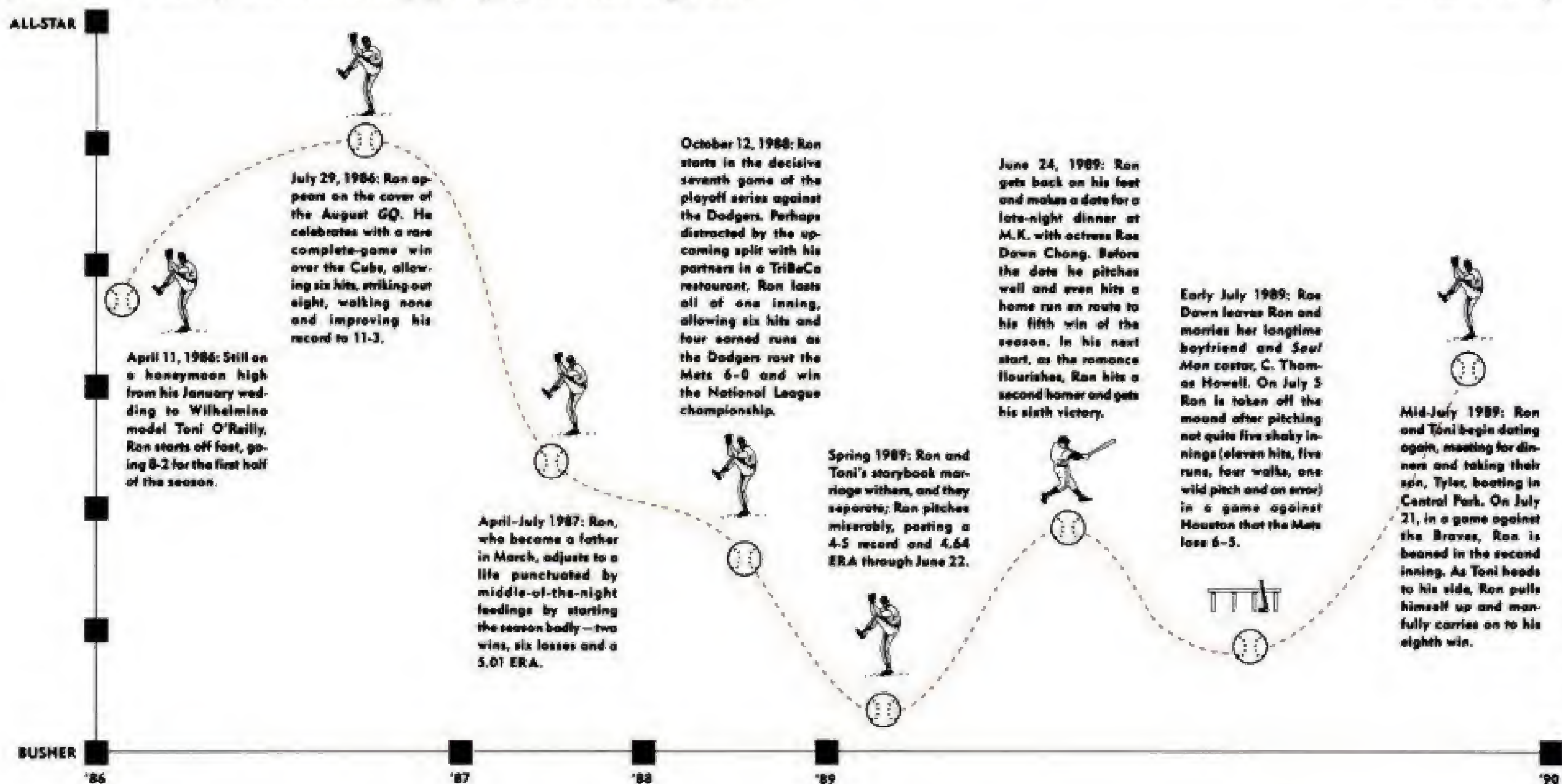
BATTER UP, PITCHER DEPRESSED

Correlating Ron Darling's Emotional and Athletic Highs and Lows

hen asked on June 25 if his off-the-field travails affected his pitching, Ron Darling, the Mets' right-hander, told the *Post*, "A professional should have the ability to separate those kind of problems." Exactly! Unfortunately, going by his own stan-

dards, Darling, the Yale-educated glamourpuss whom *Cosmopolitan* proclaimed "baseball's sexiest star," betrays himself as an amateur. The statistics tell the sorry story.

—David Kamp



WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Our Monthly Anagram Analysis

TIME MAGAZINE
MET NAZI IMAGE

TIME-LIFE BOOKS
BITE OF SLIME, OK?

STEALTH BOMBERS
HOT BLAST EMBERS

AARON SPELLING
RAN GENIAL SLOP

GENERAL MOTORS
...OR ETERNAL SMOG

THE VISION THING
HINTING: "SHOVE IT"
—Andy Aaron

Walter Monheit's
BLURB-O-MAT

Capsule Movie Reviews by Walter "Dateline: The Copa" Monheit™,
the Movie Publicist's Friend



NEXT OF KIN, starring Patrick Swayze (Warner Bros.)

Walter Monheit says, "Out-dirties *Dancing with a hunka hunka burnin'* Swayze! Oscar, don't be a wallflower!"

LOSER TAKES ALL, starring Molly Ringwald, Robert Lindsay (Miramax)

Walter Monheit says, "Good golly, Miss Molly! You're all grown up and oof!—what a woman!"

OLD GRINGO, starring Jane Fonda, Jimmy Smits, Gregory Peck (Columbia)

Walter Monheit says, "Gregory Peck's *Golden Pond*—and don't be surprised if Oscar takes a dip!"

BREAKING IN, starring Burt Reynolds (Samuel Goldwyn)

Walter Monheit says, "America, here's the Burt you've been waiting for! The thinking man's Ernest! The drinking man's Alan Alda!"

FAT MAN AND LITTLE BOY, starring Paul Newman, Dwight Schultz (Paramount)

Walter Monheit says, "The first great film of the '90s! Come April, Oscar is sure to be—you guessed it—Newman's own!"



It is now socially acceptable to eat Häagen-Dazs® ice cream with your fingers.

Häagen-Dazs

"FAST FREE DELIVERY (MINIMUM \$5.00)," SAYS BRYAN MILLER

First They Lie About the Tiananmen Square Massacre—Now This



he front page of the take-out menu for Downtown Szechuan Hunan Cottage, on Warren Street, features blurbs from two restaurant reviews, one from the *Times* and the other from *The Christian Science Monitor*. You didn't know that the *Times* reviews unknown, hole-in-the-wall Chinese restaurants? The *Times* didn't, either.

According to the menu, the following appeared on July 20, 1983, under Fred Ferretti's byline: "Szechuan Hunan Cottage is the most delicious, service and the fastest delivery in Manhattan area. All of the customers remarked—it's a best restaurant." Where did this Ferretti guy learn to write? Well, there *is* a Fred Ferretti, and the paper *did* publish an article of his on that date, compellingly titled "Chinese Food Places Vying on Delivery." The problem is that Downtown Szechuan Hunan Cottage wasn't mentioned anywhere in the piece—and the piece wasn't even a restaurant review.

In his article, Ferretti pined, bizarrely, for the good old days when Chinese places "would find restaurant reviewers, often quite obscure, to say lyrical things about their menus." Today these restaurants cut out the middleman: they simply make up quotes and attribute them to obscure reviewers like Fred Ferretti.

The *Christian Science Monitor* blurb relies less on fiction; it's more of a cut-and-paste job. "New York City is overwhelming when it comes to eating out. With nearly 16,000 places to choose from. The Best One is..." Le Cirque? Chanterelle? Lutèce? Nah—the best restaurant in town, according to the *Monitor*, is Szechuan Hunan Cottage, a storefront a few doors down from the Raccoon Lodge.

The real article, by Phyllis Hanes, carried the unintentionally ironic title "N.Y. Restaurants the Reviewers Don't Mention" and began, "With over 16,000 places to choose from, it would take over 20 years at the rate of two a day to sample them all." Farther down: "Good Chinese food is often synonymous with good value, and one of the best is Szechuan Cottage, 53 Christopher Street." A different restaurant at a different address, yes, but both are Chinese restaurants! It turns out there

are a number of affiliated Cottage restaurants in New York, and at least four of them quote the *Monitor* review.

We ran these discrepancies past Richard at Hunan Cottage 18th Street, who said, "Ah—that's interesting to know." John at the Szechuan Hunan Cottage on York Avenue was more truculent: "So? What's your point?"

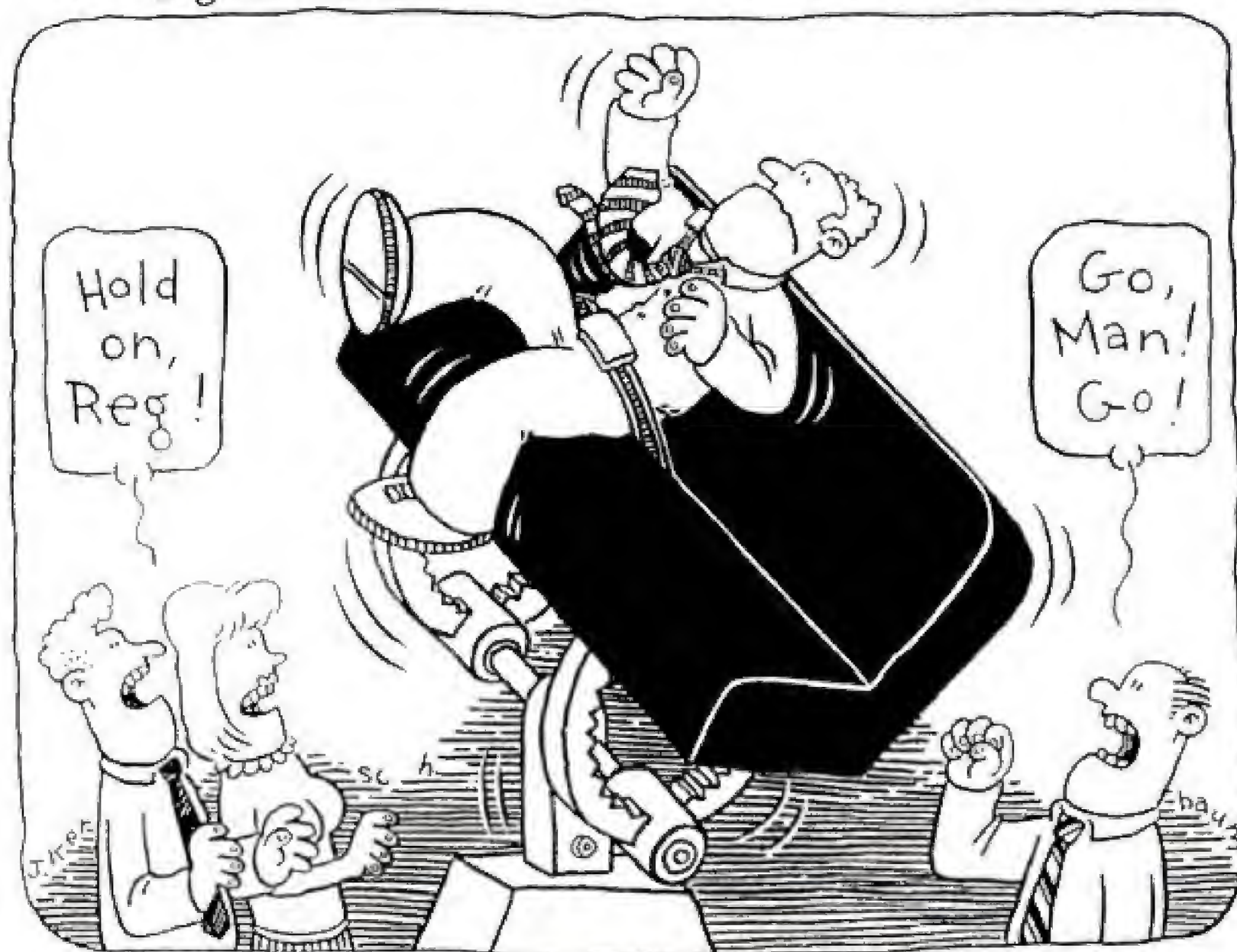
The Cottage restaurants are nothing compared with the Empire Szechuan group, one outpost of which was described in a *New York* magazine news article (not a review) by a "bewildered downtown resident" as "the restaurant that ate the West Side." Weirdly, *all* of the Empire Szechuan restaurants feature this not-precisely-flattering quote on their delivery menus. They also share two ten-year-old quotes from then *Times* reviewer Mimi Sheraton: "Good Chinese food at amazing low price" and "Low price for food that is freshly prepared. At dinner fresh fruit is served gratis" (Sheraton actually wrote "amazingly low prices" and "typically low prices for food that is freshly prepared and de-

cently serviceable"). Above these quotes are four large red stars reminiscent of the *Times*'s highest-rating symbol; in fact, Sheraton had awarded the Empire Szechuan Gourmet, at Broadway and 94th Street, just one star.

There is also a more recent (1985) quote attributed to the *Times*: "It is like designer Chinese food.... It is healthy and nonfattening...and it is fast." But, once again, the 1985 article was not a review; this time it was an About New York column. The "designer Chinese food" remark came from "a self-described young urban professional" who was at Empire Szechuan Gourmet to pick up an order; the "healthy and nonfattening" and "fast" quotes came from another customer, who characterized her husband and herself by saying, "We are Yuppies.... I don't like to cook."

Is there any way to stop this rampant Chinese restaurant blurb abuse? No. Even this article could serve as grist for the Cottage and Empire mills. So let's make it easy on everyone: "The best restaurant in New York—SPY magazine." —Kevin Cobb

To prove his manhood,
Reggie rides the mechanical cab.





HEAD GAMES

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An Exclusive User-Friendly Telephone Guide to Government Services

Fast, patronage-besotted, nice-guy-crushing, brain-dead — the ungenerous epithets for government bureaucracy in New York City abound. But we know better. Just look in your NYNEX phone book's Blue Pages for Government Listings: there, afloat like an ebony fleet of dinghies upon an aquamarine sea, are invaluable numbers for city, state and federal agencies where eager civil servants would like nothing better than to detoxify your child, seize your assets or plug your pothole.

But there's a problem. You need help *now*. So, to help make your wanderings through the government labyrinth every bit as fun and easy as we know they can be, we've taken a cue from superfriendly corporations, such as the worldwide floral deliverers 1-800-FLOWERS, and created this acronymic mnemonic phone directory.

Buildings — Unsafe and Illegal Use	KOOL ITT	Noise Complaints	YO! MR! 500
Correction Business Information	CON-1000	Real Estate Sales — Residential	T00 V.I.P. 0
Correction Inmate & Visit Information	RATS-000	Secrer Service — U.S.	GO MIG! 00
Corruption — N.Y.C. Federal Information Center	TALK, Y00! 2: OH! HI! OH!	Sidewalk Repair	KOMA 0-0W!
Federal Job Information Center	BOG 0' GAB	Social Security — Medicare & Supplemental Security Income	I DA DA DA RX? HA! 000 AM I IN CO?
Hospitals, Municipal — Information	LOOT OK? 0	Manhattan Bronx	
Income Tax — Federal Forms Only (24 hrs.)	1-800-GAG-FORM	Stock & Bond Complaints	1-800-HIDE: B00!
Liquor Authority — N.Y.S.	LUSH-002	Tax Matters — N.Y.S. — Income Tax Refunds	TOXIC DR[iver]
Marriage License Bureau	BOY-A-W00	Taxis — N.Y.C. — Complaints	
Mayor's Office	KOOKS-00		

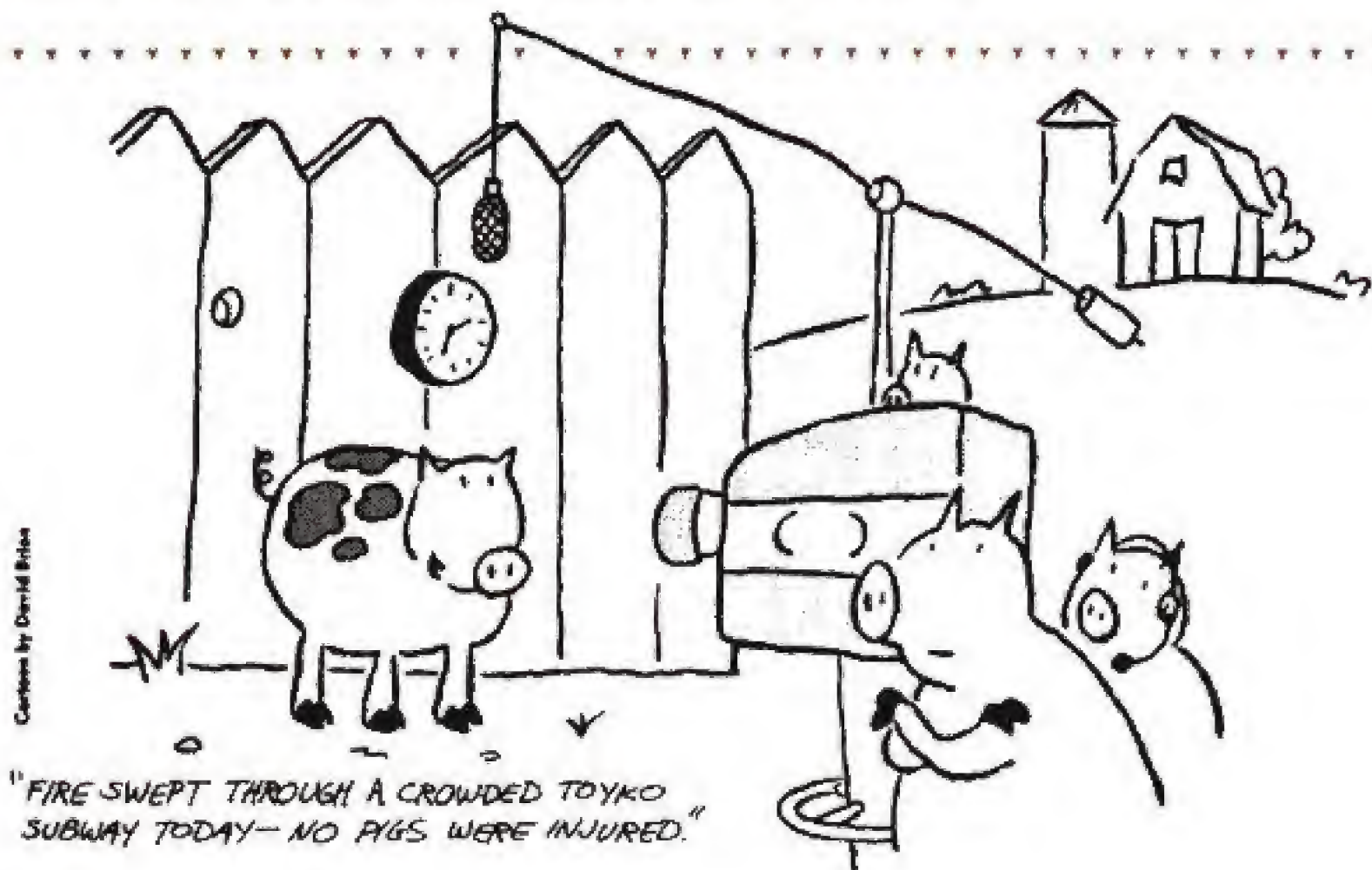
—Martin Kihn

IF YOU KNEW SUZY LIKE SNEED KNOWS SUZY

It's Not Plagiarism — It's Homage

ugh Hefner's pre-marital agreement with his bride-to-be **Kimberly Conrad** is said to be a couple of inches thick. Let's hope she settled for more than his old pajamas and that dumb pipe." — Suzy, *New York Post*, May 18

"Hugh Hefner's premarital agreement with bride-to-be **Kimberly Conrad** is said to be a couple of inches thick. Let's hope she settled for more than his old pajamas and that dumb pipe." — Michael Sneed, *Chicago Sun-Times*, May 29



Cartoon by David Bitton

"FIRE SWEEPED THROUGH A CROWDED TOKYO SUBWAY TODAY—NO PIGS WERE INJURED."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORKER

SPY periodically publishes *Letters to the Editor* of *The New Yorker* because *The New Yorker* doesn't. Still, address correspondence to "Dear Bob," c/o SPY, The SPY Building, 5 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003.

DEAR BOB,

Just got through running the numbers on one of Elizabeth Drew's *Letters from Washington* from earlier this year.

The letter has 6,912 words, figuring 6 words to a line. It contains 256 sentences; an average sentence is 27 words and change.

Drew's shortest sentence: "Kemp is a gamble." The longest: "And then last week brought the surprising news, in *The Washington Post*, that Treasury Secretary Baker held considerable stock in Chemical Bank and also in oil-and-gas ventures — at the same time that he was arguing that banks should not be asked to write off some of their Third World loans, and that he was pushing (successfully) for retention of tax breaks for the oil-and-gas industry in the tax-reform bill Reagan proposed to Congress, and lobbying Congress (also successfully) to protect those breaks."

Drew delivers just 27 paragraphs. Thoughts are expressed in parentheses 76 times — 2.8 parenthetical thoughts per paragraph.

All but two quotes are either from the public record or attributed to unnamed sources, including "a Republican strategist," "a Republican congressional leader," "a Democratic Senate aide," "a prominent Democratic senator," "a foreign-policy official" and "one key Democrat." Other insights come from "a high official," "one former Reagan Administration official," "a number of people," "some people," "one Presidential adviser," "some Bush advisers," "a number of politicians" and "a great many Democratic politicians."

Conclusion: when contract talks come up again, Drew would do well to continue being paid by the word (or line, parenthesis or unnamed source), *not* by the paragraph, sentence or named source.

That's what the numbers tell me, anyway.

Name withheld on request
Chevy Chase, Maryland

Cristal

persuasión™

*"Standing there...
sipping that macho drink...
you think you're so superior."*

"Be nice."

*"How can I be anything but —
with someone brilliant, arrogant
and obviously bigger than I am?"*

*"I'm too brilliant
to be arrogant."*

"Persuade me."

"E = MC²"

*"You're going to have
to do more than that!"*



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& lime slice.
- 100% Chicago:
CRISTAL & Coke®
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& orange slice.
- 100% L.A.
CRISTAL & a slice
...of anything!



*"Take my CRISTAL...
and then beg for
my forgiveness."*

*"I'll take your CRISTAL...
you can beg to get it back."*



MY FIRST BOOK OF SATYRS, WAR CRIMINALS AND GRADE-Z NIGHTCLUB ACTS

Imagine, if you will, an alternate world, parallel to our own yet strangely different. Imagine a world where every president is a hero, and every hero chaste and true. A world where poets and painters are the soberest of citizens, and rock stars merely exuberant. A world where John F. Kennedy didn't continually shoot amphetamines or smoke pot in the White House, a world where Lyndon B. Johnson didn't force underlings into the toilet with him.

The best thing about this parallel world is that it actually exists—in the pages of biographies written for children. Of course, bad things do happen in this world, but always to *nice*, well-intentioned people. It's a nice Richard Nixon, for instance (in the pages of the *Encyclopedia of Presidents*), who "learns" that one of the Watergate burglars worked for his reelection committee and who "[can't] understand why anyone on the committee would do this." Sometimes years and years of a biographee's life vanish altogether: Picasso (as portrayed in *Pablo Picasso: An Introduction*) virtually forfeits adulthood, his personal life ending abruptly after art school, when he is apparently imprisoned in a studio and allowed only to produce modern art—never once battering a mistress or even, so it seems, dating.

Thanks to this parallel world, publishers uphold the venerable tradition of willfully teaching children that which will later have to be unlearned. As the following examples prove, modern youth will not be cheated of its rightful share of future disillusionment.

Parallel World John Kennedy:



"One evening, at a dinner party, Senator Kennedy sat opposite a young woman, Jacqueline Bouvier.

"He was attracted by her shy, quiet manner and by her great beauty. They saw each other often, and before long they were married.

"Theirs was a happy life together..."

—Patricia Miles Martin,
John Fitzgerald Kennedy,
G.P. Putnam's Sons, 1964

John Kennedy on Earth:



"Jackie thought she had known what she was getting into.

Shortly after the marriage she had talked of Jack's 'violent' independence and had said, 'I don't think there are any men who are faithful to their wives....' She wasn't prepared for how flagrant his womanizing would be. She found herself stranded at parties while he sneaked out with someone who'd caught his eye; she found herself the object of the barbed pity of other women in her circle...[Jack] 'hunted' with...colleague George Smathers [and met] young women at...an apartment 'hideout' on the Potomac...Jackie heard about it all."

—Peter Collier and David Horowitz,
The Kennedys: An American Drama,
Summit Books, 1984

Parallel World Lyndon Johnson:



"When I finished high school in 1924 there wasn't anything going," Johnson said in a speech after he had left the presidency.

"No work at all in Johnson City, nowhere around here. My father finally got me kind of a job—not that I wasn't grateful for it—down in Robstown, Texas..."

—Jim Hargrove,
Encyclopedia of Presidents: Lyndon B. Johnson,
Chicago Children's Press, 1987

Lyndon Johnson on Earth:



"He continued to sneak the car out at night.... Then, one night, while driving a group of older boys to a bootlegger's still, he ran the car into a ditch and wrecked it, and, standing there on the lonely country road, said: 'I just can't face my father.'...He slept in the wrecked car, in the morning hitchhiked to Austin, and from there took a bus 160 miles south to Robstown."

—Robert A. Caro,
The Years of Lyndon Johnson: The Path to Power,
Alfred A. Knopf, 1983

Parallel World Richard Nixon:



"The attention and affection [of Nixon for his daughters]

was constant. He arranged weekend surprises and parties for his youngsters and their friends. When it rained, he just spread a picnic rug on the floor of his office; all enjoyed the lunch and games which followed."

—Ann Campbell,
The Picture Life of Richard Milhous Nixon,
Franklin Watts, 1969

Richard Nixon on Earth:



"For Pat and the girls, Nixon's total preoccupation with politics was something they just had to bear.

He seemed never to be home...Nixon frequently worked so late that he spent the night in his Senate office...His office was like a magnet to him, as Pat revealed when she told the story of the time he promised to take the family on a picnic. The appointed Sunday was hot and humid. Nevertheless, Nixon kept his promise in his own way. 'We packed a basket and got on our holiday clothes,' Pat related, 'and Dick drove us down to the Senate Office Building. We marched into his big air-conditioned office, spread a blanket on the floor in front of his desk and sat on it to eat our lunch.'"

—Stephen E. Ambrose, *Nixon, Vol. 1: The Education of a Politician 1913-1962*,
Simon & Schuster, 1987

Parallel World Walt Disney:



"During these years Walt Disney made many cartoon shorts. He made Donald Duck pictures, Silly Symphonies, *The Tortoise and the Hare*, and *The Three Little Pigs*. These were all very popular."

—Elizabeth Rider Montgomery,
Walt Disney: Master of Make-Believe,
Garrard Publishing Company, 1971

Walt Disney on Earth:



"Time and again, members of Disney's staff came up with new characters who would soon win international fame—Donald Duck, Pluto, the Big Bad Wolf, the Wicked Witch... but he aggressively refused to allow them to take credit for their inventions. Nor would he share it with them... [He told a new employee,] 'What we're selling here is the name *Walt Disney*. If you can swallow that and always remember it, you'll be happy here. But if you've got any ideas about seeing [your name] up there, it's best for you to leave right away.'"

—Leonard Mosley,
Disney's World,
Stein and Day Publishers, 1985

Parallel World Charles Lindbergh:



"Lindbergh was awarded the Service Cross of the German Eagle by Goering himself... The Cross was presented for his 'service to aviation and for his 1927 solo flight.'"

"Outwardly it seemed a natural thing to do... He had received so many other decorations and now he was being given one by Germany."

—Adele deLeeuw,
Lindbergh: Lone Eagle,
Westminster Press, 1969

Charles Lindbergh on Earth:



"Even if [the Cross] was a belated recognition of his transatlantic flight (most nations had decorated him ten years earlier), it could only be confirmation that the Nazis regarded him as their friend... [The American ambassador] was sufficiently aware of the tainted nature of the decoration to wonder whether Lindbergh would refuse it... In fact, Charles Lindbergh never

had any idea of refusing the medal. It came from the head of a government he respected and a people he admired, and he was pleased with the gesture."

—Leonard Mosley,
Lindbergh: A Biography,
Doubleday, 1976

Parallel World Pablo Picasso:



"He was no longer a child, and his freedom began when, refusing to live at the home of his parents, he found his lodgings and studios wherever he could, generally sharing them with other artists."

—Howard Greenfeld,
Pablo Picasso: An Introduction,
Follett Publishing Company, 1971

Pablo Picasso on Earth:



"Pablo left home for a few weeks and moved into [a] brothel... There was, of course, no electricity or running water, and rancid odors of garbage, urine, semen and sweat filled the air. The curtains were threadbare, the bedcovers mangy... the crumbling walls covered with obscene drawings."

—Arianna Stassinopoulos Huffington,
Picasso: Creator and Destroyer,
Simon & Schuster, 1988

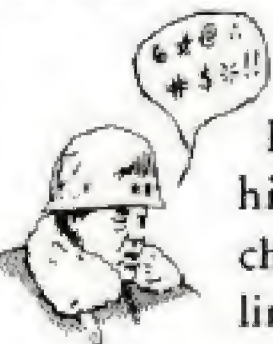
Parallel World George Patton:



"At summer's end Beatrice and George promised to write to each other—a promise they kept for more than 40 years."

—John Devaney,
Blood and Guts,
Julian Messner, 1982

George Patton on Earth:



"A letter from Bea incensed him... Chagrined to have his manliness apparently challenged, he replied, 'Darling One: You are one fierce



woman. What in H do you mean by 'Doing what I like best to do—reading.' I would rather a damned sight look at something else than [a] book and you know what it is too. It looks like a skunk."

—Martin Blumenson, *Patton: The Man Behind the Legend 1885–1945*,
William Morrow & Company, 1987

Parallel World Ronald Reagan:



"[Reagan's Las Vegas nightclub act] was a sellout every night. Other offers came in, but Nancy and Ron decided that two weeks of that kind of life away from their baby daughter was enough."

—Mary Virginia Fox,
Mister President: The Story of Ronald Reagan,
Enslow Publishers Inc., 1986

Ronald Reagan on Earth:



"[The act included a] beer-garden skit... in which Reagan spoke in a guttural German accent and wore an apron advertising Pabst Blue Ribbon beer, with 'Vols vils du haben?' incorrectly written across it. From this low he descended into an old-time baggy-pants vaudeville routine where [Reagan and his four costars] raced around the stage beaming each other on the head with rolled-up newspapers..."

"The act did not take Vegas by storm. The nightclub critics found him personally ingratiating but the material 'third rate' and wondered in print if Las Vegas was now going 'to have to suffer a retreating army of fading Hollywood stars.'"

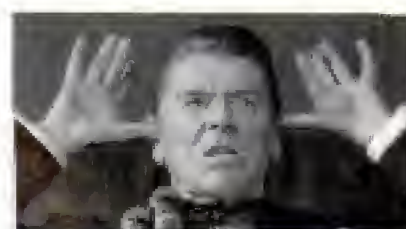
"The desert heat had begun to beat down for the day as the Reagans headed homeward the morning after the last night of the engagement. Reagan had hit rock bottom."

—Anne Edwards,
Early Reagan: The Rise to Power,
William Morrow & Company, 1987

—Cate Plys and Robert Leighton

NOSTALGIC FOR THE DAYS WHEN CATSUP WAS A VEGETABLE?

A Look Back at Some of the Most Fleeting Moments of the Eighties



The following are excerpts from *The Clothes Have No Emperor*, a relentlessly complete, unapologetically bitter and altogether delightful compendium of the Reagan years by SPY contributing editor Paul Slansky, to be published by Fireside Books next month.

GREAT MOMENTS IN DENIALS

"I am not a wimp."

— Illinois gubernatorial candidate Adlai Stevenson III

"I am not a Communist and have not joined the Communist Party and was never asked to join the Communist Party."

— Billy Graham defending his observation that he'd seen no evidence of religious repression in the USSR

"I am not a lesbian and I am not a slut."

— Miss America 1984, Vanessa Williams

"I am not a wild man nor a schmuck."

— Ed Koch explaining how he will be able to stick to his diet (in fact, he didn't) after suffering a minor stroke

"I am not a bimbo."

— Jessica Hahn

"I am not a felon."

— Reagan aide Lyn Nofziger pleading not guilty to charges of illegal lobbying

WHAT RONALD REAGAN ISN'T

"I'm not a scientist enough to know what they would take to make them that way."

— President Reagan refusing to speculate about the possibility that defensive Star Wars weapons might be used offensively

"I'm not a lawyer, and I don't intend to get into too many legal areas where I might be caught short."

— President Reagan refusing to speculate about which nation the *Achille Lauro* hijackers would be tried in

"I'm not medical. I'm not a lawyer and I'm not medical, either."

— President Reagan refusing to speculate about the recurrence of cancer on his nose

"I'm no linguist, but I have been told that in the Russian language there isn't even a word for freedom."

— President Reagan revealing his ignorance of the Russian word *svoboda*

"I'm not an intellectual."

— President Reagan offering an all-purpose disavowal

NANCY REAGAN TALKS ABOUT HER WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

"It seems like 29 minutes."

— Nancy Reagan in 1981, on the occasion of her 29th wedding anniversary

"It feels like 30 minutes."

— Nancy Reagan in 1982, on the occasion of her 30th wedding anniversary

"I cannot believe it's been 32 years. It seems like 32 minutes."

— Nancy Reagan in 1984, on the occasion of her 32nd wedding anniversary

"It seems like 36 minutes."

— Nancy Reagan in 1988, on the occasion of her 36th wedding anniversary

WAS IT MONDALE, OR WAS IT DUKAKIS?

Perhaps Jay Leno put it best: "Dukakis is Greek for Mondale." In each of the instances below, was it Walter Mondale, the doomed 1984 Democratic presidential candidate, or was it Michael Dukakis, the doomed 1988 Democratic presidential candidate?

1. His media director boasted that the candidate "dares to be cautious."

2. Tip O'Neill said he had to "stop acting like a gentleman and come out fighting."

3. Interviewing him was compared to "popping a quarter into a jukebox."

4. His campaign team was described by Andrew Young as "a bunch of smart-assed white boys who think they know it all."

5. He was described as "a candidate who, when a match was lit in the vicinity, poured gasoline all over himself."

6. His performance at his second debate prompted Bill Moyers to observe, "He kept going for the jugular with a feather."

7. His campaign inspired the observation that he was "auditing this race without understanding that there's going to be a grade at the end of it."

8. He was described by columnist Murray Kempton as having "risen up as the fighting liberal he would have been too sensible to be if he felt there was a chance of victory left."

9. He was urged by a *Village Voice* writer to "take off the gloves or bend over."

10. He explained his wussiness by saying, "I'm slow to anger."

11. He was referred to as a "tourniquet of a man."

12. He said there was a public image of him as a "kind of slug," and "how it developed, I don't know."

13. He was described by Murray Kempton as "so pathetically terminal a case that to keep on noticing his limitations is a kind of cruelty."

14. He was described by Mario Cuomo's mother as "polenta."


15. He was described as "the kind of guy you'd like to have in your foxhole — if you wanted to study soil erosion."

ANSWERS—1, 2, 4, 6, 8, 9, 12, 14: MONDALE; 3, 5, 7, 10, 11, 13, 15: DUKAKIS

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NOTES

Naked City

They'll play the World Series again this year, and if past is prologue, one of the teams will win it. In that team's town, hearts will pound, spirits will soar, grown-ups will give one another high fives and wave hankies. It will be a memorable day. A world championship means that bragging rights are yours for a year. It means your old college roommate can no longer call with taunts about your "basement" team. It means you'll have a chance to do a little looting. In baseball, as in football, hockey and basketball, victory celebrations often escalate from giddy delirium to boneheaded violence, to the extent that we wonder if prudent citizens shouldn't prefer individuals whining "Wait'll next year!" to mobs chanting "We're number one!" Here are some stats.

B A S E B A L L

1986. New York Mets defeat Red Sox in World Series: 23 arrests, 41 sum-

TAKE ME OUT TO THE MELEE

The High Costs of That Championship Season

monses, 102 civilians and 33 police officers injured, 8 city cars damaged. The cost to the city for the ticker-tape parade is \$630,000.

1984. Detroit beats Padres in World Series: 42 arrests, 80 injuries, 1 man killed, 3 reported rapes, 8 police vehicles and many other vehicles set afire or otherwise destroyed, 8 stores vandalized. Repairs to the ravaged Tiger Stadium cost \$50,000. Mayor Coleman Young is obliged to admit, "A few jerks caused some problems."

1980. Philadelphia defeats Royals in World Series: 180 criminal and drunkenness-related arrests, 1 murder, another shooting, 3 police officers injured, at least 2 liquor stores looted; \$500,000 estimated cleanup bill for victory parade.

1979. Pittsburgh defeats Baltimore in World Series: 120 arrests, 3 officers and 36 civilians injured, 10 other people bitten by police dogs. Property damage in-

cludes general looting, vandalized street signs and uprooted trees.

1977. Yankees defeat Dodgers in World Series: 45 arrests, 400 summonses, more than 20 civilian injuries, 22 police officers hurt, 2,000 bleacher seats stolen from Yankee Stadium.

1971. Pittsburgh beats Orioles in World Series: 98 arrests, "dozens" injured, scattered shootings, 30 stores looted, 2 holdups, 12 overturned cars, a police motorcycle and a taxi torched, 2 police cruisers commandeered, streets flooded when fire hydrants uncapped, bonfires set across town, phone booths and newsstands ripped from foundations, street lamps toppled and reports of "sex in the streets." A police official attributes the tumult to "some bad eggs."

F O O T B A L L

1988. Washington defeats Denver to win Super Bowl: 51 arrests, 24 injuries



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GUY DILL 1989

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reported, shootings and assaults, a taxi overturned, windows broken and thousands of dollars' worth of goods looted from stores.

1985. San Francisco defeats Miami in Super Bowl: 237 arrests, bonfires set across town, bloody fistfights, lootings, and a trolley pulled from its wires. One man celebrates by breaking up the sidewalk with a sledgehammer.

1982. San Francisco beats Cincinnati in Super Bowl: 97 arrests, 170 injuries reported, 12 police officers injured, 60 charges of police brutality filed, 6 police cars and Mayor Dianne Feinstein's limo trampled, 3 buses and 2 trolley cars damaged. Says a police spokesman, "From 9:00 p.m. to midnight the situation was questionable, as far as control was concerned."

H O C K E Y

1986. Montreal defeats Calgary to win

Stanley Cup: 9 arrests, 40 stores damaged or looted, cars overturned—a very serious riot by Canadian standards.

1975. Philadelphia beats Buffalo to win Stanley Cup: many incidents of streaking.

1974. Philadelphia beats Bruins to win Stanley Cup: 161 arrests, 17 reported injuries (9 caused by police horses), more than \$10,000 in damage to city buses alone. Police resort to tear gas to calm revelers.

B A S K E T B A L L

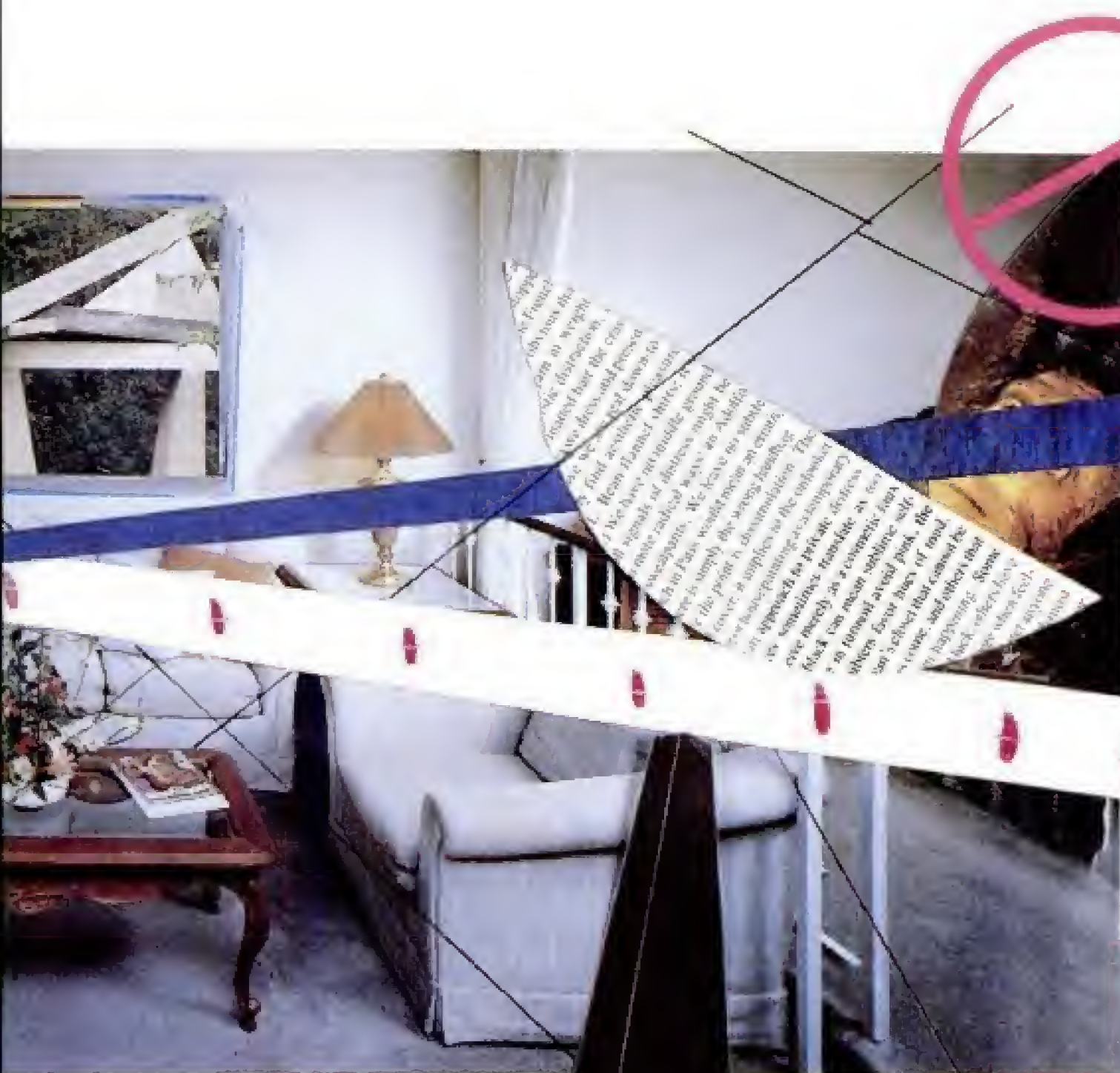
1989. Michigan defeats Seton Hall to win NCAA title: 8 arrests, 51 treated for injuries, taxis and vending machines overturned, 181 street signs and 2 stoplights vandalized, and a fire truck commandeered and its hose employed in a tug-of-war game. The celebration is described as "the worst student disorder since the Vietnam War protests."

1986. Louisville defeats Duke to win

1986 NCAA championship: bonfire ignited near campus, traffic light vandalized, motorists bombarded by rocks and bottles.

There is one city that takes its titles more serenely. Although Los Angeles has been the home of eight major-league championship teams in three sports during the 1980s—the Lakers in 1980, 1982, 1985, 1987 and 1988, the Dodgers in 1981 and 1988, and the Raiders in 1984—the city has remained characteristically placid. The most recent pair of Laker titles produced a grand total of two arrests—police apprehended two men who unthinkingly drove a stolen car through the official parade area (though seven cars were impounded, a serious punishment in that excessively mobile society). When the Dodgers won the World Series last year, there was not a single revelry-related arrest.

—Larry Hettleman



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Punch



Abe



here was every reason to believe that when Judy Miller was moved from her post as deputy Washington bureau chief late last year, her long-standing

custom of getting indecorously close to highly placed male sources would end. She is attracted more to the power the men in her orbit have than to the men themselves; her first words upon entering a room are often "Okay, who's important here?" The list of middle-aged, quasi-available powerguys from Judy's colorful past is a long one, incorporating everyone from guitar-picking Republican national chairmen to anchorgirl-dating former assistant secretaries of State.

One would think that planting Judy back in New York as deputy to cultural-affairs editor Marty Arnold would afford her superiors an opportunity to keep an eye on her, thereby enabling them to stop her from doing anything that might make her feel cheap and dirty in the morning. And with a new presidential administration—and therefore a fresh stable of middle-aged, quasi-available powerguys to develop as sources—the timing of the move seemed especially propitious.

It was always something of a wonder to her colleagues at the *Times* that Judy managed to get away with her shenanigans for so long. Tactical bum-kissing had a lot to do with it, especially in the days when Abe Rosenthal was running the paper. She could play Abe expertly, alternately toadying before him and making him feel like her daddy. Shortly after Abe walked out on his long-suffering wife Ann, he went to a dinner party at which Judy was present. Before he arrived, she regaled the assembly with details of the Rosenthal breakup. When Abe arrived looking fretful, she innocently asked him if something was wrong between him and Ann.

"You are such a sensitive man," she said. "You look like a man deeply troubled—it shows on your face." Abe, evidently moved by Judy's compassion, leaned toward her and complimented her on her own sensitivity and rare perception.

Such interpersonal skills Judy no doubt put to good use in her days as a correspondent in Paris, Beirut and Cairo. Regarded by her peers as a dogged, talented journalist, she received more ambivalent reviews for her after-hours work. Fellow female correspondents in Beirut had a very rough nickname for Judy—"Egregious Cunt"—which some of them abbreviated (E.C.) and had silk-screened onto T-shirts.

Judy's living accommodations in those far-flung outposts were ripe topics of conversation. Her bedroom in Cairo, for instance, had white shag carpeting and bedspread and curtains in an electric-blue-and-orange design. When a fellow correspondent took over her apartment in Beirut, it was discovered that although the place was to be let furnished, there were no sheets available. When news of this reached the city's press community, one unkind journalist commented, "She didn't want anyone to see her notes."

This past summer Judy rented a small cottage in Sag Harbor to finish her Holocaust book, a book, she told friends, that she wanted to get out in time for "the Chanukah market." Something went wrong with her word processor, however, and, unable to print anything out, she had to periodically lug the machine over to the Sag Harbor home of her editor at Simon & Schuster, Alice Mayhew, so that she could look at the revisions on Judy's computer screen—an inconvenience that annoyed technology-shy Mayhew considerably.

It wasn't long before Judy began com-

plaining that she found her rental house too small and stuffy—an improbable complaint, given that she had spent years working in Cairo and Beirut. But in Cairo or Beirut, of course, you wouldn't find middle-aged Jason Epstein, editorial director of Random House, with a Sag Harbor place that just happens to be large and airy. What to do? Judy decided to move into Epstein's house—to work, naturally. The only trouble was, there'd been a rather farfetched rumor going around the Hamptons early in the summer that Epstein was dating Random House publisher Joni Evans. Judy reportedly asked a friend just how farfetched the romance rumors were. Really farfetched, the friend reassured her. *Hmmm: powerful, middle-aged and quasi-available.*

Soon enough, Judy and Jason began to be seen together, attending several parties in a single weekend. (At one dinner party, after Epstein reached for a brownie, Judy playfully slapped his wrist and whispered, "Now, don't forget your diet!")

One does have to be impressed by the speed at which Judy moves. In the Hamptons only a few short weeks and already she had in her clasp one of the few wealthy, powerful bachelors available—and one whose line of work, publishing, just happens to be the principal area of her own cultural beat at the *Times*! Around the time Judy moved in with Epstein, Eleanor Blau, in the *Times's* culture pages, devoted 925 words (accompanied by a flattering photograph) to an editor-entrepreneur behind a mail-order bookselling scheme called *The Reader's Catalogue*—none other than Judy's new middle-aged powerguy, Jason Epstein.

—J. J. Hunsecker


The list of powerguys from Miller's colorful past is a long one, incorporating Republican national chairmen and former assistant secretaries of State

You're the only one
who knows that my
Achilles' heel isn't anywhere
near my foot.



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Hennessy.
The Spirit of the Civilized Rogue.



OUR ANNUAL CENSUS OF THE MOST
ANNOYING, ALARMING AND APPALLING
PEOPLE, PLACES AND THINGS

The SPY 100. First, the complicated formula, which still solely determines the scores, and therefore the list itself, has changed a bit. Gone is the "Number of SPY Issues Mentioned In" category, a change instituted both to avoid charges of unseemly self-referentialism and to reduce the chance of mutiny among the summer interns, who had traditionally handled the laborious chore of counting. Which brings us to the second change.

In 1987 Donald Trump ranked No. 3. By last year he had begun to annoy, alarm and appall in so many different ways that he made the list five times (Nos. 10, 14, 21, 26 and 30). This year he has moved to another plane altogether. He has ceased to be a player and has instead become part of the playing field. Trump does not win a position on the list this year, but his ethos does, all over the place. We realized that he had caused, commented upon or in some more tangential way had something to do with every single one of the entries on The SPY 100, and so a new category had to be created to speak to the overall Trump-relatedness of any given honoree. (In the revised SPY 100 formula T is for TrumpScore™, L is for Inherent Loathsomeness, M is for

$$\text{SCORE} = \frac{L^2}{2} + \frac{\text{MAX}(2 \times T, M) \times M}{\sqrt{F} + 1} + B$$

Misdeeds, F is for Mitigating Factors and B is for Bonus Points.) Finally, as we mentioned at the beginning, The SPY 100 represents just a fraction of a much longer list. Apart from Imelda Marcos, some of the other also-rans—

annoying, alarming and appalling, to be sure, but relatively less so—include the following: The Situation in Namibia (No. 262); That Episode of *L.A. Law* Last Winter in Which Abby Shot a Lead-Pipe-Wielding Maniac (No. 543); and, of course, The Way the Downtown No. 6 Train Stops at the Broadway-Lafayette Station but the Uptown No. 6 Doesn't (No. 999).



LEE ATWATER

Eddie Haskell triumphant. "No, Mrs. Cleaver, this election is going to be decided on the issues." *Don't be a dope, Lumpy—if Dukakis gets it, won't ten minutes pass before the niggers are out of jail and in your bedroom. Only question is whether they'll make you watch them rape your old lady or slit your throat first.* "No, Mrs. Cleaver, I never said that Governor Dukakis received shock treatments." *I'm tellin' ya, sport, the guy's seen a nut doctor.* "No, Mrs. Cleaver, I deplore as much as you do this unfair characterization of the speaker of the House." *Ab, shaddap, squirt, or I'll take ya over to Foley's office. I hear you're just his type.* If only Bush had the backbone of Wally Cleaver. If only Bush would stand up and say, "Hey, Lee—lay off." But no: the president says, "He looked me right in the eye and told me he knew nothing about [the Foley smear]," leaving Atwater free to run his political party like an ugly frat, his days a grinning whirl of soul music, barbecue sauce, ritual pieties and sadistic pranks that almost always go too far.

1988 RANK	—
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS	10
MISDEEDS	10
MITIGATING FACTORS	1
BONUS POINTS	10
TRUMPScore™	8
SCORE	221.00

EXXON VS. EARTH

1988 RANK	—
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS	10
MISDEEDS: The spill devastated the fragile ecosystem of Prince William Sound for perhaps decades, drove up oil prices, threatened the livelihood of local fishermen and severely damaged Alaskan tourism, the state's third-largest industry	10
MITIGATING FACTORS: Hard-drinkin' tanker captain Joseph Hazelwood was heckled and called a jerk by fellow passengers on a commercial airliner	1
BONUS POINTS: Exxon, which suffered no significant financial damage, promised to aid cleanup—but only until September 15	10
TRUMPScore™: In East Coast waters, a fishing boat bumped the <i>Trump Princess</i> , which had oil on board	7
SCORE	201.00

LEONA HELMSLEY

1988 RANK	2
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS	10
MISDEEDS: Caught billing more than \$4-million in personal expenses to the real estate empire she gold-dug out of her now-enfeebled husband. Convicted of tax evasion (conspiracy and mail fraud; acquitted on charges of extortion of kickbacks from cowering business vendors). Continued running self-reverential ads. Anticipating the horror stories about her routine terrorization of employees, Leona's lawyer admitted in opening remarks—boasted, even—that she was a "tough bitch" (see "Dungeons & Dragon Ladies," page 86)	7
MITIGATING FACTORS: Was a Chesterfield cigarette girl in the 1930s	1
BONUS POINTS: Could receive up to 127 years in prison	7
TRUMPScore™: Trump called her a	

"disgrace to humanity in general"	10
SCORE	198.00

H.U.D. STEALATHON

1988 RANK	—
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS	9
MISDEEDS: Millions in HUD funds funneled to developers who retained such expert GOP housing consultants as James Watt and Al D'Amato (while evaluating procedures were overlooked); even though corruption reached all the way to Puerto Rico and Budapest, former HUD secretary Samuel Pierce insisted he was unaware of favoritism—and then blamed the scandal on an aide	10
MITIGATING FACTORS: Proved Republicans like throwing money at social problems, too, as long as they can catch some of it in midflight	2
BONUS POINTS: Pierce received a grocery basket full of presents from ex-segregationist Strom Thurmond	7
TRUMPScore™: Trump on his father: "[He] did very well building rent-controlled and rent-stabilized housing. . . . It was a very tough way to make a buck"	9
SCORE	175.78

BATMANIA

1988 RANK	—
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS	10
MISDEEDS: Excessive hype made disappointment inevitable. Trailer premiered in theaters six months before movie; provoked hypernerdy passion better left private—50,000 letters protesting Warner Bros.' casting of Michael Keaton; one Manhattan theater began selling tickets more than two weeks before opening of film	10
MITIGATING FACTORS: Warners forced Adam West and Burt Ward to stop wearing their old bat costumes to mall openings and junior high school assemblies	2
BONUS POINTS: The bat logo. The bat logo. The bat logo	10
TRUMPScore™: <i>Batman</i> outgrossed even <i>Ghostbusters II</i> , a movie that spawned a music video in which Trump appears	7
SCORE	159.99



NAUGHTY ATHLETES

1988 RANK	—
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS	9
MISDEEDS: No one really thought tobacco-spitting, crotch-adjusting ballplayers were angels. Still, it was a surprise to learn that Pete Rose is an obsessive gambler; Wade Boggs is a grotesque philanderer; Steve Garvey fathered	

two children, each with a different woman (neither his wife); Dave Winfield was a bigamist; and Jose Canseco is a traffic hazard and gunslinger. On the amateur front: in one month, the University of Oklahoma football team saw its star quarterback busted for selling cocaine, a cornerback shoot a lineman in the chest, and a running back, a tackle and a tight end arrested for gang rape 10

MITIGATING FACTORS: Now Garvey can't run for the U.S. Senate 3

BONUS POINTS: George Brett said since two former girlfriends have undergone abortions, "I've had the security of knowing I'm a proven performer" 9

TRUMPScore™: Trump's friend Mike Tyson was revealed to be a wife beater 8

SCORE 142.88

THE COMMIE SWITCHEROO

1988 RANK 65

INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 9

MISDEEDS: Just a few years ago, the Russians were the bad Bad Guys and the Chinese were the good Bad Guys. But now they've switched places. "Gorby" Gorbachev visits Manhattan, stops traffic and earns the kind of affectionate nickname usually reserved for beloved ballplayers. Back in the Soviet Union, he's hailed for instituting openness, and in Beijing, student demonstrators brandish Gorby posters and build an odd-looking Statue of Liberty miniature. Then the Chinese government kills many of the students. It almost seems like some kind of infernal top-secret Comintern plot to confuse us 9

MITIGATING FACTORS: No more panda stories on the network news 1

BONUS POINTS: Gorbylock wasn't really that bad 6

TRUMPScore™: Trump was duped into shaking hands with a Gorbachev impersonator outside Trump Tower during Gorbachev's visit to New York 5

SCORE 137.50

LUCY GRIEF

1988 RANK —

INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 9

MISDEEDS: *People* covers almost quarterly; prepared-statement eulogies from fellow vaudevillians (Bob Hope: "God has her now and, thanks to television, we'll have her forever"); pornographer Larry Flynt's 80-page deathzine, *Lucy: We Love You*; a posthumous Medal of Freedom; a 23k-gold-bordered limited-edition collector plate; an Op-Ed piece in *The New York Times* praising Lucy as "a savior" to the new Chinese immigrants in the 1950s; Diane Sawyer's recollection at a Manhattan Mass that she could remember where "every stick of furniture was" in the Ricardos'



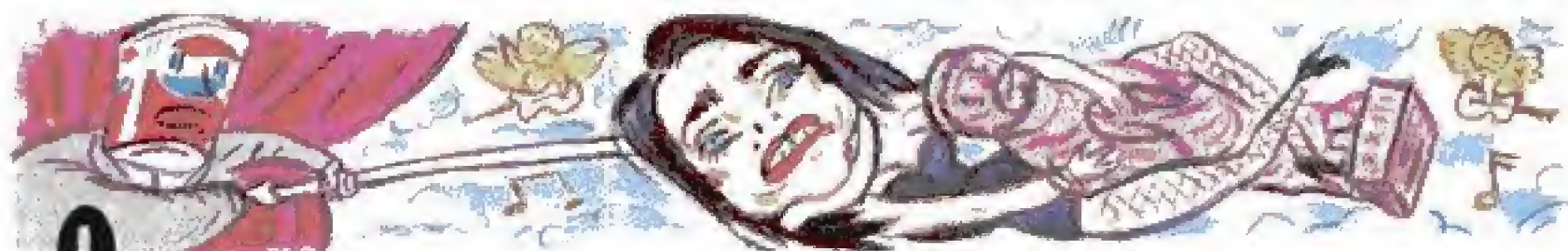
apartment 9

MITIGATING FACTORS: Her septuagenarian gams have graced their last Academy Awards show 2

BONUS POINTS: John Cardinal O'Connor warned mourners not to canonize the twice-married Lucy, because "she had personal problems" 9

TRUMPScore™: If Lucy and Ricky's fictional address in *I Love Lucy*—623 East 68th Street—actually existed, it would be in the middle of the East River; Trump has recently attempted to extract development rights from partially submerged property in the Hudson River .. 6

SCORE 126.87



FREELANCE CENSORSHIP

This year, we all got circumspect. Well, cautious. Okay: chicken. Washington's Corcoran Gallery of Art could have exhibited Robert Mapplethorpe's photographs, but they played it safe. Christopher Reeve could have narrated a TV documentary on Trump, and New York stations could have agreed to broadcast it, but they played it safe. George Bush could have sent Dan Quayle to Hirohito's funeral, but he played it safe and went himself. Exacerbating this whole *Whoa! better not* atmosphere was a mosquitolike infestation of freelance censors—a kind of self-appointed Hays Office to the nation. Thus, our constitutional right to watch *Married... With Children* was put into jeopardy by a well-connected Michigan mother whose boycott-threatening letters made page 1 of the *Times*. Angry nurses pressured Chrysler and Sears out of advertising contracts with NBC's *Nightingales*, a series about libidinous nurses. Professional hysteric the Reverend Donald Wildmon, fascist-dweeb leader of the Christian Leaders for Responsible Television, pressured major corporations into pulling ads from *Saturday Night Live* (after discovering a sketch used the word *penis* too many times) and from NBC's TV movie *Roe vs. Wade*. Wildmon also pressured Pepsi into dumping its Madonna commercial. Then an anti-Wildmon group called for a boycott of Pepsi for succumbing to Wildmon's threatened boycott. The *Los Angeles Times* played it safe and refused to run the group's ad. Will we stand for this blatant censorship, America? *No!* Will we allow McCarthyism to reign again? *No!* Will we take action? *Yes!* All right—but let's not act *too* hastily, because . . . you know . . . we might get in some kind of trouble or something.

1988 RANK —

INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 9

MISDEEDS 9

MITIGATING FACTORS 3

BONUS POINTS 6

TRUMPScore™ 7

SCORE 120.25

JIM WRIGHT

1988 RANK 62

INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 10

MISDEEDS: He was the nation's highest elected Democrat, and next in line for the presidency (if Bush became disabled and Quayle was subsequently lynched by a panicked mob). Then the House Ethics Committee found "reason to believe" the hateful old sleazebag had violated standard practices a few times. Well, 69 times 8

MITIGATING FACTORS: He resigned 3



Month (May), seemingly new tick sprays remarkably similar to ordinary insect repellent; endless, depressing chat 9

MITIGATING FACTORS: Consolation for urbanites stuck in town on weekends 4

BONUS POINTS: Symptoms (headache, nausea, bruising) deceptively similar to those of another summertime affliction, the common hangover 9

TRUMPScore™: Lyme, Connecticut, birthplace of disease, only 75 miles from Trump summer home 8

SCORE 114.00

12

THE FRIENDS OF MIKE MILKEN

1988 RANK —

INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 10

MISDEEDS: After Milken was served with a 98-count racketeering indictment, an ad hoc collection of Milken-assisted corporate raiders, lawyers and friends took out full-page ads in *The New York Times*, the *Los Angeles Times* and *The Wall Street Journal*, proclaiming fealty to the



toupee-wearing junk bond wizard; other Milken advocates (many Drexel employees) distributed MIKE MILKEN, WE BELIEVE IN YOU baseball caps and T-shirts 8

MITIGATING FACTORS: The Milken family's charitable contributions have skyrocketed to as much as \$93 million in one year—since Boesky's indictment 3

BONUS POINTS: Jesse Jackson and Frank Lorenzo are self-proclaimed Milken fans 7

TRUMPScore™: Trump on Milken: "You can be happy on a lot less money" 6

SCORE 113.43

13

RUSHDIE JUDGMENT

1988 RANK —

INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 8

MISDEEDS: Forced Rushdie to hide out under protection of his nemesis Margaret Thatcher; megabooksellers temporarily pulled *Verses* from their shelves; brought out worst in America's writers-in-search-of-a-soapbox, culminating in a *Times* Book Review spread featuring nauseatingly pretentious words of encouragement to Rushdie: "I am Rushdie. We all are"—

Thomas Keneally 10

MITIGATING FACTORS: All the excitement was

too much for Khomeini 4

BONUS POINTS: "I hope you are getting some exercise and listening to music, dear Salman. And writing. Write another book. And

another"—Susan Sontag 7

TRUMPScore™: Trump also wrote a calculatedly provocative best-seller 7

SCORE 110.00

15

COPYCAT OIL SPILLS

1988 RANK —

INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 9

MISDEEDS: A 30-square-mile slick off the coast of dinky Rhode Island (*Not as big as the Exxon spill*); 300,000 gallons of fuel oil in the Delaware River (*Doesn't even compare with Exxon*); 250,000 gallons of oil spilled off the Texas coast (*Big deal*). Meanwhile—5,000 to 6,000 other spills in American waters in the last year. (*Small potatoes*) 9

MITIGATING FACTORS: Spills are down from the 13,000-a-year average of a decade ago .. 2

BONUS POINTS: Most of the 981 errors in the last seven years were committed by competent, sober veteran sailors 5

TRUMPScore™: Trump bought the *Trump Princess* from a former oilman 1

SCORE 103.78

16

RON LAUDER, CANDIDATE

1988 RANK —

INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 7

MISDEEDS: Spent more than \$8.5 million of his own money on a vanity campaign that succeeded only in revealing four things: his fortune derives revenues from South Africa; his appointment as ambassador to Austria may have

driven his deputy to become a spy; he was considered the laughingstock of Vienna; and he is so meritless—and so *obviously* meritless—that even Roger Ailes walked away to work for Giuliani 6

MITIGATING FACTORS: His almost anonymous TV ads discombobulated Giuliani 1

BONUS POINTS: Is likely to take enough votes from Giuliani to elect a Democrat 5

TRUMPScore™: Trump too is the wealthy son of a respectable, self-made parent and now harbors right-wing political aspirations 6

SCORE 102.50

17

OLIVER NORTH

1988 RANK 19

INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 9

MISDEEDS: Took the fall for Bush and Reagan, but only got a \$150,000 fine; clung to corn-dog story that he bought a van and a horse with pocket change; still claims he doesn't really know who paid for his \$13,800 home security system or \$200,000 family insurance fund .. 9

MITIGATING FACTORS: His hometown's second annual "Oliver North Day" was canceled for lack of interest 3

BONUS POINTS: Got sympathy after the government prosecutor likened him to both Hitler and Joe Isuzu 8

TRUMPScore™: North, a jingoist, has been encouraged to run for office and offered corporate board seats 5

SCORE 101.46

18

MANUEL NORIEGA

1988 RANK —

INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 9

MISDEEDS: His election-stealing; his assaults on (and attempted assassinations of) opposition candidates; his drug-running and money-laundering; his alliances with convenient fellow opportunists from Castro to Bush; and his reliance on a spiritual adviser 7

MITIGATING FACTORS: His goon squads are called "dignity battalions" 1

BONUS POINTS: His Motörhead-fan complexion (Panamanians call him Pincapple Face) 3

TRUMPScore™: Trump said Jimmy Carter (a formal observer of Panama's elections) was "poorly qualified" to be president 4

SCORE 100.50

19

AUCTION-HOUSE INSANITY

1988 RANK 43

INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 7

MISDEEDS: Bidding for a Picasso self-portrait went up \$61,666 a second, to a final selling price of \$47.9 million; eighteenth-century American desk sold for \$12.1 million; \$17.05-



14

THE SUPREME COURT

Why is this Court so eager to rake up the emotional, divisive issues of the sixties? Job discrimination, abortion, flag-burning, phone sex, playing rock music too loud—it's as if VH-1 is setting the nation's jurisprudential agenda. The abortion decision, for instance, disrupted everything and settled nothing. If all the years of debate have proved anything, it is that most Americans are sufficiently ambivalent about this issue that they are happy to pass the moral buck to the people with serious qualms. Indeed, almost 20 years ago the Supreme Court took this same, relatively

easy way out and chose not to decide but to devise a way to permit individuals to decide for themselves. So what does the Rehnquist Court—Ronald Reagan's last laugh—do when given the opportunity to make a final decision? It does not: it throws the issue out to 50 state legislatures, 50 not-entirely-august bodies full of Babbitts and grifters and panderers, whose ability usually extends as far as protecting consumers against used-car salesmen and underwriting new gymnasiums at teachers' colleges.

1988 RANK —

INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 7

MISDEEDS 9

MITIGATING FACTORS 3

BONUS POINTS 6

TRUMPScore™ 7

SCORE 104.25

million for Jasper Johns's *False Start*—a muddled painting by a *living artist*; and so on, as crazed bidding replaced commissioning a Warhol portrait as a way of showing that you're rich enough to be an art expert 8

MITIGATING FACTORS: Topps Company archival auction uncovered forgotten Wacky Pack stickers 2

BONUS POINTS: Nouveau collectors include Madonna (now one of *Art & Antiques*'s Top 100 collectors) and Sylvester Stallone 7

TRUMPScore™: Trump has a forged Léger hanging prominently in his apartment. He claims it was a gift 6

SCORE 100.38

20 PUMPING UP

1988 RANK 22

INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 8

MISDEEDS: The new morphological ideal, apparently, is an elephantine nine-month-old baby—puffy, dimpled, tight-skinned and slightly wet. American women spend millions each year on breast enlargement and collagen lip injections, while men gobble steroids and strain under Nautilus machines 9

MITIGATING FACTORS: Men with unnaturally large breasts begin to feel less conspicuous 2



BONUS POINTS: Joe Piscopo's handler made unsolicited attempts to get his client on *SPY*'s cover, but only on the condition that *SPY* not make light of the fact that "Joe's gotten pumped up" 3

TRUMPScore™: "Tongues were wagging over DONALD TRUMP's wife, IVANA's ... obvious bust enlargement."—Ron Galella party photo caption 5

SCORE 99.64

21 THE ANNIVERSARY EPIDEMIC

1988 RANK —

INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 8

MISDEEDS: Apparently, even those who *remember* the past are condemned to repeat it—at regular five- and ten-year intervals. This year: the 200th anniversary of George Washington's inauguration; 20th anniversary of the *Apollo 11* moon landing; 50th anniversary of the invasion of Poland; Hollywood's brilliant year, 1939, recalled; France's overintellectualized bicentennial; and, for the kids, 20th anniversary of some kind of pop combo shindig that apparently happened near Woodstock, New York 9

MITIGATING FACTORS: Missed the festivities? Subscribe to *Life* and wait ten years 3

BONUS POINTS: *Life*'s unfathomably pathetic centennial of the brassiere 4

TRUMPScore™: On September 29, 1988, Trump predicted *SPY*'s demise "in a year" 6

SCORE 99.35

22 OAT BRAN

1988 RANK —

INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 5

MISDEEDS: Yes, it *does* reduce cholesterol—if you eat 39 grams a day. (That means *at least* three Dunkin' Donuts oat bran muffins every day.) Trend-mongering marketers have put oat bran in places it never belonged (potato chips, brownies), provoking guilt-free consumption of fat-drenched "health" foods 8

MITIGATING FACTORS: Articles about oat bran a welcome relief from those about breast enlargement 1

BONUS POINTS: "Corn bran is coming," says one expert, "and that's hot" 5

TRUMPScore™: Trump thinks it's "a waste of time" to go out for lunch 5

SCORE 98.50



23 DAN QUAYLE

Indeed, he wasn't much to begin with—a dumb blond right-wing rich kid plunked down in water far over his head. But whatever the very junior senator from Indiana once possessed he lost the night Lloyd Bentsen glared at him and said, "*Senator, you're no Jack Kennedy.*" It was like poleaxing a young animal, an act that left him alive but forever altered—perpetually bug-eyed, skittish, jumpy and nervously smiling, never quite sure when it would happen again. (Maybe this is why he's accidentally hit the Secret Service emergency button under his desk three times so far.) Oh, he admits that "you have to watch every single word you utter. Every once in a while you let a word . . . out and you want to catch it . . . [but] it's gone, gone forever." But he *just keeps on blundering*. He visits American Samoa and tells the impoverished natives, "You all look like happy campers to me." He visits Pago Pago and calls it Pogo Pogo all day long. He tells an interviewer, "I believe we are on an irreversible trend toward more freedom and democracy, but that could change." In a speech to young Republicans, he confuses astronaut Buzz Aldrin with congressional sex-offender Buz Lukens, pronounces even Lukens's name incorrectly and then plods on without correcting himself despite laughs from the audience. The next week, at an Apollo 11 anniversary celebration, he greets the crowd by saying, "My fellow astronauts." And the *pièce de résistance*—his recitation before the United Negro College Fund: "What a waste it is to lose one's mind—or not to have a mind. How true that is." How true indeed.

1988 RANK —

INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 8

MISDEEDS 10

MITIGATING FACTORS 3

BONUS POINTS 7

TRUMPScore™ 3

SCORE 97.74

24 THE LOSER

1988 RANK —

INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 4

MISDEEDS: After Dukakis lost, his approval rating in Massachusetts dropped to an all-time low; lost his fight to keep the Seabrook nuclear reactor from opening; his Massachusetts Miracle has evaporated; formerly drug-



addicted wife admitted she was also an alcoholic, *Not bad for the son of a Greek immigrant!* 9

MITIGATING FACTORS: His defeat

saved us from four years of depressingly dull though syntactically correct speeches 1

BONUS POINTS: Despite announcement that he is not seeking reelection as governor, one Massachusetts lobbying group has called for his impeachment 7

TRUMPScore™: Trump on running for president: "Everybody wants me to do it!" 4

SCORE 97.00

25 SUKHREET GABEL, NEWS ODDITY

1988 RANK —

INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 10

MISDEEDS: Confused being a star witness with being a star, parlaying her notoriety into joke-butt appearances on Howard Stern show, cable porn show and own cabaret act. Posed topless with

snake for lesbian magazine. Testified against mother 8

MITIGATING FACTORS: Testified against kleptomaniacal former Miss America Bess Myerson 5

BONUS POINTS: Revealed she had once dated David Dinkins and Robert Abrams 9

TRUMPScore™: For a while this year, Sukhreet's appearances in gossip columns rivaled Trump's. But only for a while 2

SCORE 96.95



26

OVERSTATING THE DANGERS

1988 RANK —
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 6

MISDEEDS: Global temperature rising! Huge chlorofluorocarbon-fed ozone hole over Antarctica! Apples are deadly! Middle Eastern marzipan candy a perfect hiding place for plastic explosive! 9

MITIGATING FACTORS: Last summer was comparatively cool. The ozone hole was actually discovered in 1956 (before CFCs were in wide use). An apple a day poses little or no health risk (the explosive marzipan, however, *is* extremely dangerous) 3

BONUS POINTS: Miami police speculated that deaths of 19 prostitutes were caused by combined stimulation of sex and crack 5

TRUMPScore™: Trump warned that if he wasn't allowed to buy the Eastern Shuttle, "you'll have riots in the street" 7

SCORE 96.65

27

ANDYMANIA

1988 RANK —
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 8

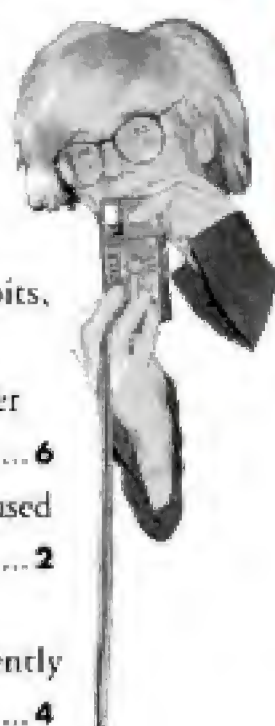
MISDEEDS: The ghoulish, Sotheby's-sanctioned rooting and snuffing through his possessions, predictable retrospective exhibits, art books on the retrospective exhibits, and "I-remember-the-time-I-met-Andy" books; extraordinary fuss over the diaries 6

MITIGATING FACTORS: Diaries caused discomfort to Bianca Jagger 2

BONUS POINTS: "Famous for 15 minutes" quote an ever more frequently used crutch for hack journalists 4

TRUMPScore™: "I think Trump's sort of cheap, though, I get that feeling." —*The Andy Warhol Diaries*, page 398 7

SCORE 96.40



28

SCHOOL OFFICIALS RUN AMOK

1988 RANK 32
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 10

MISDEEDS: One New York City teacher allegedly asked male students to expose themselves as "shock therapy"; another showed porn films as study guides to the War of 1812; another allegedly handcuffed and beat students repeatedly; another allegedly was caught three different times in a motel with a 13-year-old; and so on 6

MITIGATING FACTORS: Makes teaching a desirable career aspiration for a certain strain of student 1

BONUS POINTS: A drug-education teacher allegedly didn't just sell cocaine to an undercover cop but asked the cop to buy him a ticket to Thailand so he could smuggle heroin

back to the U.S. 7
TRUMPScore™: The Trump children attend private schools 2
SCORE 94.00

29

NEWT GINGRICH

1988 RANK —
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 9

MISDEEDS: His staff happily spread innuendo about Thomas Foley and engaged in McCarthyite smear of congressional Democrats generally. Purged the House of an extraordinarily effective speaker, Jim Wright 8

MITIGATING FACTORS: Purged the House of an extraordinarily slimy speaker, Jim Wright 2

BONUS POINTS: We didn't *want* to bring it up, but Gingrich's first marriage dissolved under the weight of his extramarital affairs—while his wife was recovering from cancer 6

TRUMPScore™: If xenophobe Trump becomes president, Gingrich will be a strong Cabinet-post contender 4

SCORE 92.75

30

THE SPA OVERSELL

1988 RANK —
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 5

MISDEEDS: Like *natural* and *lite*, the word *spa* now performs semantic alchemy: low-cal meals are "spa cuisine"; a haircut, a "spa rejuvenation day"; checking into a drug rehab center is spending a "spa wellness week"; *Spa Vacations*, a quarterly magazine on the spa life-style 7

MITIGATING FACTORS: Fun to imagine beaver-faced conglomerateur Saul Steinberg at Canyon Ranch spa (where, says wife Gayfryd, "we don't use the gym facilities") slogging up a mountain, streaming sweat. Well, *sort of* fun 3

BONUS POINTS: The "home spa" (a water-heating bucket for soaking feet) creates effect exactly like sticking feet in the toilet and flushing repeatedly 3

TRUMPScore™: Plaza Hotel owner Trump planning a top executive spa-health club 9

SCORE 89.25

31

RUDY GIULIANI, CANDIDATE

1988 RANK —
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 8

MISDEEDS: Cut clumsy deals in run for mayor: by cynically seeking the Liberal Party nomination from former political foe Ray Harding, then working for a law firm that represents a Noriega subsidiary. Gave only \$533 of his \$194,000 family income to charity in 1988 7

MITIGATING FACTORS: Enemy of Al D'Amato; claims to like the Yankees 3

BONUS POINTS: Called Lauder "an incompetent" who's "never had to work for a living,"

Koch "an embarrassment to New York." Although he's correct on both counts, his strident, wounded tone confirmed he's an insufferable weenie 5

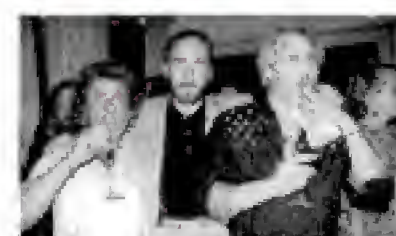
TRUMPScore™: Trump donated \$3,000 to the Giuliani campaign 6
SCORE 86.50

32

NIGHT OF THE LIVING RETIREES

1988 RANK 19
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 6

MISDEEDS: Sugar Ray Leonard (after retiring in 1976, 1982, 1984 and 1987) re-emerged to fight Thomas Hearns; 1974 heavyweight champ George Foreman, 40, plans to fight Mike Tyson (who hinted he was finished with boxing



after he beat Michael Spinks in 1988); The Who (after retiring in 1983 following a "farewell tour") reunited for a lucrative American tour; after a pseudo-farewell tour in 1981, the Rolling Stones toured again; and Garrison Keillor, whose *Prairie Home Companion* ended two years ago in a torrent of weepy pomp, returned for a third farewell performance, threatened more 8

MITIGATING FACTORS: Ringo's back! 1

BONUS POINTS: Members of Starship and the Jefferson Starship (defunct since 1984) reunited to re-form the Jefferson Airplane (defunct since 1973) 3

TRUMPScore™: Hearns vs. Leonard III will probably be held at the Trump Plaza 3

SCORE 86.00

33

COLD-FUSION CONFUSION

1988 RANK —
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 6

MISDEEDS: Why did we indulge Pons and Fleischmann for so long? Despite the fact that these "findings" came from the University of Utah—an institution less renowned for nuclear research than for hyping discoveries that don't pan out (see the artificial heart)—why did we (and scientists at Stanford, Texas A&M and Georgia Tech; in India, Brazil, Japan, the USSR, Hungary and Italy) believe them? 9

MITIGATING FACTORS: Felt good to think we would never pay a Con Ed bill again 3

BONUS POINTS: One cold-fusion adherent blamed criticism on the notorious "eastern fusion establishment" 6

TRUMPScore™: On February 7, 1989, The Trump Organization called spy to invite coverage of an "important announcement." It concerned Trump: The Game 3

SCORE 84.35



34

ED KOCH. CANDIDATE

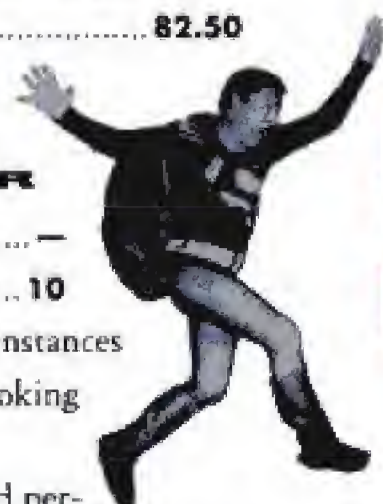
1988 RANK	3
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS	8
MISDEEDS: When Hispanics booed him, he said, "They were rude, which is contrary to Hispanic tradition." When Harrison Goldin irked him, Koch compared him to Goebbels. When city fire fighters heckled him, he said, "Their protest ... only hardens me in my resolve to do what is right no matter what the pressures." To him, the residents of New York City are one massive mob—and he's not going to give in to us. Maybe that's why he's running for mayor again: to teach us a lesson	8
MITIGATING FACTORS: Called Pete Hamill a "jerk"	2
BONUS POINTS: On radio, said he'd never discuss his sexual preference again—after declaring he's heterosexual	5
TRUMPScore™: Trump on Koch: "[Koch] said, 'I don't believe in hate.' Ask him what he thinks of Donald Trump"	4
SCORE	83.25



35

GUNS, GUNS, GUNS

1988 RANK	—
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS	9
MISDEEDS: A Boston man peppers downtown Boston with AK-47 fire from a small plane. <i>Old news.</i> An Illinois madwoman spends the morning delivering arsenic-laced fruit to area homes, then mows down half a dozen schoolkids. <i>Same old stuff.</i> So what's new? Kids with guns. Not 15-year-old crack dealers. These are five-year-old kindergartners who wander into the cafeteria with a loaded .25-caliber automatic or bring a live buller to show-and-tell. New York schools have added gun-awareness classes to grade school curricula	5
MITIGATING FACTORS: Bush banned imports of certain foreign-made rifles	1
BONUS POINTS: Teachers are passing out NO GUNS IN SCHOOL buttons to first graders, supporting the belief that gunplay—like sex, drugs and algebra—is something best left till junior high	1
TRUMPScore™: The <i>Trump Princess</i> once belonged to arms dealer Adnan Khashoggi	4
SCORE	82.50



36

JOHN TOWER

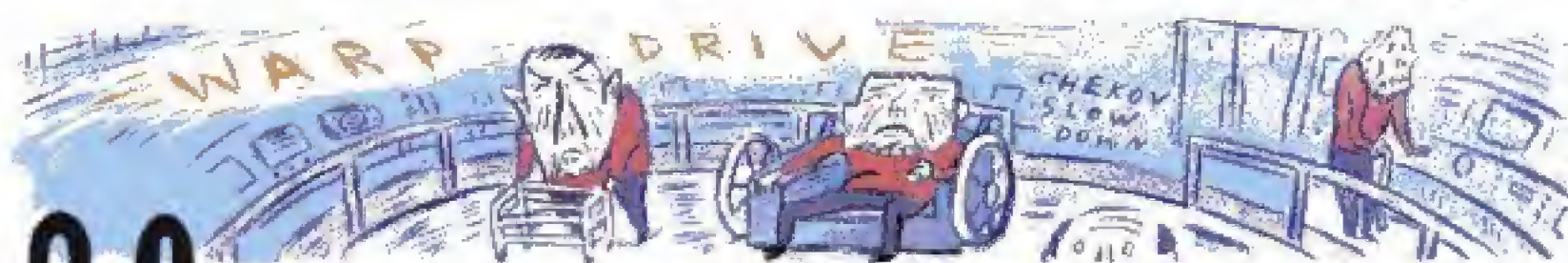
1988 RANK	—
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS	10
MISDEEDS: Admitted to instances of "womanizing," thereby evoking unpleasant images of his dwarfish, bloated, beady-eyed person involved in sex; made pathetic, incredible vow to quit drinking if confirmed	7

MITIGATING FACTORS: Caused reintroduction of the word <i>roué</i> into standard usage	3
BONUS POINTS: Received votes of confidence from Richard Nixon and Barry Goldwater	2
TRUMPScore™: Cadillac's Trump Golden Edition limo features a paper-shredder, a CD player and an electronic wet bar—making it the perfect make-outmobile	3
SCORE	81.29

37

LIKABLE FAT

1988 RANK	—
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS	7
MISDEEDS: Kelly McGillis. Kathleen Turner. Roseanne Barr. The fat substitute olestra (sucrose polyester) has "zero calories." Fat sucked out of the buttocks and injected into lips for cosmetic purposes	6
MITIGATING FACTORS: Oprah looked better fat	4
BONUS POINTS: One popular use of extracted body fat is reinjection to eliminate dimples in areas that had previously been fat-sucked	6
TRUMPScore™: Trump's puffy, chipmunklike cheeks suddenly chic	8
SCORE	79.50



38

RETREAD MADNESS

In 1989, nostalgia meant big (and, more important, easy) money, guaranteeing that by the year 2000, no albums not featuring former Buffalo Springfield personnel will be recorded. A single issue of <i>Rolling Stone</i> documented releases and/or touring plans of Paul McCartney, Ringo Starr, The Who, the Rolling Stones, the Doobie Brothers, the Jefferson Airplane, Little Feat, Black Sabbath, Dave Mason, Molly Hatchet, Poco and a Yes alumni band. Hollywood churned out a slew of blockbuster sequels and created live-action personae for familiar two-dimensional faces (<i>Batman</i> , Warren Beatty's <i>Dick Tracy</i>) while third-rate films like <i>Working Girl</i> and <i>The 'Burbs</i> threatened to trickle down into the fourth-rate world of movie-based sitcoms. And the six-Tony-awards-winning toast of the latest barren Broadway season was <i>Jerome Robbins' Broadway</i> , a greatest-hits compilation. Surely, you'd think, we're in for an anti-retread backlash in 1990? Judge for yourself: plans for <i>Annie 2</i> are under way.	
1988 RANK	49
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS	7
MISDEEDS	9
MITIGATING FACTORS	3
BONUS POINTS	6
TRUMPScore™	2
SCORE	78.27

39

DO YOU SMELL CHER?

1988 RANK	—
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS	8
MISDEEDS: Who, by this time, has not smelled Sophia Loren's Sophia, Catherine Deneuve's Deneuve, Dionne Warwick's Dionne and Mikhail Baryshnikov's Misha? What <i>Dynasty</i> fan has not dabbed on a little Forever Krystle or Carrington? And what about the	



upcoming scents from Priscilla Presley and, especially, the World Wrestling Federation?	3
MITIGATING FACTORS: Herb Alpert's Listen could've been called Spitvalve ...	2
BONUS POINTS: Mrs. Ernest Borgnine's Tova is still available ..	6
TRUMPScore™: Ivana has allowed her name to be put on a very special perfume ...	9
SCORE	77.18

40

"DEAR AMERICA:"

1988 RANK	—
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS	6
MISDEEDS: In <i>The New York Times</i> and other newspapers, thousands were spent on open "letters" to the public: Chris Whittle whined on about criticism of his <i>Channel One</i> scheme; Morton Downey Jr.'s pro-Morton Downey Jr. letter-ad in <i>USA Today</i> featured signatures of several big shots who actually hadn't signed or approved it; Exxon told the nation that it was really, really sorry for the <i>Valdez</i> spill in <i>The New York Times</i> (also: see <i>The Friends of Mike Milken</i> , No. 12)	5
MITIGATING FACTORS: Patsy's restaurant's letter-ad blitz in the <i>Times</i> goaded the paper	

into printing a meekly worded "correction" of Bryan Miller's review	4
BONUS POINTS: Lyndon LaRouche's friends' letter-ad boasting of his tireless efforts to stop drug trafficking was signed by three close friends and associates of Manuel Noriega	5
TRUMPScore™: Donald Trump gave New York a free seminar on the death penalty (<i>Times</i> , <i>News</i> , <i>Post</i> , <i>Newsday</i> , totaling \$85,000)	10
SCORE	74.00

41

THE BRAWLEY BUNCH

1988 RANK 1

INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 9

MISDEEDS: The Sharpton-Mason-Maddox troika threatened a \$7 billion lawsuit against state attorney general Bob Abrams. Sharpton barnstormed, inciting racial hatred—first in Columbia, South Carolina, where he lobbied for the commutation of James Brown's sentence; then in Miami, where he waited for a sequel to the Liberty City riots. Back in New York, Sharpton suggested that the Central Park rape suspects were the victims of "racial hysteria," only to be outdone by Maddox, who said on radio, "What are we going to do, accept some white person's word that she's . . . at Metropolitan Hospital? . . . This whole thing could be an outright hoax" 4

MITIGATING FACTORS: Sharpton was arrested for holding a protest rally in the Helmsley Palace hotel 2

BONUS POINTS: Sharpton announced a hunger strike while serving a week in an Albany jail, but reportedly ate anyway 4

TRUMPScore™: Sharpton vowed to throw a "wilding party" at Trump Tower after Trump ran a pro-death-penalty letter ad 5

SCORE 73.78

42

JACKIEMANIA

1988 RANK —

INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 5

MISDEEDS: Too many Jackie milestones for both Mason and O.: 25th anniversary of a husband's death; opening in London; a mother's death; opening in Washington; a granddaughter's birth; opening a restaurant in New York; a son's law-school graduation; wrangling over one's restaurant in New York; a best-selling biography; a non-best-selling autobiography .. 8

MITIGATING FACTORS: Preferable to, say, a publicity frenzy on behalf of Pat Nixon and Pat Sajak 2

BONUS POINTS: Turned 60; turned surly 3

TRUMPScore™: Mason performed at a Police Athletic League Superstar Dinner honoring

Trump 5

SCORE 73.07

43

FREELANCE RACISM

1988 RANK —

INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 9

MISDEEDS: Schrager and Rubell refused entrance to Orthodox Jews and blacks at their Royalton hotel. A Connecticut Klansman assured potential voters he would be as moderate as David Duke, noting that "Duke is not out to kill the niggers and gas the Jews." A Memphis McDonald's printed a calendar listing

Martin Luther King Jr. Day as National Nothing Day. Florida Klansmen picketed a grocery store that had begun to stock kosher food 3

MITIGATING FACTORS: A Hong Kong company finally changed name of Darkie toothpaste to Darlie 1

BONUS POINTS: A Foxboro, Massachusetts, selectman candidate said, "Hitler should have gotten every one of them" but later retracted the statement, saying, "I'm not segregated against anybody" 1

TRUMPScore™: Trump on his success: "My character as a businessman was defined from the day I was born. . . I'm a strong believer in genes" 5

SCORE 72.50

44

RONALD REAGAN

1988 RANK 12

INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 8

MISDEEDS: Declined to testify at North's trial; will make \$5 million from his memoirs and *Speaking My Mind*, a collection of speeches by other people; changed the address of his new home to 668 St. Cloud Drive—from more apt original address, 666; will make a quick \$2-million from a Japanese corporation for several days of "light speaking duties" 6

MITIGATING FACTORS: Has not made cameo appearance on *Mr. Belvedere*—yet 2

BONUS POINTS: His new office was used as a location set for *Die Hard* 5

TRUMPScore™: Trump has compared rival developers to Reagan—"people who talk a good game but don't deliver" 4

SCORE 71.94



45

"SYNERGY"

Grand Metropolitan PLC gobbled Pillsbury, transforming itself into an international food colossus; SmithKline Beckman merged with Beecham Group P.L.C. to become the world's second-biggest pharmaceutical company; WPP Group P.L.C. claimed Ogilvy to form the world's biggest advertising agency; Robert Maxwell's Macmillan Inc. entered a joint-venture agreement with McGraw-Hill to create America's second-largest textbook publisher; and Time Inc. (nominally) took over Warner to form the world's largest cable-and-publishing conglomerate. How do all these new supergigantic companies (with supergigantic debt) explain all this conjoining? "It's greed, basically"? No. "The people we pay to think seem to like the idea"? No. "C'mon—all the other guys are doing it"? No. Rather, they mouth one simple word—one sufficiently vague and scientific-sounding seventies word that no one can object to without sounding like a spoilsport who doesn't really understand the high-tech, do-the-deal Zeitgeist of the modern age. The word: *synergy*. They say it a lot, with varying degrees of exasperated matter-of-factness. *Synergy. Synergy. Synergy.* After a while, it sort of sounds like a prayer.

THE "FREE JAMES BROWN" MOVEMENT

1988 RANK —

INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 6

MISDEEDS: Yes, he *is* the Godfather of Soul.

But he's also a man who, brandishing a shotgun, berated some people for using his office restrooms, then tried to run down two cops he

had just led on a car chase—only six months after receiving a suspended sentence for shooting up his wife's car while she was still in it 9

MITIGATING FACTORS: Brown was in the throes of a PCP addiction at the time 3

BONUS POINTS: Al Sharpton has volunteered to do Brown's time for him 5

TRUMPScore™: Trump's elaborate hairdo may have been inspired by Brown's trademark pompadour 4

SCORE 70.77

47

FAXMANIA/FAXPHOBIA

1988 RANK —

INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 7

MISDEEDS: Embarrassingly unfunny trend articles (JUST THE FAX, MA'AM; FAXCESSORIES; FAX OF LIFE; JOY OF FAX) contributed to *USA Today*-ification of America; idea-barren media devoured any human-interest story involving fax—fax dating service, faxed marriage proposals, faxed deli orders and so on; fountain-pen-using, George F. Will-esque Luddites wax rhapsodic about loyalty to the timeless inconvenient ways, while hyperteck trekkies tie up machines faxing requests for Emerson, Lake and Palmer songs to FM DJs 8



Trump 5

SCORE 73.07

43

FREELANCE RACISM

1988 RANK —

INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 9

MISDEEDS: Schrager and Rubell refused entrance to Orthodox Jews and blacks at their Royalton hotel. A Connecticut Klansman assured potential voters he would be as moderate as David Duke, noting that "Duke is not out to kill the niggers and gas the Jews." A Memphis McDonald's printed a calendar listing

1988 RANK —

INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 5

MISDEEDS 6

MITIGATING FACTORS 3

BONUS POINTS 9

TRUMPScore™ 7

SCORE 71.00

MITIGATING FACTORS: Chinese students in U.S. faxed protest information to Beijing ...	5
BONUS POINTS: Tired of reading trivial fax info in <i>USA Today</i> ? Fax a letter to the editor at (703) 247-3134	2
TRUMPScore™: Trump has a fax in his custom-built limousine	6
SCORE	70.43

48

CONFESSIONALISM

1988 RANK	—
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS	6
MISDEEDS: LaToya Jackson, Frances Lear, Oprah Winfrey and Michael Reagan confessed that they'd been abused or molested as children. Kristy McNichol confessed she'd had a nervous breakdown. Tai Babilonia confessed she drank, used drugs, quit skating and attempted suicide. Kitty Dukakis confessed she'd become an alcoholic. Kirstie Alley's publicist sent out a press release encouraging writers to cover Alley's recovery from cocaine addiction	8

MITIGATING FACTORS: Celebrity confessions may help other victims come forward. Other celebrity victims, at least

BONUS POINTS: Drew

Barrymore confessed to *People* that she had her first drink at 9, started smoking marijuana at 10, took up cocaine at 12, went into rehab at 13 and now, at age 14, is finally ready to get on with her life ..

TRUMPScore™: After accusing Larry King on live TV of having bad breath, Trump confessed that he did it to give an example of intimidation techniques he uses in deal-making

SCORE

49

DAVID DUKE

1988 RANK	—
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS	10
MISDEEDS: In 1970, had his picture taken wearing a Nazi uniform, holding a sign that said [WILLIAM] KUNTLER IS A COMMUNIST JEW; in 1975 said, "There's many times I felt like picking up a gun and going shooting a nigger"; in 1980 wrote that the Holocaust was a Jewish hoax; in 1985 said U.S. should have "a program to send [blacks] back to Africa"; in 1989 was elected to Louisiana legislature on the Republican ticket and is seriously regarded as a possible GOP candidate for U.S. Senate two years from now	5

MITIGATING FACTORS: Won only 51 percent of the vote

BONUS POINTS: Duke said, "The only thing I regret about my membership in the Klan is that it prevents some people from listening to me now"

TRUMPScore™: Both use antiblack demagoguery for political advancement

SCORE



50

THE NOVELIZATION OF THE NEWS

Okay, here's the story. There's a new guy in Moscow who's manipulating the liberals in the Western news media, allowing Jewish emigration and freer elections and capitalism and even sex movies. But this is just to get the West to let down its guard, see, which is revealed in Chapter Two, when he has a frank and intimate discussion with his glamorous wife. But the spirit of freedom really catches on. He starts to sweat, and after Chinese students start demonstrating, he has to get on the horn and order his minions in Beijing to open fire. But throughout all this, Washington is preoccupied with a scandal that topples the speaker of the House and distracts everyone from the fact that the president—yeah, the impotent, WASPy vice president in the last book—is pretty worthless, although everybody starts to think better of him after he and his whole Cabinet die in a mysterious plane crash. Wait, that's not until Chapter Eight, after the defecting Soviet nuclear submarine runs aground on the Riviera and irradiates the Cannes film festival. . . .

1988 RANK	—
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS	8
MISDEEDS	6
MITIGATING FACTORS	2
BONUS POINTS	2
TRUMPScore™	4
SCORE	68.94

51

EVERYTHING BAD IS GOOD AGAIN

1988 RANK	—
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS	8
MISDEEDS: What? Eating red meat can <i>lower</i> cholesterol? Fatty meats <i>protect</i> us against cancer? The Pill actually helps <i>prevent</i> ovarian cancer? The sweetener cyclamate <i>doesn't</i> cause cancer? Having one or two drinks a day may <i>lower</i> the risk of having a stroke? Chocolate <i>doesn't</i> cause acne?	6

MITIGATING FACTORS: Jane Brody can pretty much be ignored

BONUS POINTS: Cheez Whiz, they now say, helps fight cancer

TRUMPScore™: Someday in the distant future, we may discover that Trump was not completely bad

SCORE



52

PETS HAVE RIGHTS, TOO. YOU KNOW

1988 RANK	—
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS	5
MISDEEDS: Fanatics breathed new life into nearly irrelevant 1970s-ish movement; valuable research on drug addiction halted when animal-rights groups pressured Cornell University pharmacologists into forfeiting a large grant; Animal Liberation Front called the fur trade "Nazism" and caused millions of dollars' damage by burning and breaking into labs; pop relic Chrissie Hynde encouraged the bombing of a McDonald's in England	8

53

NEW YORKER EMBARRASMENTS

1988 RANK	—
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS	4
MISDEEDS: A banner year of the wrong sort: Gigi Mahon's <i>The Last Days of The New Yorker</i> , an account of the enfeeblement and sale of the magazine. John Hersey caught being something less than generous in crediting sources in his piece on James Agee. Janet Malcolm's two-part piece condemning journalist Joe McGinniss for having betrayed murderer Jeffrey MacDonald (and the subsequent revelation that Malcolm failed to mention her own earlier, analogous betrayal of psychoanalyst Jeffrey Masson) set off tiresome round of thin-skinned rebuttals to Malcolm's well-argued thesis that journalism is "morally indefensible"	9

MITIGATING FACTORS: That issue that had *five* good cartoons

BONUS POINTS: Publication of Bob Gottlieb's history of the plastic handbag

TRUMPScore™: *The Art of the Deal* was published by Random House, which, like *The New Yorker*, is owned by Si Newhouse

SCORE

54

THE AXIS POWERS

1988 RANK —
 INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 7
 MISDEEDS: They're back! Japan and West Germany: mercantilist autarkies pining for a militarist past. Both have been charged with illegally exporting nuclear materials to questionable governments (the Japanese to East Germany, the West Germans to India). Germans helped Qaddafi build a poison-gas plant and became South Africa's biggest trading partner, while Japanese send us karaoke clubs and tourists, gobble up our farmland and co-opt high technologies like high-definition TV and the FSX fighter plane 8

MITIGATING FACTORS: T. Boone Pickens now controls a Japanese auto-parts company; West Germans forced to endure 200,000 U.S. troops 4

BONUS POINTS: Neo-Nazi computer games are on the rise in Germany, as is know-nothing anti-Semitism in Japan 10

TRUMPScore™: Trump on the new Yellow Peril: "Why doesn't somebody say to Japan, 'You're ripping us off. We love you, but we're going to put a 20 percent tax on everything you sell in this country until you open up?'" 2

SCORE 67.50



55

CHRIS WHITTLE

A smooth-talking southerner taking on the New York publishing industry? What a novel idea! *Special Reports*, the advertiser-driven doctor's-office quarterly, for which subscribers must forgo all but two other waiting-room periodicals? Another novel idea! But then, novel, overpublicized, "interesting" ideas are Chris Whittle's specialty. Good ideas are not. This year, he gave us *Channel One* (the commercial-infested 12-minute news broadcast for public schools); a few full-page *New York Times* ads (criticizing *Channel One's* many critics); a publishing venture (in which authors David Halberstam, John Kenneth Galbraith and James Atlas are paid to write 100-page nonfiction books chockablock with, yes, more ads); and a handful of other projects and schemes that, like *Special Reports*, everyone has heard about but few have ever really seen. Then again, how about that bow tie? What a novel idea!

56

BRYANT GUMBEL

1988 RANK —
 INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 8
 MISDEEDS: Wrote the notorious *Today* show memo griping about David Horowitz ("a walking cliché"), Gene Shalit ("his interviews aren't very good"), Art Ulene ("his 'health week,' 'women's month,' 'children's year' shit is boring and repetitive") and Willard Scott ("This guy is killing us and no one's even trying



to rein him in"); suggested "nuking" Scott's 72- or 73-year-old assistant; spent following weeks elaborately burying the hatchet with Willard until even newspapers grew bored with it ... 8

MITIGATING FACTORS: The notorious memo was, by and large, astute 4

BONUS POINTS: Despite his \$2-million-plus salary, his mother, Rhea, is forced to live in a tiny apartment in a dangerous neighborhood and says, "I'm just trying to forget I have him" 2

TRUMPScore™: Trump's feuds (with Leona Helmsley, Merv Griffin, SPY and others) also overpublicized 2

SCORE 67.00

57

THE OSCARCAST

1988 RANK —

INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 5

MISDEEDS: The Snow White facsimile dancing with Rob Lowe. Dustin Hoffman's convincingly performed weepy speech. The *Grease*-like "Stars of Tomorrow" number featuring youngsters both talentless and unfamiliar 8

MITIGATING FACTORS: The Reagans said they liked the Snow White number 2

BONUS POINTS: Show biz commission,



59

AL D'AMATO

1988 RANK —

INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 7

MISDEEDS: After lurking on the fringes of scandals throughout his career, D'Amato contributed to HUD stealathon by allegedly steering subsidized housing away from poor people and toward hometown cronies and relatives. Re-earned nickname Senator Shakedown for his bully-boy fundraising ... 7

MITIGATING FACTORS: Thick glasses earned him the childhood nickname Tojo—which, according to liberal social theorists, should make us feel sorry for him 2

BONUS POINTS: Like sleazy former colleague Tony Coelho, has been chummy with Drexel Burnham 1

TRUMPScore™: Both are publicity-mad Republican bridge-and-tunnel hustlers in positions of power 4

SCORE 66.10

60

SPEAKERS WITH CARS ATTACHED

1988 RANK —

INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 9

MISDEEDS: Proliferation of cars fitted with arena-ready sound systems has added an element of Russian roulette to the ordinary traffic jam: if the red lights break badly for you, prepare to welcome tinnitus. *We said, "WELCOME tinnitus." What?* 5

MITIGATING FACTORS: Sound waves might blow you out of the way like a dry leaf before the car could hit you 2

BONUS POINTS: Now available: the "Sonic Jacket," which has two shoulder speakers, two chest speakers, amplifier and battery pack... 3

TRUMPScore™: The Trump Golden Edition limo has top Blaupunkt speakers 3

SCORE 65.71

58

THE S & L MESS

1988 RANK —

INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 4

MISDEEDS: An S&L crisis primer: Greedy speculators* take charge of thrift institutions

investigated atrociousness of telecast 8

TRUMPScore™: Superritzzy production could inspire Trump to hire Allan Carr 1

SCORE 66.75

61 WHAT'S LEFT OF THE ENVIRONMENT

1988 RANK 8

INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 3

MISDEEDS: Worsening urban smog is enough to make a person want to move as far away as possible. Like Alaska. No. Or rather, the



Midwest. But that's where all those acid rain- and cancer-causing coal-burning power plants are.

Maybe a secluded island, the kind of place where newly extinct dusky seaside sparrows might once have lived. Unless it falls victim to one of the 5,000 oil spills that happen each year in U.S. waters 9

MITIGATING FACTORS: Cancer-causing radon gas is found naturally in soil 4

BONUS POINTS: It's enough to make a person go live in a South American rain forest or something 6

TRUMPScore™: Trump City, if built, will destroy a grassy riverfront lot 6

SCORE 65.50

62 LAWYERS GONE BAD

1988 RANK —

INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 6

MISDEEDS: Manhattan lawyer Peter Schmidt vanished with millions of dollars of other people's money. Lawyer Jack Solerwitz, who represented air-traffic controllers and federal agents, allegedly embezzled \$2 million from clients. Would-be lawyer in California forced his pregnant wife to take the bar exam for him. Lawyer Richard Golub stepped down from representing a model in divorce proceedings when the judge pointed out it was inappropriate for him to be having an affair with her. And these are just the ones who have been caught 4

MITIGATING FACTORS: Lawyer/child-beater/reputed wife-abuser Joel Steinberg finally went to prison 2

BONUS POINTS: William Lucas, George Bush's failed nominee for assistant attorney general, turned out to have flunked the bar exam 1

TRUMPScore™: In his correspondence with SPY threatening legal action over an article about his wife that neither he nor his lawyers had seen, Donald Trump wrote "my attorneys are chomping [*sic*] at the bit" over SPY's so-called "liable [*sic*] and extortion" 8

SCORE 65.25

63 HIGH-TURNOVER EMPLOYERS

1988 RANK —

INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 4

MISDEEDS: The *New York Post*, for example—remember editor Jane Amsterdam (tenure: 351 days)? Publisher Peter Price? Or

U.S. News & World Report—Shelby Coffey (tenure: approximately 300 days)? How many days are left for Roger Rosenblatt? *USA Today* on TV—four format changes, two executive producers and its entire New York bureau. The wholesale metamorphosis of *Vogue's* masthead under Anna Wintour 5

MITIGATING FACTORS: Soon all media will be owned by one multinational megaconglomerate anyway; turnover will just be reassignment. 2

BONUS POINTS: *Spin* magazine 6

TRUMPScore™: Within 30 days of Ivana's arrival at The Plaza, a horde of managers were let go 7

SCORE 64.50



64 NETWORK DEATH THROES

Good news! The number of homes where TV is watched increased this year (but the percentage of people watching network TV sank to a new low). The networks still pull out all the stops for huge, spectacular productions—ABC's *War and Remembrance*, for instance (which lost approximately \$40 million), and the Winter Olympics (which lost \$65 million). And they still spend over \$100-million a year to develop pilots (75 percent of which fail immediately). And how about that compelling coverage of the crisis in China (on CNN)? You just can't beat TV news (on CNN)! This season network TV is getting even better. CBS is presenting a \$20 million promotional game (cosponsored by K mart), and ABC is showing elaborate promotional trailers for new sitcoms (in movie theaters). *Radio with pictures?* they once said. *It'll never catch on!* But TV did, and the best is yet to come. Sure, there's more competition now (*Television that you have to pay a small monthly fee for? Television that you have to rent a cassette to see? A television shopping network?*), but they'll probably never catch on.

1988 RANK —

INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 7

MISDEEDS 4

MITIGATING FACTORS 3

BONUS POINTS 6

TRUMPScore™ 7

SCORE 63.83

65 THE MOSCOW TOUR

1988 RANK —

INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 3

MISDEEDS: On the heels of Billy Joel's temper-tantrum tour, we have in the past year given Soviet audiences Mötley Crüe (with Heather Locklear), Bon Jovi, the Scorpions, Ozzy Osbourne, Edgar Winter, the recently unretired Van Cliburn, and Billy Crystal 6

MITIGATING FACTORS: Each day Bon Jovi spends in the Soviet Union is a day they're not here 1

BONUS POINTS: When she visits Moscow on her Russian tour, La Toya Jackson plans to meet with Raisa Gorbachev 10

TRUMPScore™: Trump claimed possible Soviet business ventures 4

SCORE 63.50



The Young and the Restless) recorded a new and unnecessary version of David Essex's 1970s hit "Rock On." Sukhreet Gabel recorded a single of her song "Who Am I to Judge?" Imelda Marcos covered "Feelings" on her recent LP. Kim Basinger hasn't finished her solo album yet, but it's sure to be every bit as good as former Playmate Barbi Benton's album of New Age music 6

MITIGATING FACTORS: Rhino Records released a compilation of old celebrity vanity records (including Jack Webb's version of "Try a Little Tenderness" and Leonard Nimoy's recitation of "Proud Mary") 2

BONUS POINTS: Rob Lowe's video *Is It Hot in Here (Or Is It Just Me)?* was the hit of the underground circuit 4

TRUMPScore™: Trump and Don Johnson sang "The Way You Do the Things You Do" with three former Temptations at Trump Castle 4

SCORE 63.44

67

CONVENIENT ILLNESS

1988 RANK —
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 4

MISDEEDS: Of course, pretrial illness (or death) isn't calculated. But it sure seems . . . *convenient*. Harry Helmsley was declared unfit to stand trial on tax-fraud charges because of "substantial brain damage" from a series of small strokes; Ferdinand Marcos suffered congestive heart failure as soon as a federal court decided he was well enough to travel to New York for arraignment; Brooklyn Democratic boss Meade Esposito got out of bribery charges when the judge heard that Esposito was legally blind, suffered memory losses and had recently been staring off into space 8

MITIGATING FACTORS: Except for that problem with his teeth, Oliver North stayed healthy all year long 2

BONUS POINTS: John Holmes 9

TRUMPScore™: Ivana hid out in Santa Monica Hospital and returned looking healthier than before, in face and chest regions 4

SCORE 63.25

MITIGATING FACTORS: Turns ordinary passers-under into tabloid martyrs 1

BONUS POINTS: A six-story building in Harlem collapsed, and so on 1

TRUMPScore™: Trump offered to rebuild the Williamsburg Bridge 7

SCORE 62.50

70

THE SEVENTIES REVIVAL

1988 RANK —
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 8

MISDEEDS: Not a campy celebration, but a stone-faced revival of urban-cowboy chic, pants for women, mustard-colored clothing, sideburns and the gloomy, circa-1975 atmosphere of drug- and racism-ravaged New York City. Ralph Nader, Jerry Brown, Donny Osmond and Jimmy Carter are back in the limelight 4

MITIGATING FACTORS: Détente (now called perestroika) is back 5

BONUS POINTS: Robbie Knievel 4

TRUMPScore™: Trump's look is no longer dated 7

SCORE 62.04



68

NEW VOGUE FOR OLD WOMEN

First, in 1984, there was Clara Peller. Then came *The Golden Girls*, and before we knew it, there was a whole raft of new publications for "mature" women—among them *Lear's* and *Mirabella*, two glossies published by and named for two elegance-crazed, naturally gray women scorned. (*Lear's* takes the gimmick the farthest, celebrating female decrepitude by treating its readers to the occasional quasi-nude photograph of a sexy grandmother and publishing what looks like a cruiser's guide to desirable men called Good Men.)

Apparently, now that women have the choice of never looking like old ladies, the ones who elect to look like old ladies are suddenly chic. Barbara Bush, for example, is maniacally beloved precisely for turning down the Retin-A, the liposuction, the Miss Clairol. And because her oafish preppy mate compares her to a blimp—in public. Bill Wyman: boy, are *yow* behind the times.

1988 RANK —

INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 2

MISDEEDS 5

MITIGATING FACTORS 1

BONUS POINTS 10

TRUMPScore™ 5

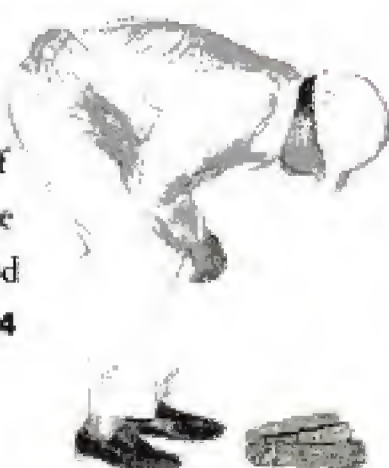
SCORE 63.00

69

FALLING STUFF

1988 RANK —
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 3

MISDEEDS: A six-story midtown building decided to relax and unwind on top of more than ten people; the FDR Drive delivered a 500-pound chunk of concrete to a Plymouth; a subway tunnel spontaneously redecorated a No. 2 train roof; the old May's building facade sloughed some brickwork off onto a passerby. Ever get the feeling that the city is alive and doesn't like us very much? 4



71

POST-WILDING PARANOIA

1988 RANK —
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 5

MISDEEDS: The crime was horrible. But New York found a way to trivialize it: shameless serialization of the victim's progress in play-by-play headline: JOGGER SIGNALS A HIGH FIVE . . . JOGGER WALKS . . . JOGGER WRITES NAME. And the new buzzword—*wilding*. A week later, some black kids went chain-snatching in the Village. (*They're wilding again!*) Then the story about high school athletes in suburban New Jersey taping a retarded girl. (*Oh, my God, now even white kids are wilding!*) Finally, Spike Lee's

Do the Right Thing. (*Oh, no—a movie that encourages wilding!*) It failed to ignite the race war predicted by alarmist observers, and New York's race problems became old, unglamorous news again 4

MITIGATING FACTORS: No theater owners banned *Do the Right Thing*, no riots broke out in theaters showing it 4

BONUS POINTS: *The City Sun*, a black weekly, described the jogger's body as "the American Ideal . . . pert buttocks, soft white thighs, slender calves, firm and high breasts" 8

TRUMPScore™: Citing the Central Park rape, Trump bought full-page ads advocating the death penalty 10

SCORE 61.50

72

METASTASIZED MALLS

1988 RANK —
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 7

MISDEEDS: American and Canadian developers are developing 200 million square feet of new mall space every year—an area the size of Connecticut; the "Mall of America," under construction in Bloomington, Minnesota, could hold 78 football fields and will contain nearly 800 shops 2

MITIGATING FACTORS: . . . 18 theaters, a miniature golf course, a 7-acre indoor amusement park 2

BONUS POINTS: . . . 100 nightclubs and restaurants, and a health club 10

TRUMPScore™: Megamalls make Trump Tower's arcade look even dinkier 9

SCORE 60.96

73

ROCK 'N' ROLLIER THAN THOU

1988 RANK 88
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 7

MISDEEDS: MTV teaches teens that the U.S. should get out of Nicaragua, that homelessness is a crisis, that big-titted chicks in spandex *bustiers* can be effectively disciplined by any long-haired guy who has a 12-string axe. Sting, adopting the Brazilian rain forest as his cause-of-the-month, toured with the chief of Brazil's Kayapo Indians, a Sioux Indian leader and, of course, a filmmaker; Lou Reed devoted his entire *New York* album to talk-singing about how poverty and homelessness suck; David Bowie sang condemnations of politics, drugs and all that (drug dealers, Bowie sang eloquently, are "just a bunch of assholes with buttholes for their brains") 6

MITIGATING FACTORS: Music with political overtones (Jackson Browne, 10,000 Maniacs) less offensive than politics with musical overtones (Lee Atwater, Sting) 3

BONUS POINTS: Paul McCartney defends his tour promoting an environmental group: "Yeah, it is boring. But unfortunately if we don't get

boring we're going to get dead" 7
 TRUMPScore™: Self-serving personal promotion disguised as moralizing civic responsibility. Sound familiar? 4
 SCORE 60.21

74 MADONNA: NOT GOING AWAY

1988 RANK —
 INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 9
 MISDEEDS: Having produced a Top Ten album, acted passably in *Speed-the-Plow*, weathered a divorce from Sean Penn, won a part in Warren Beatty's *Dick Tracy*, won a part in Warren Beatty's personal life, received immeasurable publicity from Pepsi for a commercial it took off the air, and engaged in coy faux-lesbian high jinks with Sandra Bernhard all in one year, she's here to stay. And there's nothing anyone can do about it. 4
 MITIGATING FACTORS: She'll be the Joey Heatherton of the 2010s 3
 BONUS POINTS: Appeared on the covers of *Interview*, *Esquire*, *Spin*, *Rolling Stone*, *Vogue* and *L.A. Style* 9
 TRUMPScore™: "Ivana" and "Madonna" rhyme 2
 SCORE 59.74

75 SIMULATED NEWS

1988 RANK —
 INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 7
 MISDEEDS: ABC used a "simulation machine" to make fake surveillance-camera footage of Felix Bloch committing treason. NBC's pointless show *Yesterday, Today & Tomorrow* used special effects to put Chuck Scarborough into a 1910 murder case (NBC News president Michael Gartner calls the news show "a vehicle for story-telling") 6



MITIGATING FACTORS: May vindicate conspiracy theorists who believe the moon landing took place in a

TV studio in Arizona 2
 BONUS POINTS: CBS's *Saturday Night With Connie Chung* will use actors (including James Earl Jones) to re-create events such as the bombing of Pan Am Flight 103 8
 TRUMPScore™: Trump played a character based on himself in a TV miniseries 1
 SCORE 58.96

76 FRUIT SCORES

1988 RANK —
 INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 5
 MISDEEDS: *60 Minutes*'s exposé on Alar (actually an exclusive granted by an environmentalist group) engendered so much fretting that the EPA announced its plan to ban the carcinogenic "freshness enhancer"—but not for another 18 months, since, well, it's not really

that carcinogenic. Tons of Chilean fruit were held in storage after two grapes—not two bunches but two individual grapes—were found to be laced with levels of cyanide well below the amount needed to make even a child sick 8

MITIGATING FACTORS: Put the fear of God into insufferable vegetarians 3

BONUS POINTS: An Oregon mother had state troopers stop the school bus and seize her daughter's lunch, which contained grapes .. 8

TRUMPScore™: In *The Art of the Deal*, Trump drinks a can of tomato—not apple—juice .. 3

SCORE 58.45



77

NEVER-ENDING STORIES

A rough year for those with short attention spans: news stories broke—and then kept right on breaking, in slow motion, for weeks and months. It didn't begin or end with Elizabeth Taylor's weight fluctuations. In Los Angeles, the trial of day-care-center operators accused of child molestation is entering its 28th month; Leona Helmsley got hers on a daily basis for months; and Pete Rose was regularly photographed staring grimly from the Reds' dugout steps, thinking about what the papers had written about him the day before. Remember EASTERN TALKS CONTINUE? The headline alone can conjure up memories of March, and also of April, May and June. With Frank Lorenzo, Donald Trump and Peter Ueberroth heading the cast, the saga ran longer than *Upstairs, Downstairs*. And what about the future of Rick Pitino? Last May, newspaper readers felt as if they were at the Pitinos' dinner table, passing the salt and giving the family their opinion on whether the Knicks' coach should stay put or take that college coaching job. PITINO TO VISIT KENTUCKY ABOUT JOB; KNICKS FREE PITINO TO TAKE KENTUCKY JOB; WHAT DOES PITINO REALLY WANT?; RICK READY TO BOLT; IF PITINO LEAVES KNICKS . . . ; PITINO CAN'T RESIST LURE OF COLLEGE; MAKING A MOVE?; PITINO'S FAREWELL?; and, finally, HE'S OUTTA HERE—the same day, incidentally, the *Times* announced, EASTERN DEAL WITH USAIR IS OPPOSED.

1988 RANK —
 INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 7
 MISDEEDS 3
 MITIGATING FACTORS 3
 BONUS POINTS 5
 TRUMPScore™ 8
 SCORE 58.21

78 MICKEY MOUSE INC.

1988 RANK 94
 INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 5
 MISDEEDS: Glut of Disney-related advertising in *Newsweek* (33 full-page ads—\$3-million worth—in six months) directly preceded *Newsweek* cover story on Disney; opening of Disney-MGM Studios Theme Park, well documented by thousands of press people who'd received free tickets and hotel accommodations; re-released *Peter Pan* was butchered to fit wide-screen format; acquired company of competitor Jim Henson 5

MITIGATING FACTORS: In a display of legally prudent generosity, Disney World visitors knocked down by overefficient street-cleaners are offered free tickets and airfare home 3

BONUS POINTS: Eisner says his "secret goal in life" is to replace



Disney World hamburgers with turkey burgers 4
 TRUMPScore™: Trump's own theme-park "home," Mar-a-Lago, is just 150 miles from the new Disney-MGM Studios 7
 SCORE 57.91

79 OCCUPANT: WHITE HOUSE

1988 RANK 6
 INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 8
 MISDEEDS: Bush must be out there somewhere, floating beneath the headlines,

periodically surfacing in those little boxes reserved for comical errors rendered newsworthy by the status of the people who commit them. Like when he transplanted an elm from the White House to North Dakota (and brought North Dakota's first gypsy moths along with it). Or his advice to students in rural Pennsylvania: "Now, like, I'm president. It would be pretty hard for some drug guy to come into the White House and start offering it up, you know? . . . I bet if they did, I hope I would say, 'Hey, get lost. We don't want any of that' " 4

MITIGATING FACTORS: Maybe Quayle isn't the most inept official in D.C. 2

BONUS POINTS: His Russian-sounding huzzah at an aerospace plant: "I want to give the high-five symbol to high tech" 2

TRUMPScore™: Trump on Bush: "I like George Bush, but this 'kinder, gentler' crap is killing us" 4

SCORE 57.63

80

DAN RATHER

1988 RANK 44

INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 6

MISDEEDS: No unexplained fisticuffs with men demanding "the frequency" this year, but there was still Hitchcockian intrigue: his apartment was broken into and ransacked. No on-air fracas with presidential candidates, but there was still questionable judgment: he took the *Evening News* to Cuba and called his questioning of Castro in a receiving line an "exclusive interview." No summary purges of underlings, but many saw Rather's hand in the departure of Diane Sawyer 7

MITIGATING FACTORS: Several-second lapse during a remote broadcast from Washington nothing like last year's six-minute tantrum 2

BONUS POINTS: Signed off as "Danny O'Rather" on St. Patrick's Day 3

TRUMPScore™: Trump on Rather: "He's a pro" 3

SCORE 56.65



started one column with a pathetic but curiously appropriate lead: "Please, wait—just a few questions. . . ." 3

MITIGATING FACTORS: Rookie of the Year in *SPY*'s Nightlife Decathlon 3

BONUS POINTS: Rented *Kinky Kouples* from Second Avenue RKO Video store 2

TRUMPScore™: Wrote a strident, unenlightening column on Central Park rape—just like that of paying *Times* editorialist Trump 6

SCORE 55.99

83

BEN WARD

1988 RANK —

INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 8

MISDEEDS: Advised Hispanic officers to warn relatives to "be careful where they buy their drugs," then suggested that Hispanics were unfit to hold policy-making positions in the department; told a group of female officers that if mothers started arranging their work hours around infant feeding times, "unisex hiring of police officers will have to end"; revealed he always carries a semiautomatic pistol 6

MITIGATING FACTORS: Said the drug-purchasing advice for Hispanics was "an attempt at humor" 3

BONUS POINTS: Continued assault on fire department, claiming, "Anybody can put the damn fire out. I've put out most of my fires myself" 2

TRUMPScore™: Trump on the police: "What has happened . . . to the neighborhood cop we all trusted to safeguard our homes and families?" 2

SCORE 55.78

**THE YOUNG
LITERATI STRIKE
OUT AGAIN**

1988 RANK 76

INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 5

MISDEEDS: McNerney, Janowitz and what's-his-name—the pudgy, wan one—oh, yeah, Ellis—continued to fade. McNerney's *Story of My Life* sold abysmally, despite his claims to the contrary. Janowitz's *Slaves of New York* was made into a movie that bombed, despite a Bloomington's *Slaves of New York* boutique. McNerney recited other people's quips at an Algonquin Round Table reenactment, wrote a petulant, too-much-macho attack on critics in *Esquire* and threw a party to celebrate finishing a magazine piece 6

MITIGATING FACTORS: *SPY* Notes, a satire-cum-exegesis of the Brat Pack genre, has (now that a certain First Amendment-threatening lawsuit is resolved) been published 1

BONUS POINTS: The pudgy, wan guy didn't do much of anything this year 6

TRUMPScore™: In *The Art of the Deal*, Trump

praises Judith Krantz, McNerney's spiritual mother, for having a "sense of the market" 3

SCORE 55.50

85

THE COMEDY GLUT

1988 RANK —

INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 4

MISDEEDS: *Didja hear the one about the two cable networks (HBO and MTV) that are pouring millions into 24-hour-a-day comedy channels? Howzabout the two magazines that both devoted an entire, not very impressive, issue to comedy? All right, all right, I promise: didja hear the one about this guy who was in Animal House? He took over National Lampoon and promised to make it funny again with hilarious pieces like "Are You a Homo?" Can you believe this guy? And what about all the third-tier celebrities who are suddenly doing stand-up routines? You know: Timothy Leary, Sydney Biddle Barrows, Morton Downey Jr., those types. Pretty funny, huh? Huh? Well . . . guess you had to be there* 6

MITIGATING FACTORS: The Smothers Brothers are back; *Laugh-In* is not 2

BONUS POINTS: Has anyone seen this Wheel of Fortune guy doing his own comedy show? Have you seen this thing? No? 4

TRUMPScore™: A recent Trump Castle triple bill: Norm Crosby, Pete Cooper and Charlie Callas 5

SCORE 55.43

86

MORT! MORT! MORT!

1988 RANK 82

INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 7

MISDEEDS: Claimed skinheads attacked him in an airport bathroom, shaved his head and drew a swastika (or rather, the mirror-reverse of a swastika) on his forehead; on *Donahue*, persuaded Phil to believe the skinhead incident; punched out camera crew from competing low-rent infotainment show; was sued by the Bank of

New York for \$32,000 he owed it 6

MITIGATING FACTORS: Punched New York artist Mark Kostabi 3

BONUS POINTS: Despite frequent on-air boasts about fidelity, left his wife and almost immediately took up with another woman 9

TRUMPScore™: Trump is to Horatio Alger what Downey is to Voltaire 1

SCORE 55.28


**THE WOODY
ALLEN-IZATION
OF HOLLYWOOD**

1988 RANK —

INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 7

MISDEEDS: Steve Martin: the movie star/stand-up comedian who no longer does stand-up—just like Woody. Spike Lee: the Brooklyn-

81

WILLIE BOSKET

1988 RANK —

INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 4

MISDEEDS: New York State's most incorrigible inmate boasted of having committed more than 2,000 crimes by age 15; has set fire to his cell seven times and attacked guards nine times; constant press coverage upheld tradition of white media obsessing on violent black criminals named Willie (see Lee Atwater, No. 1) 8

MITIGATING FACTORS: Not eligible for parole for at least 53 years 2

BONUS POINTS: His cell is stripped of lighting fixtures so he won't swallow them, as he has in the past 2

TRUMPScore™: Trump hyperbolically describes corporate raider Carl Icahn as "a killer. He'll throw hamburger, water, salad, anything on the table at you [in] a meeting" 2

SCORE 56.25

82

ABE ROSENTHAL

1988 RANK —

INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 9

MISDEEDS: Completed transformation from shrill, irrelevant columnist to shrill, irrelevant society juju; abdicated responsibility for managing his life and reputation to his wife, bosomy *Vogue* beauty editrix Shirley Lord; and, of course, there's his column, in which he has articulately called convicts "wolves—no, worse than animals, some kind of hideous mutants," described the protests in China as "arousing love, all over the world" and



based filmmaker who writes, directs and acts as the funny guy in his own serious, visually stylized New York movies—just like Woody. Dennis Quaid: the movie star who plays in a band—just like Woody. Ron Howard's *Parenthood* and Rob Reiner's *When Harry Met Sally*: bittersweet relationship movies directed by former actors—just like Woody's. *Moon Over Parador*: the Latin American dictatorship farce starring a short, Jewish guy—just like *Bananas* 6

MITIGATING FACTORS: Tony Roberts did not appear in any non-Woody movie this year. 2

BONUS POINTS: *New York Stories*: a disjointed movie featuring segments by different directors, starring Woody—just like *Casino Royale* 4

TRUMPScore™: Trump is negotiating to have a Trump Blimp built—just like Woody's floating mother in *New York Stories* 3
SCORE 54.96



88 **MANNERIST SHORTS**
1988 RANK —
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 4

MISDEEDS: This year's fashion plague — mannerist shorts: denim Huckleberry-Finn-meets-Hell's-Angels shorts (as worn most notably by Madonna and Sandra Bernhard); ubiquitous skin-sucking bicycle shorts; even businesswomen in suits . . . with shorts 8

MITIGATING FACTORS: Popularity this year ensures their obsolescence next 3

BONUS POINTS: Officially, the denim shorts are called Dirty Dancing Jeans 9

TRUMPScore™: The Tour de Trump increases the possibility of Lycra shorts with the Trump logo printed on them 2
SCORE 54.95

89 **DON'T WORRY, BE HAPPY**
1988 RANK —
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 4

MISDEEDS: The cloying, overplayed song became a favorite of George Bush and others susceptible to intense personal identification with est-like catchphrases; contributed to the whole kinder-gentler-happy-face thing, while simultaneously fueling paranoid delusions of tiresome knee-jerk lefties who believe Orwell's 1984 society finally upon us 1

MITIGATING FACTORS: Bobby Kennedy objected to Bush co-opting it 1

BONUS POINTS: A S. S. Peacock commercial paid \$100,000 to use the song 1

TRUMPScore™: The song weakens per capita plans for a new highway 2
SCORE 20

90 **ON BROADWAY**
1988 RANK —
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 5
MISDEEDS: What a year: Mandymania, Barry Manilow, Joan Jett. And oh, what a show: *Legs Diamond*. So slim were the pickings that most of you reading this came *that* close to being nominated for the Tony that eventually went, practically by default, to *Jerome Robbins'* 8



Broadway 8
MITIGATING FACTORS: *Oh! Calcutta!* finally closed after 20 years 4

BONUS POINTS: While Broadway took in \$8.7 million more than last year, total attendance dropped 9

TRUMPScore™: Trump once backed an Off-Broadway production 2
SCORE 54.50

91 **ABBIE HOFFMAN MEMORIALS**
1988 RANK —
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 3
MISDEEDS: Further underscored point that 1960s radicals can make headlines these days only through personal disaster; tributes caused more resurfacings than usual for publicity-hungry associates such as lecture-circuit oddity Timothy Leary, networking-party organizer Jerry Rubin and knee-jerk thug-apologist William Kunstler; the realization that the mantle of yippie activism is being passed to the nineties by Amy Carter 1

MITIGATING FACTORS: Hoffman embarked on stand-up comedy tour 2

BONUS POINTS: The press published a biography, including one of the names of some of the people he employed *National Labor Relations Board* 4
Sloan 2
Regulations 2

TRUMPScore™: Hoffman's marches before the Supreme Court was a recent event 2
Academy Award nomination for his bosses, the New York Times 1
Vietnam War 1

MISDEEDS: 5.89

92 **GORBYLOCK**
1988 RANK —
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 1
MISDEEDS: December 7, 1988—a date that has lived in infamy. Gorbachev's visit to New York City tied up traffic all over the West Side—and the East Side. For some it was hard to get to work; for others, hard to get home. Others found it hard to get to the airport. . . 1

MITIGATING FACTORS: It wasn't really as bad as everyone expected 5
BONUS POINTS: All those clip-and-save "How to Beat Gorbylock" newspaper items are probably obsolete by now 2

93 **UNSEEMLY GAMES**
1988 RANK —
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 7
MISDEEDS: Save the President! directed players to assassinate the commander-in-chief; Libido had players reveal sexual exploits; skirmishes with stain-making paint games became the corporate weekend bonding experience; in Israel, a computer game about the Intifada was selling well; and Trump: The Game 1

MITIGATING FACTORS: Dwarves playing a barroom pastime was outlawed by small caps 1

BONUS POINTS: Computer game about a diarist page and Concentration Camp 5
underground fad in Washington's heavier rule for 2

TRUMPScore™: Trump avoided playing the pain of a first-rate firm that 1
SCORE Trump's least favorite New York City 1
..... 5.50

94 **GIFFIN WAY THE UPTOWN NO. 6 DOESN'T STOP AT LAFAYETTE STATION BUT THE UPTOWN NO. 6 DOESN'T**
1988 RANK 103
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 2
MISDEEDS: Prevents passengers on uptown No. 6 trains from transferring to the F, D, B and Q trains—and vice versa; is especially irksome because riders of the F train have to transfer at 53rd Street to get to the Upper East Side; no transfers are available 1

MITIGATING FACTORS: Less bothersome since the spy moved from Lafayette Street to Union Square West 3
BONUS POINTS: Extravagantly overhyped New York Newsday subway columnist Jim Dwyer has yet to expose this 1

TRUMPScore™: One more potential construction project for Trump, the would-be troubleshooter, to contemplate 1
SCORE 5.15

1000 **DUST**
1988 RANK 756
INHERENT LOATHSOMENESS 1
MISDEEDS: Settles on flat surfaces; requires periodic cleaning; gets in your eyes; can cause sneezing 1
MITIGATING FACTORS: Probably plays small but crucial role in the ecosystem 4
BONUS POINTS: Largely composed of dead, sloughed-off human skin cells 1
TRUMPScore™: Lots of birds unnecessarily plucked in order to provide Plaza hotel chambermaids with feather dusters 1
SCORE 3.50





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BONE STRUCTURE, SENTENCE STRUCTURE. LIP GLOSSES,

The New York

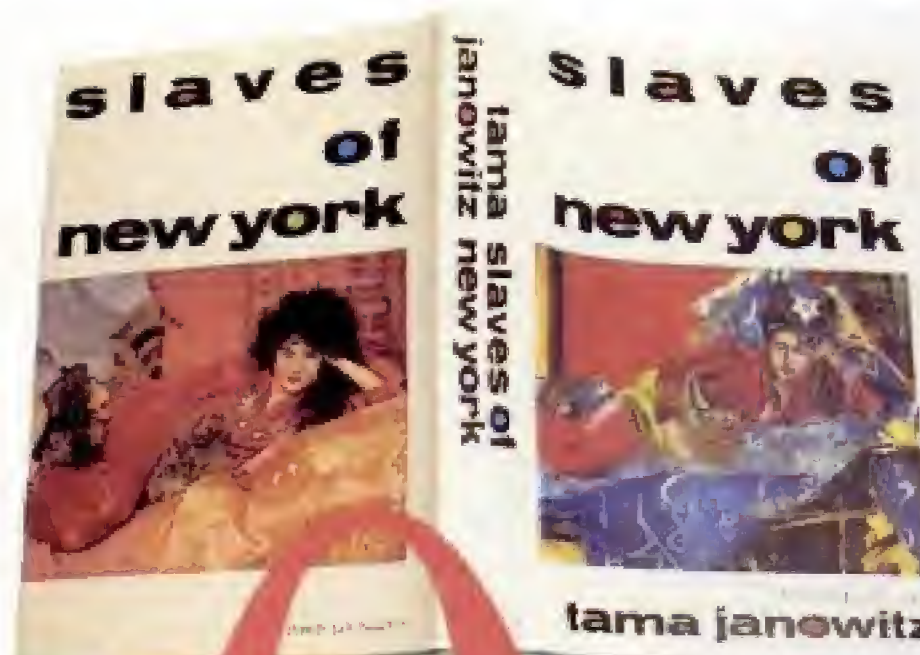
TEXT GLOSSES. CINDY CRAWFORD, FORD MADOX

FORD. M.K. AS LITERARY SALON, M.K. AS FASHION-

MODEL HANGOUT. CONFUSING? PAUL RUDNICK

EXPLICATES THE WHOLE MODEL-WRITER MESS.

*A Looker Lit Milestone:
sulky, nubile Truman
Capote beckoned from
the back of Other
Voices, Other Rooms,
1948*



Readers got 54 (count 'em 54) arousing Alice Walker candids in the novelist's 1986 appointment calendar



Not for the squeamish: *odolisque manqué* Tama Janowitz appeared in a come-thumb-my-pages pose on the front and back of *Slaves of New York*, 1986

Book Review of



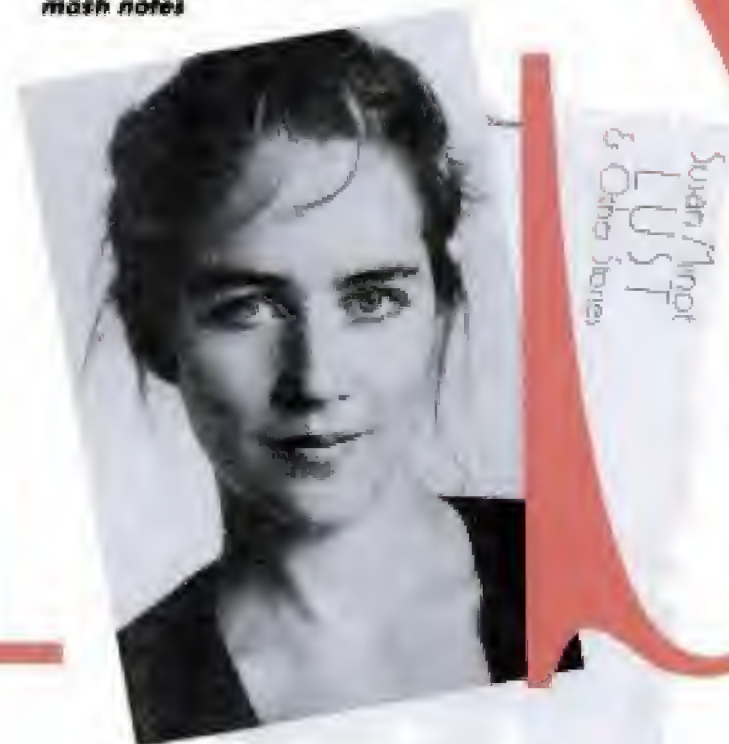
Wu Shu buff turned author turned Levi's model Mark Salzman displayed his Ed Norton-ish writing warm-up in the jacket photo for Iron and Silk, 1987

Wu Shu buff turned author turned Levi's model Mark Salzman displayed his Ed Norton-ish writing warm-up in the jacket photo for Iron and Silk, 1987



Seventies guy John Irving beefed out for a Vanity Fair promotion photographed by Annie Leibovitz, 1982

Houghton Mifflin's Susan Minot postcard comes free in copies of Lust—perfect for valentines or bookwormy mash notes



When Jerzy Met Zoli: Jerzy Kosinski struck a butch pose for Annie Leibovitz in return for Barbara Gelb's sudsy Times Magazine profile, 1982

Writing and modeling: is there a difference? The *New York Post* recently proclaimed a burgeoning literary apocalypse—the rise of “young, good-looking

WRITERS,

and sexy authors.” Many video-age dreamboats are named

in the report, from *Esquire* cover stud Jay McInerney to newcomer Debbie

MODELS, AND

Cymbalista, whose “rock star looks” adorn both the front

and the back covers of her first novel, *Danger* (Debbie? *Danger?*), published by

HOW TO TELL

E. P. Dutton. Jonathan Ames, a 25-year-old model turned

writer, has a dust jacket photograph by Bruce Weber, auteur of many Calvin

THEM APART

Klein ad campaigns; Ames's glower recalls the brooding

machismo of ex-model Brad Gooch's pinup for *his* downtown novel, *Scary*

Kisses. Mary Gaitskill, the author of *Bad Behavior*, was described in a recent

Be a Writer. Or Just Look Like One

It used to be that a book jacket photo served the relatively humble purpose of allowing a reader to attach an author's words to a face. As such, these photos tended to resemble either grainy snapshots of water-tower snipers or dead-earnest high school yearbook photographs. Well, those days are history.

In 1948 Truman Capote laid waste such humdrum images of authors with the historic jacket of his first novel, *Other Voices, Other Rooms*, the back of which featured a photograph of the full-lipped, 23-year-old scamp lounging on a settee, "more or less beckoning somebody to climb on top of me," he later wrote. As a result, Capote's extraliterary life flared at least as quickly as did his literary reputation.

Now that many books seem to be less about writing than about promoting a salable persona, the book jacket photo has become a highly complex enterprise, to be handled only by a trained professional book jacket photographer. The simple head-shot has been replaced with an attitude-revealing pose—a smoldering pout, bare shoulders, a provocative flourish of the hand—designed to capture that look that's worth around 100,000 words.

—Elissa Schappell

*Is the Author Draining Pool Water Out of
His or Her Ear?*



Mary Gaitskill,
author of *Bad Behavior*,
Simon & Schuster



Dr. Toni Grant, author
of *Being a Woman*,
Random House



Susan Chace, author of
Intimacy,
Random House



control model shot

New York Times Book Review piece as exhibiting "the face of an angel" (and shouldn't such an accolade be completed with "but she boasts the prose skills of Satan himself"?).

The nonfiction novel, minimalism, metafiction and now this: Attractive Authors. Looker Lit. A command of the language is no longer enough—today's novelists must practice their pouts. This can only be regarded as an entirely healthy development; who wants to read something scribbled by the stubby little pig fingers of a total troll? Even already acclaimed authors might consider a frank appraisal of their visuals and arrange for a redemptive beauty make-over— isn't that forehead growing a tad bold, Richard Ford? Wet your lips, Cynthia Ozick, and for Cripes' sake, Mr. Mailer, tough guys don't waddle. A writer's work may be evocative, even soul-stirring, but let's ask a larger question, the real American Academy of Arts and Letters entrance-exam biggie: is the author in question truly date bait? Is he or she what erotic connoisseur and editor of *Cum* magazine Boyd McDonald refers to as "real eatin' stuff"?

A novel is certainly an accomplishment, but today's bronzer-literate readership demands more. After all, a few hundred typewritten pages tell you hardly anything about an author's true self— what do his *eyes* say? Tama Janowitz can turn a shapely sentence, but let's talk bottom line: Tama's got best-selling hair, hair the reader can go back to again and again, hair that you can't put down, Book-of-the-Month-Club Main Selection hair. And while we're at it, how about adding a swimsuit competition to the National Book Awards? And why is PEN tossing fundraisers only to end the suppression and imprisonment of rebel Iron Curtain novelists and poets? What about the dissident Czech *models*, the men and women whose radical views on winter white and the New Cropped Pant make it risky, often impossible, for them to set foot on a Prague runway? Speaking out for Salman Rushdie is all well and good, but please— get a look at the guy. Salman, you've got some time on your hands: hit the rowing machine, price some hair plugs and rethink that mono-brow.

The relationship between writing and modeling has always been somewhat chummy, a natural kinship. Some authors, à la Mailer (with Norris Church) and McInerney (with Marla Hanson), choose to escort or even marry models. Celebrated writers date models for the same reason dogs lick their nether regions: because they can. Models, it is believed, go to bed with authors for the same reason Marilyn Monroe married Arthur Miller: as a rest after sex with a sports figure. But in the past few years, in Manhattan, at least, the spheres of writing and modeling have converged to an unprecedented degree. Witness the proliferation of paparazzo-infested, quasi-literary hangouts intended to foster model-writer pairings: Nell's, M.K. and the Brian McNally circuit all encourage the Face of the Eighties to head off with the Voice of a Generation. In these self-proclaimed salons, the vain and newly appear-

ance-conscious writer can revel in the company of a true babe, a Lancôme or Lauder mascot, who is in turn aquiver at having bagged what she imagines is an intellectual, a tweedy scholar mesmerized by her earnest twaddle about the rain forest. Imagine the offspring of such a union; ideally, the resulting child would be gorgeous and gifted, Carol Alt with a flair for onomatopoeia. But what if the gene fusion backfired, and a nightmare was created? A homely, unpopular kid with an inexplicable craving for Ryvita crackers and a futile urge to endorse waterproof mascara?

Many writers, from Alexander Woolcott to Hemingway to Janowitz, have lent their faces to advertisements. Literary almanacs conveniently omit mention of that early effort, Amaretto di Melville. And now that it's inexplicably chic to seem smart, both The Gap and Barneys use writers in their print campaigns; *New Yorker* critic Mimi Kramer has been pasted all over bus shelters in a comely Gap tee, along with editor-gossipeuse Susan Mulcahy. Who knows what commercial marriages lie ahead: Couldn't Susan Sontag color that silver forelock with Nice'n Easy (perhaps renamed, for the occasion, Nice'n Obscure)? Might not Joan Didion surprise John Gregory Dunne one morning by replacing the breakfast vodka with Folgers Crystals?

Some writers just outright model: Jill Eisenstadt, the Bennington-fresh author of *From Rockaway*, posed for a fashion pictorial in *Harper's Bazaar*. Eisenstadt told the magazine, "You can become disillusioned without becoming cynical," while a photo caption on the same page mentioned that Jill "loves the lightweight sheepskin blouse in russet trimmed with cranberry, about \$2,050." And *SPY* recently hosted a benefit for the ACLU, sponsored by the Italian Fashion Commission, at which authors played model; I myself manfully bolstered the Bill of Rights in a mustard-and-burgundy combo from Byblos, while Tony Hendra let freedom ring via a resounding Benetton pullover.

A reverse Zeitgeist, a lunge by models toward the word processor, is blessedly less common, despite the efforts of Ames, Gooch and Jerry Hall (who dictated a giddy memoir called *Jerry Hall's Tall Tales*) and the occasional talk-show diatribe by supermodel Paulina Porizkova, in which she declares her intention to write a children's book (or perhaps the lovely Paulina has been misunderstood, and yearns only to *read* a children's book). There is a good reason for the modeling community's authorial sluggishness: modeling, unlike writing, is both time-consuming and difficult. Had Proust been a model, two volumes of *Remembrance of Things Past* would have been plenty—or maybe one volume, a poster and a workout tape (*Do It Swann's Way*). Modeling demands an emotional commitment foreign to most writers; novelists rarely have to hop jets to Aruba, sport string bikinis in January or initiate lawsuits against the Elite agency's cradle-snatching Johnny Casablancas.

Has the Author Seen Rebel Without a Cause More Than Five Times?



David Shields,
author of *Dead Languages*, Knopf



Giles Blunt,
author of *Cold Eye*, Arbor House



Jay McInerney, author of
Story of My Life, Atlantic Monthly Press



Danny Sugerman,
author of *Wonderland Avenue*, Morrow



John Burnham Schwartz, author of
Bicycle Days, Summit



Elizabeth Benedict,
author of *The Beginner's Book of Dreams*, Knopf



control model shot

Were any of the following glamour devices used?
(1) a wind machine (2) a sandblaster (3) Vaseline
or gauze over the lens



Ann Beattie, author
of *Where You'll Find Me*, Macmillan



Fran Lebowitz, author
of *Social Studies*, Random House



Marianne Wiggins,
author of *John Dollar*, Harper & Row



control model shot

Is the Author So Enervated by the Sheer Intensity of Creation That His or Her Head Needs Propping Up?



Belva Plain, author of *Blessings*, Delacorte



Anne Tyler, author of *Breathing Lessons*, Knopf



Kristin McCloy, author of *Velocity*, Random House



Margaret Truman, author of *Murder in the CIA*, Random House



Garrison Keillor, author of *Leaving Home*, Penguin



Carol Shields, author of *Swann*, Viking



control model shot

Is the Author Attempting to Conceal a Blemish or Weak Chin?



Andy Warhol, author of *Portraits of the 70s*, Random House



Truman Capote, author of *Music for Chameleons*, Random House



Jerzy Kosinski, author of *The Hermit of 69th Street*, Seaver Books



control model shot

Modeling and writing, fall collections and short-story collections, Ernest vs. Margaux—it's become a dizzy blur, a truly fin de siècle shivaree of forms. Some *pensées* are in order:

1

Supermodel Paulina Porizkova is paid perhaps \$10 million to appear in Estée Lauder ads. Superwriter Stephen King is paid perhaps \$10 million for his next three horror novels. Q: Who is better off? A: Stephen King, because he makes that kind of money and he can buy food.

2

Nobody worries if Anne Tyler can act.

3

It may be that modeling is just writing for people who can't read.

4

A drawback: models rarely get discovered after they're dead.

5

A plus: models rarely suffer from model's block, the chronic inability to model.

6

A possible ad campaign: "The most unforgettable writers in the world use Liquid Paper."

7

Nobody ever says that all the truly great models are alcoholics.

8

Nobody ever calls Christie Brinkley "derivative." But then, nobody ever calls Christie Brinkley "brilliant."

9

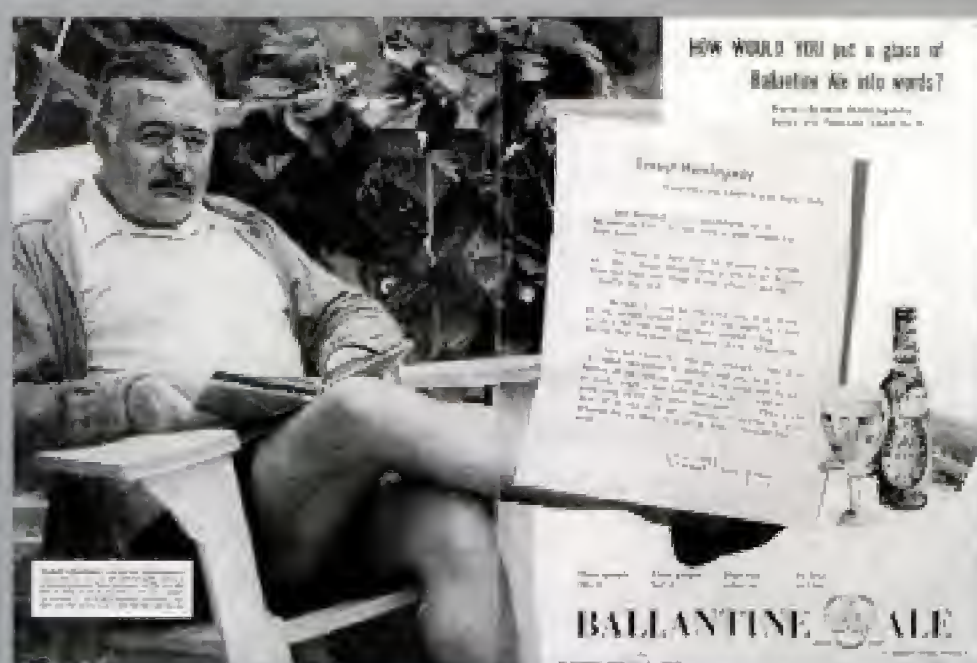
No one ever approaches a woman in a bar and says, "I bet you're a writer."

10

No one ever tries to wear the Great American One-Piece. ▶

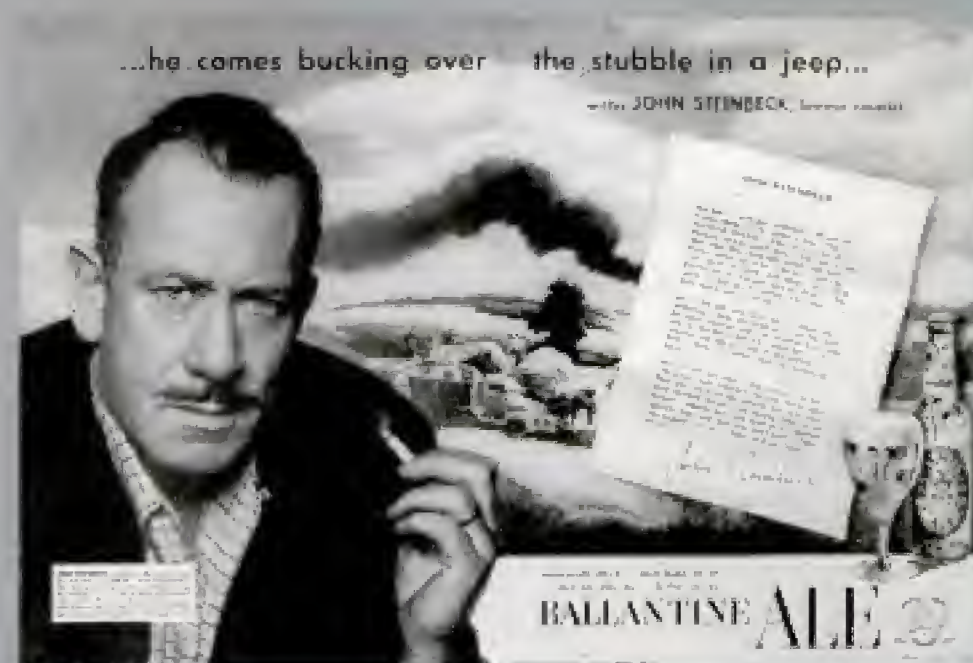
What Becomes a Legend Most?

There is a tradition of American writers posing for advertisements that predates the era of the postmodern-colored lime extract and the Barneys blazer. The less discriminating among writers have proved willing to pitch everything from watches to microwave popcorn, but most have preferred to endorse products that are caricature tools of their trade—liquor, cigarettes and, in Lillian Hellman's case, mink.



Ernest Hemingway for Ballantine Ale, 1952

"You are tired all the way through. The fish is landed untouched by sharks and you have a bottle of Ballantine cold in your hand and drink it cool, light, and full-bodied, so it tastes good long after you have swallowed it."



John Steinbeck for Ballantine Ale, 1953

"The sun is straight overhead. There isn't enough shade to fit under a dog. The threshing machine clanks in a cloud of choking yellow chaff-dust.... Then you let cold Ballantine Ale rill into your parched throat like spring rain on the desert. Smooth malt and hops..."

IT'S ALL A MATTER OF TASTE



LUCKY STRIKE TASTE BETTER

Amy Vanderbilt for Lucky Strike, 1954

"I like to know my escort is thoughtful enough to carry my brand, which, not so incidentally, is Lucky Strike."



Hemingway for Pan Am, 1956

"They did the flying and I was the passenger. It turned out to be a good partnership."



William Styron for United States Lines, 1961



Bennett Cerf for the Famous Writers School, 1969

"If you have known this burning need to write, you too may have the gift that successful authors possess."



Mickey Spillane, Lite Beer All-Star, 1973



Lillian Hellman for Blackglama Mink, 1976

John Cheever for Rolex, 1980

"Detail illuminates John Cheever's writing. Just as detail inspires every Rolex craftsman."



Tama Janowitz, "best-selling author and Queen of New York's Downtown Scene," for Rug Tower, 1988



George Plimpton, "Director of Cultural Affairs," for Island Promenade "luxury beachfront residences," 1989

—E.S.

11

The ayatollah never put a price on Brooke Shields's head.
Although Eileen Ford has.

12

Writers never appear in shampoo ads, begging, "Don't hate me
because I'm a gifted regional miniaturist."

13

Male writers' résumés rarely list their inseam measurements.
Which is why they're writers.

14

Nobody ever criticizes writers if they work in their underwear.

15

Julie Harris will never do a one-woman Broadway show based on the
life of Jean Shrimpton.

16

Nobody ever brings a picture of Saul Bellow to his hairdresser
and says, "Make me look like that."

As modeling overtakes writing as the preeminent art form of our century, one can only muse: What next? What mode of expression could conceivably usurp twirling and preening? What can stock the libraries long after Paulina's *Collected Scowls* or *Sports Illustrated: The Annotated Swimsuit Issues* have fallen from favor?

One guess: the new métier will be authors' appearances in the films based on their novels. Tama Janowitz nailed a substantial speaking role in the odd Merchant-Ivory adaptation of *Slaves of New York*; John Irving was a referee in the *Garp* movie; James Dickey played a sheriff in *Deliverance*; and Peter Benchley was a TV newsman in *Jaws*. Mailer and Stephen King have both directed; Nora Ephron plans to shortly. In the near future, screen ingenues will be discovered not sucking a malted at Schwab's drugstore but hunched over their PCs in tight sweaters, hoping for that big break. No more casting couches — stars will be made at the MacDowell Colony, or parading their gams at the Bread Loaf Conference. Whatever happens, writing as an end in itself has thankfully vanished. It's prose versus pose, and may the cutest novelist win. And the Nobel Prize for literature goes to — *Miss North Dakota, Louise Erdrich!* »

Making Over Mr. (or Ms.) Write

The life of a successful author is a hectic whirl. Most famous writers would like to spend more time on their appearance, but their heavy book-signing schedules and lecture tours just won't allow it. And that's not counting the time they have to spend actually writing. Maybe you can't judge a book by its cover, but you surely *can* judge an author by under-eye puffiness and split ends. We're here to help. Welcome to the SPY Spa and Salon.

Alice Walker
(*The Temple of My Familiar*)



Do the write thing, Alice — dump those Bo Derek braids and move *Beyond Thunderdome*.

Joyce Carol Oates
(*American Appetites*)



Gentlemen prefer novelists. Busty, lusty, the writer with a whip — go for the glamour, Joyce Carol *Wild Oates!*

Mona Simpson
(*Anywhere but Here*)



No more Yaddo yearbook, Mona — let's go Lulu, for Knopf's Playmate of the Year. Turn-ons: fireplaces, writing alfresco, rainy-day tutorials with Gordon Lish.

Renata Adler
(*Reckless Disregard*)



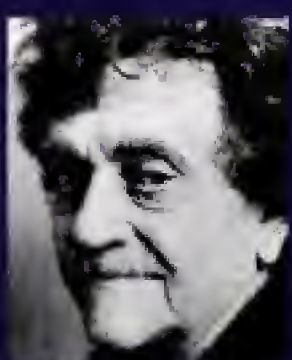
Get thee gone, Pocahontas braid; today it's a TWA Renata. Coffee, tea or cleavage — we're ready for takeoff, Mr. Pulitzer.

Salman Rushdie
(*The Satanic Verses*)



Hey, dude! It's Surfer Salman hidin' out in the big curls off Catalina. Sorry about the ayatollah's decree — endless bummer!

Kurt Vonnegut
(*Bluebeard*)



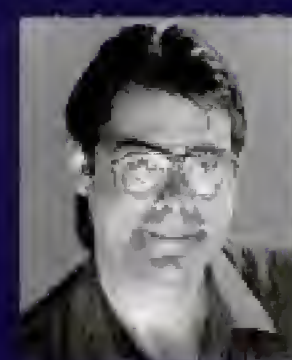
Let's lose those rumpled-humanist curls and head for Graceland with a salsa splash. The *Sewanee Review* rumors are true — Kurt lives!

Cynthia Ozick
(*Metaphor & Memory*)



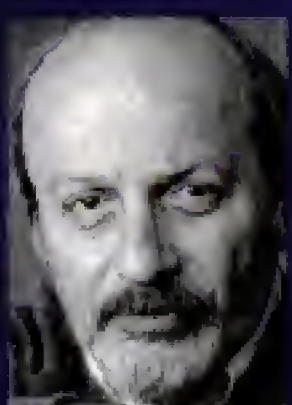
She's up there with Malamud, but what about the little girl inside? Bows, bangles and *Tootsie* frames...accessories let Cindy soar.

Stephen King
(*The Drawing of the Three*)



Rob Lowe shades, an Armani binge, Michael Jackson's spit curls — it's Malibu Steve, a horror no more.

E. L. Doctorow
(*Billy Bathgate*)



A Burt Reynolds lava-look toupee never hurt anyone. B. L. Stryker or E. L. Doctorow, don't let your hairline hold you back.

Jan Morris
(*Hong Kong*)



I dreamed I sliced off my penis in my Maidenform bra. She's all author and all girl. A shave and an upsweep, a powdered Adam's apple, and Jan's ready for the *Times* list — a regular breast-seller.

Jackie Collins
(*Rock Star*)



Respect: in Manhattan literary circles, it's spelled wrinkles, wattles and anything but a jungle print. Rodeo Drive or Riverside Drive — it's all up to you, Jackie.
—P.R.



PROLOGUE

THE SPY MIGHT ATROCIOUS AND
LEONA HELMSLEY'S ATROCIOUS,

PRODIGATE DOINGS AT HAWK AND
PRODIGATE DUNGEON

CHRISTOPH ABBREDE'S

ILLUSTRATED BY

ABBREDE'S 89

1
MAIN DRIVEWAY

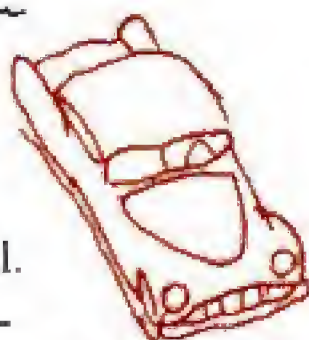


Only vehicles carrying Leona and/or her legally dotty husband, Harry, are allowed on

the Red Road, named for its crimson-painted surface. And so when brick curbing was to be laid on either side of this 600-yard-long stretch, workers were ordered to park their trucks on an adjoining driveway and cart the bricks back and forth by wheelbarrow. Guests are required to park on the grass, rather than muss the roadway with their tires.

2
GARAGE

A Cadillac Eldorado that belonged to Leona's late son sits here as a strange kind of memorial.



The car is never driven—except once, when Leona, after a fight with Harry, hopped in and drove off in a fury. A chagrined, puppylike Harry waited off and on for more than two hours at the rear gate, pining for his lady.

3
GUARDHOUSE AT REAR GATE



Leona regularly sets off the estate's alarm system to see how long it takes the guards to get to the main house—where she's often waiting with a stopwatch.

4
FRONT LAWN



During the filming of a *60 Minutes* segment, Leona and Mike Wallace tooled around the grounds in a golf cart.

Coming upon her pet sheep—Bo, Peep, Baa and Baa-Baa—Leona called out to the creatures (which were ordinarily tethered and rolling in their own dung). They responded by fleeing—prompting Wallace to remark that he'd never seen anyone entirely ignore Leona. "Wait till I take the grass away," she muttered. A week or two later, the sheep disappeared.

5
FRONT LAWN



Every morning, the first task for security guards is to sic Leona's German shepherd attack dogs, Heidi and Manfred—named for two hotel managers Leona fired—on the Canadian geese that congregate on Dunnellen's vast front lawn and soil the Red Road with their droppings.

6
FLOWER BED



To meet Leona's standards for pest control, Dunnellen's elderly grounds keeper has been forced to lie on his stomach in the dirt, rifle in hand, waiting for gophers.

7
BASEMENT



After discovering asbestos in the basement walls, Leona hired a contractor who brought in Polish workers with little command of the English language—especially words like *asbestos*, *toxic* and *white lung*—to clean out the basement. Only a few wore air filters over their mouths.

8
KITCHEN



After a vacation, Leona and Harry brought a Moroccan chef home with them—without, of course, the necessary paperwork. Lacking a green card, the cook was a de facto hostage. When, after almost three years of abuse, Leona forbade him to date a servant on a neighboring estate, he finally tried to escape, and Leona instructed her security guards to stop him. The guards let the chef leave, but when he returned to claim his possessions, Leona slapped him and screamed, "You'll have to go back to a hellish existence." To which the Moroccan replied, "As long as I have dirt to eat, I'm better off."

9
EXERCISE ROOM



Leona, a former Chesterfield cigarette girl, remains youthful by riding her Exercycle topless.

10
BLUE ROOM



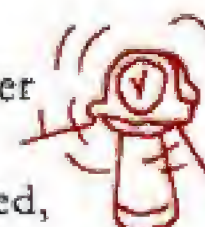
When she finds herself in an aesthetic mood, Leona calls up a gallery and barks, in effect, *Gimme some art—any art!* If she likes what the gallery ends up sending her, the piece becomes part of her crazy-quilt collection; if not, she lowers the critical boom: *That's ugly. Take it back.*

11
DINING ROOM



Location of jade buffalo table ornament, worth \$220,000 and charged, of course, to Helmsley businesses.

12
LIBRARY



Here stands a \$45,000 silver clock in the shape of The Helmsley Building—charged, naturally, to a Helmsley business, as was a ten-inch-high, \$150,000 jade "mountain," also located here.

13
MASTER BEDROOM



Used to having her sheets ironed every day, Leona was understandably miffed late one night around 1:00 when she found a crease in her bed linen. A groggy maid was summoned immediately to re-iron the sheets and remake the bed.

14
MASTER BEDROOM



Leona is confounded by the complexities of cable television, stubbornly refusing to keep her set tuned to Channel 3. Once, when a security guard was ordered to call a repair-

man to fix the "broken" set, the guard volunteered to do the work himself. "How the fuck are you gonna fix it? You're too goddamned stupid!" Leona insisted. But after the guard changed the channel and restored proper reception, Leona rewarded her minion with a rare compliment: "You're so smart. That's why I like you. Now get the hell outta my bedroom!"

15

BATHROOM



Leona uses 12 towels to dry off after every shower, leaves feminine-hygiene products lying around and, if the maids don't appear to be busy enough, smears her mirror with toothpaste.

16

BARBECUE PIT



When Leona refused to pay a \$13,000 bill for work on a barbecue pit, an associate pleaded with her to do so, as the contractor had six children to support. "Why didn't he keep his pants on?" Leona asked. "He wouldn't have so many problems."

17

CABANA



When a hot-water pump broke and Leona's postswim shower turned cold, the estate's maintenance engineer was fired within minutes.

18

POOL (OUTDOOR)



Harry has an uneasy relationship with consciousness. Relaxing in the poolside sun one day, he switched on a walkie-talkie: "This is Harry Helmsley speaking. I want to order a drink." A security guard alertly responded, "Sir?" But the tycoon's free-range mind had already wandered off: his only order was dead air. ☛

THE RICHER TASTE OF MYERS'S RUM ALWAYS COMES THROUGH.™



If your Rum and Cola tastes like you forgot to add rum, try Myers's Original Dark Rum. Its deep, rich Jamaican flavor always comes through. Of course, Rum and Cola is just one of many drinks that Myers's Rum can improve.


For a recipe brochure, write: Myers's Rum Recipe Brochure Offer, J.A.S.P. Inc., 60 N. Ronks Rd., P.O. Box 8598, Ronks, PA 17573.

MYERS'S. THE TASTE WON'T MIX AWAY.



ILLUSTRATION BY ALEX MURAWSKI

They were large. They were aquatic. They had blowholes and ate plankton and were about to die under ice near the North Pole. For whales, in other words, they were leading perfectly ordinary lives. And yet last fall they were the hot-

test, most important
ica — hotter, yes,
than even Michael
Hershiser.  Why
lar whales plaintively
through the ice on
front page in the
hundreds of journal-

SAVE THE WHALES— WE'RE COMING IN FOR A CLOSE-UP

mammals in Amer-
and more important
Dukakis and Orel
were these particu-
sticking their snouts
every newscast and
country? Because
ists had flocked to

a tiny, isolated Arctic village where, along with reporter TOM ROSE, they found
themselves fending off polar bear attacks and mercenary Eskimos in order to

cover the greatest nonstory in history—or at least since Comet Kohoutek. BRUCE
HANDY has adapted this account from Rose's forthcoming book, *Freeing the Whales*.

under Arctic ice with dismay— for them, anyway—frequency. After the spring thaw, their swollen carcasses are a not
uncommon sight along Alaska's northern coast, stale blubber providing no-fret meals for indiscriminating polar bears. ►



People love whales. And here, as if by divine gift to newscast producers, were three whales able to be saved on camera, *live*. The only thing that might have cut quicker to America's sentimental heart would have been the discovery under ice of Garfield, Snoopy or Millie Bush

CALL ME COOKIE PUSS
Although the three Alaska whales had been trapped in ice, we tried trapping Fudgie—the nearly-as-famous Corvel ice cream whale—in a room-temperature photographer's studio, just to see what would happen....

Initially, then, there was nothing noteworthy about the three California gray whales that were found last October fighting to stay alive beneath a small opening in the spreading, thickening ice offshore Barrow, Alaska. But that didn't stop more than sevenscore non-whale-savvy reporters from the lower 48 states, Europe, Canada, Asia and Australia from swarming over the isolated, barely inhabited Arctic outpost where a niggardly standard of living could barely be bought for thousands of dollars a day, and where venturing into the hostile Arctic environment and actually gathering "news" about the whales meant risking one's life in the face of frostbite, polar bear attacks and massive, improbably airborne ice shards.

Yes, *those* whales, the ones you couldn't avoid reading about or seeing on television a year ago this month, their blowholes spouting desultorily through the ice. They had their *National Geographic*-y charms, to be sure. But the better story—as is so often the case in these days of managed news and nonevents—is the story of the story. With an accelerating illogic worthy of a Preston Sturges movie, a small, godforsaken Eskimo village was turned upside down (that the locals responded by figuring out clever ways to profit from the invasion would no doubt have delighted the cynical Sturges). Government and private industry spent millions of dollars to free the whales; that such efforts would most likely never have been launched without the ongoing spur of media overattention only added to the hothouse unreality in Barrow. Ultimately, representatives of 26 broadcasting companies—including CBS, NBC, ABC, the BBC, the CBC, CNN and Japan's NTV—would make the long, unlikely trek, trailing nearly 100 print reporters in their wake; at the story's peak, there was one journalist in Barrow for every 20 locals, most of whom had never seen a copyboy before, let alone a correspondent for *USA Today*. Meanwhile, far away in toasty studios, Jane Pauley and Ted

Koppel and a nation's worth of anchorpeople furrowed their brows and worked hard to convey empathy for the plight of animals 400 times larger than themselves and almost as smart.

Media circus, feeding frenzy and *silly-ass TV journalism* are overused phrases, and yet they hardly do this story justice. Try this: Imagine a turtle, making its way across a hot country road in Arkansas, finding itself stuck in a patch of gooey tar. Imagine an army of journalists spending two solid weeks lounging roadside, arguing, fighting, drinking, neglecting personal hygiene and filling endless hours of videotape with images of the immobile turtle. Imagine the turtle's unevolving predicament becoming the most widely covered news story in America, and all the attention prompting a battery of normally competitive institutions to scoop the turtle off the road and dump it in the pond from which it came.

That is more or less what happened in Alaska last year.

But even if the whales weren't news in the sense that J-school textbooks understand it, they *were* news in the feel-good sense that producers of shows such as *Live at Five* and *Evening Magazine* and even *The CBS Evening News* understand it. *People love whales*. Frightening "leviathans" no more, they have come to seem, in our species's estimation, something more like bloated aquatic teddy bears. Perhaps this has to do with the fact that whales have been threatened with extinction, look good on ties and cotton belts, and make melancholy underwater noises. Perhaps this has even more to do with the fact that we no longer depend on them for fuel oil, makeup and corsets. Whatever the reason, our recent fondness for cetaceans has become so well entrenched that the slogan "Save the whales" is now instantly synonymous with an entire political and social philosophy—not to mention funny footwear and tinkly, maundering music. And here, as if by divine gift to newscast producers, were three whales not only able to be saved but able to be saved on camera, *live*. Indeed, the only event that might have cut quicker to America's sentimental, selectively generous heart would have been the discovery under the ice of Garfield,



Adapted from Freeing the Whales: How the Media Created the World's Greatest Non-Event, by Tom Rose; by permission of Birch Lane Press, a division of Carol Publishing Group. Copyright 1989.

Snoopy or White House brood bitch Millie Bush.

THIS IS HOW IT HAPPENED:

On October 7, 1988, an Inupiat Eskimo named Roy Ahmaogak was snowmobiling up and down the coast near Barrow, looking for whale spouts. Turning his snowmobile onto a long sandspit jutting out into the frozen ocean, Ahmaogak suddenly shouted whatever the Inupiat translation of *Thar she blows* is. Or at least he thought it quietly to himself. At any rate, there, 150 feet offshore, was a spout. Driving closer, Ahmaogak observed a trio of whales trapped beneath a quickly growing expanse of slushy ice, circling underwater to keep near a hole barely big enough to stick their barnacle-encrusted heads through. When the hole froze over, in a matter of days, they would suffocate — because, as everyone will no doubt remember, whales aren't fish; they're mammals, which is probably another reason they generally arouse more human compassion than do nonlactating gill-breathers like tuna and squid.

Ahmaogak, however, wasn't looking for whales to commune with. He was looking for whales to kill and eat. Although the United States is a member of the International Whaling Commission, which has banned commercial whaling, Eskimo villages are allowed a varying quota of catches each year in order to maintain a semblance of their traditional way of life — Eskimos used to depend, in the main, on whales for survival in their barren, hostile environment. Today Arctic villages depend far more heavily on massive government subsidies, financed by taxes on Alaskan oil; Barrow, for instance, has the highest per capita rate of local government spending in the nation, roughly \$50,000 per person. It also has the nation's highest unemployment rate, upwards of 70 percent, and so a captured whale is prized not only for its meat and by-products but perhaps even more for the few days of work its "harvesting" will provide the village's otherwise idle work force.

But the trapped whales, a disappointed Ahmaogak quickly realized, were California gray whales, whose meat is tougher and more foul, or so it is said, than that of the bowhead whales Eskimos normally catch — bad eating, and barely worth the considerable effort required to butcher them. Grays are also technically an endangered species, even though biologists say the species's numbers have been replenished, and even though subsistence whalers are allowed to hunt them anyway. But Eskimos, like everyone else, have to worry about the effects of bad public relations — such as what environmental groups might say if it ever got out that Eskimos were

harpooning an "endangered species" in fish-in-a-barrel-like circumstances.

Still, harvesting the stranded, untasty whales — however unsporting — was certainly an option for Barrow's Eskimos (and one that only after the whales began to engage the American public's sympathies would they finally choose not to exercise). Ahmaogak snowmobiled back to Barrow and notified his whaling crew, as well as two North Slope Borough biologists (boroughs being the Alaskan version of counties — in this case, one bigger than Nevada) who would have to give their formal, largely routine approval for the whales to be slaughtered.

A few days later, after visiting the ice and seeing for themselves the whales' condition, the two government biologists decided it would be worth getting footage of the three animals — which had rarely been observed this close at hand — on videotape. And it happens that Barrow, unlike any other Arctic village, has an ultrahigh-tech, state-of-the-art television studio. The facility (financed, like everything else in Barrow, by oil taxes) was bought in the seemingly quixotic hope of generating video that would somehow counterbalance the village's unfortunate reputation among Alaskans for frontier social problems and polar bear attacks — the only reasons Barrow ever made the news in the state's southerly cities. Unfortunately, there was little else in Barrow to shoot footage of. And yet, if Barrow hadn't had a virtually unused television studio, no one would have taped footage of the whales, no one would have been able to

Below: Greetings from Barrow — still America, but just barely



transmit that footage to the rest of the country and no one would have been the wiser when the animals floated up through the melting ice the following spring — one of those fortuitous coincidences that makes for easy irony in magazine pieces such as this.

Even so, the story would probably never have





The confused Eskimos quite naturally concluded that the reporters must have arrived to cover an Eskimo mayor's conference that was tak-

ing place; they were astonished, and amused, when they learned otherwise. *Whales?*

Fudgie, half an hour later...

made it beyond Barrow's own Channel 20 and its audience of a few hundred bored Eskimos if the biologists hadn't also called the Coast Guard on the off chance that an ice cutter that could free the whales might be in Barrow's vicinity. They left a message with a duty officer, who, in turn, was contacted by a beat reporter from the Anchorage office of the Associated Press, hoping to scare up a story—Coast Guard rescue missions for lost hunters being to Alaska's media what ghetto baby-killings are to New York's.

In Anchorage the next morning, six days after the whales had first been sighted, the *Anchorage Daily News* ran a front-page item about their plight. This caught the interest of an anchorman at NBC's Anchorage affiliate. He received the original whale footage by satellite (after explaining to the lone technician at Barrow's studio how to use the village's heretofore idle, multimillion-dollar government-built transmitting complex) and was so impressed by the compelling whale-vs-ice imagery that he sent the footage on to the NBC affiliate in Seattle, which in turn, similarly impressed, slotted the story on that night's edition of the *NBC Nightly News*.

"In northern Alaska, winter comes very early," said Tom Brokaw at the end of his October 13 broadcast, a here's-our-heart-tugging-kicker look on his face, "and for three California gray whales it may have come *too* early." Halfway through his sentence, the technical director ordered the tape operator to *roll tape*. The audio engineer turned up the sound of the first whale struggling to breathe. The cameraman's zoomed-in lens caught the whale's snout lunging through the ice hole like an MX missile, exhaling a herculean lungful of air and water out the top of its head.

Beyond the fact that whales—like pit bulls and child molesters—are always of interest to ratings-hungry newscast producers; beyond the fact that Tom Brokaw had specifically requested that his producers dig up more human-interest stories so that he could appear to his audience as a nicer, more compassionate man than he may or may not be; beyond such utile considerations, a video cameraman couldn't have found a subject more perfectly suited to the medium: three huge animals trapped beneath a tiny hole, contained as if on a set designed specifically for television's needs, the animals' dark heads

brilliantly set off by the bleak, white, unvarying background, their labored breathing resounding in the Arctic silence, their watery spouts visibly crystallizing as the spray fell to the ice—dramatic images, *great television* (as TV people are fond of saying), and all anyone had to do was get there, point a camera and shoot. Or so it probably seemed to the envious, extremely competitive newsmen at ABC, CBS and CNN who watched NBC that night and knew that until they got to Barrow themselves, NBC had an exclusive. Within half an hour after the broadcast ended, Barrow's Top of the World Hotel had received more than 20 phone calls booking rooms for the following night.

FLYING NORTH FROM ANCHORAGE TO Barrow, one sees nothing but virgin forests of spruce and pine, rippling to the horizon in all directions. Farther north, the terrain begins to look more forbidding; trees grow sparser and, past the Arctic Circle, vanish altogether. Near Barrow, as North America comes to an end, there is nothing but white—and as Barrow-bound planes go into their descent, passengers sometimes get the impression that an emergency landing is about to take place on frozen tundra; but no, frosty desolation *is* Barrow.

Three hundred twenty miles north of the Arctic Circle, 1,500 miles from the North Pole, the Point Barrow peninsula lies balanced atop Alaska, a small protuberance crowning the state's elephantine profile; it's as north as America gets. The village of Barrow, at the base of the point, can be reached only by air, except for two or three weeks in the summer when the dense Australia-size polar ice pack recedes far enough for a supply ship to get through. These are the all too few days when the Barrow thermometer reaches its balmy seasonal high of a degree or two above freezing.

But winter returns with nine months of subzero temperatures and 67 straight days of total darkness; temperatures drop to 40, even 50 degrees below zero, with 100 mph winds that make for a windchill reading of -125 degrees—roughly the equivalent of a nippy day on Mars, some 59 million miles farther from the sun.

And yet, despite the inhospitability of its setting, Barrow is the oldest continuous

settlement in the Americas. Most of its residents are Inupiat Eskimos whose ancestors, fed up with Siberia 25,000 years ago, paddled across the Bering Strait, possibly chasing whales. Most kept going, preferring points south where they could become Iroquois, Sioux and Aztecs in relative comfort. A few stayed.

The first European to reach Barrow, in 1826, was the English explorer Thomas Elson, bringing with him many things that were new to the Eskimos: wood (no trees above the Arctic Circle); sugar (no fruits, no grains, no vegetables either); alcohol (hard to manage without sugar); guns; and, as has often been the case when traveling Europeans encounter indigenous populations, an attitude problem. Within a generation, alcoholism had devastated the Eskimo people; villages such as Barrow, whose residents had learned over the millennia how to live well off the spare fat of their land, now survived thanks only to trade and a kind of indentured servitude to New England whalers. With the decline of America's commercial whaling fleet at the end of the nineteenth century, Barrow listed toward extinction—that is, until the Atlantic Richfield Company struck oil in nearby (nearby in *Alaskan* terms—it's 200 miles away) Prudhoe Bay.

Initially, the Eskimos opposed exploitation of the massive oil and gas deposits. On second thought, when they realized they had the power to levy taxes on any installations, they came out solidly pro-development, and the North Slope Borough today enjoys a \$250 million annual windfall. But even with the highest per capita annual income in the world (over \$90,000, most of it doled out by the local government to holders of borough sinecures), most of Barrow's 2,700 Eskimos live below its shockingly elevated poverty line; thanks to the town's singular isolation (*everything*—food, building materials, fuel—must be flown in), a box of Cheerios sells for \$9, a hamburger for \$20, a pizza for \$50, and even families with six-figure incomes qualify for food stamps. It should come as no surprise that Barrowans, when not exchanging fistfuls of cash for basic necessities, enjoy the nation's highest rates of murder, rape, divorce, domestic violence and, of course, alcoholism.

By any standards, Barrow in October 1988 was a sad, ruinous place. Officials of MarkAir, the only airline serving the village, must have raised an eyebrow when reservations began to pour in for the Friday, October 14, flight from Anchorage, the morning after the whale story first appeared on NBC. Normally, the front two-thirds of one of MarkAir's 737s holds cargo on flights to Barrow, but that morning the agents faced an almost unheard-of problem. There were

so many reporters desperate to get to Barrow that the airline decided to dump its preloaded cargo in order to make room for more lucrative seats.

As the plane went into its usual unnerving descent over the white void, sudden death on the ice—or, worse, slow, *Alive!*-like death—wasn't the passengers' only worry. The captain had announced that Barrow, like many Eskimo villages, had voted itself dry in 1986 in a pro forma effort to stem its endemic alcoholism. That this prohibition was frequently and flagrantly violated did little to allay reporters' anxieties.

Stepping off the plane, reporters saw the same bleak expanse of white they had seen from the air, broken only by the rickety airport building, the satellite transmission facility, two four-story "high-rises," and the smattering of homes that, along with a few businesses, make up the village. Driftwood shacks huddled next to six-figure prefab boxes, most clustered near the airport's single runway and looking more like a moon base than anything most Americans (or Syrians or Malays, for that matter) would recognize as a place where men and women could have dwelt for millennia.

The influx of Outsiders, as Alaskans refer to everyone else in the world, and Barrowans refer to other Alaskans, instantly made its presence felt—a thicket of colorfully underdressed strangers (ski parkas and designer

Over the tundra and through the ice: the world's coldest photo op, below—and, at left center, the Soviet ship



snowpants are of little use in the Arctic) shivering in front of the airport, trying to figure out where the hotels were. The locals concluded that the reporters must have arrived to cover a borough mayor's conference that was taking place that week; they were astonished, and amused, when they learned otherwise.



First-class dogsled passengers got to wrap themselves in polar bear blankets and sleeping bags; coach passengers huddled in bloodstained caribou hides and often had to share their sled with a dead walrus or seal, consoled that at subzero temperatures, dead frozen seals don't stink

Fudge, an hour later...

Whales?

Given the village's near-hermetic circumstances, the sudden demographic bulge provided a textbook demonstration of economic theory. The first few planeloads of journalists booked every available one of Barrow's 80 hotel rooms, and three days later, after nine more planeloads, the Top of the World Hotel — a prefab drywall motel built on stilts — began auctioning off occupied rooms to the highest bidders. The underfinanced Eskimo mayors and journalists who had got there first were thrown into the streets in favor of higher-budgeted members of the press who were willing and able to pay \$300 a day for sub-no-star rooms. Locals cleared off floor space to shelter as many reporters as they could pack into their hovels; frigid, exhausted men (and a few women) were happy to pay upwards of \$100 apiece to sleep on cold cement floors. These rates didn't include mattresses, sheets, blankets or running water. (The last of which is not to be taken for granted in Barrow: many homes lack modern plumbing, forcing occupants to venture out of doors to relieve themselves — where they must bring along baseball bats in order to club the packs of snarling, underfed sled dogs that roam the village and are attracted by ripe human odors. Even for reporters who had worked in Beirut and Kabul, this was a singular degradation.)

To make economic matters even more cutthroat, in Barrow they don't take Visa — or MasterCard, or American Express: it's a cash-only place. Charles Lawrence, a light-traveling English photographer on assignment for London's *Daily Telegraph*, discovered this when he arrived without any American money. After wheedling a paltry \$500 out of his editors (enough to get him through a single day, maybe, if he spent carefully), he learned that he couldn't have the dollars wired to the village's single bank. Ultimately, while fending off hypothermia and malnourishment, he had a Fairbanks-based courier fly in with the money, costing him over half his already wee stake.

Journalists with better backing arranged immediate shipments of Barrow's alternative currencies — beer, wine and hard liquor.

Reporters had quickly learned that in an ostensibly dry town, whiskey is as good as money, and sometimes better: with the allure of gold in a country with 1,000 percent inflation, a bottle of Scotch secures a place on someone's floor faster than any C-note.

Lured by the sudden concentration of men and women with expense-account cash, entrepreneurs quickly descended on Barrow. Indeed, the inevitable appearance of I'M SAVING THE WHALES T-shirts was perhaps the one sign of normalcy in an otherwise possessed economy. After all, nothing of note happens *anywhere* in America without being memorialized in 50-50 cotton-polyester blend on somebody-with-disposable-income's chest.

THESE ARE SOME OF THE OTHER THINGS of note going on in the world during the two-week duration of the whale rescue story: the Dodgers were winning the World Series; R.J. Reynolds was taking over Kraft; the Soviets were leaving Afghanistan; Sudanese rebels were shooting down famine-relief aircraft; George Bush and Michael Dukakis were waging our nation's most embarrassing presidential campaign in decades.

But by the Sunday following the initial NBC broadcast, the whales led off all three network news shows, which were spending over \$10,000 a day apiece to cover the slowly unfolding story. By the middle of the next week, the whale rescue was the biggest story in America, capturing unprecedented public attention and even eclipsing (perhaps, in retrospect, not so surprisingly) the enervating election. By week's end, each of the networks had compiled hours of footage of the whales, all of it spectacular, none of it distinguishable. Indeed, when the whales finally did something remotely newsworthy — making their first move to freedom by swimming from the first hole to a larger, second hole that had been kept open for them by a pair of deicing machine entrepreneurs from Minneapolis — none of the broadcast companies that had made the long, improbable journey to Barrow was on hand to record the late-night event. On the other hand, tape of the whales sticking their heads out of the second hole for the first time would have

THAR THEY BLOW!

A VIDEO PLAYLET IN 14 SCENES

Relive the manufactured excitement! Relive the awkward attempts at compassion! Forget that a presidential election, the Kraft takeover and the rollout of the *E.T.* video were occurring at the same time that NBC broke the immobilized-whale story! Now, using official *NBC Nightly News* transcripts, we've condensed the network's drawn-out, cetocentric coverage of last October's events into a newsroom drama that you, your family and friends will enjoy performing at home.

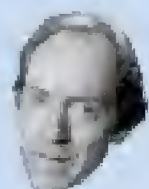
CAST OF CHARACTERS

TOM BROKAW, a genial, if dry, midwestern anchorman

CONNIE CHUNG, a tense, humorless

Asian-American anchorwoman

GARRICK UTLEY, a windy intellectual with a funny name



SCENE

The anchor desk of a network newscast

SCENE 1

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1988

TOM BROKAW: In northern Alaska winter comes very early, and for three California gray whales, it may have come too early this year. Ice is freezing the Beaufort Sea. The whales are trapped in a small pool surrounded by walls of ice six inches thick. They can't break out. Authorities had hoped that an icebreaker could come to their rescue. But no icebreaker is in that area.

SCENE 2

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1988

CONNIE CHUNG: Good evening. Time and hope appear to be — [BROADCAST INTERRUPTION — cut to color bars]

SCENE 3

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1988

GARRICK UTLEY: There are three of them, California gray

whales. They look battered and pathetic, and they're hanging on for dear life today, after spending more than a week trapped in the Arctic ice...

Don Oliver reports now from the most northern point of the United States, Point Barrow, Alaska...

SCENE 4

MONDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1988

TOM BROKAW: It was 14 degrees below zero today off the coast of Alaska, where three gray whales are fighting for their lives. The whales are stranded by ice that formed early this season. They're battered and they're bleeding and they're near exhaustion... NBC's Don Oliver is with them...

SCENE 5

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1988

TOM BROKAW: Who will win in Alaska? The ice or the whales?

Those trapped whales are hanging on as an icebreaker moves toward them in a race against time... NBC's Don Oliver reports there is another reason for hope tonight...

SCENE 6

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1988

TOM BROKAW: There is good news to report tonight about those three whales trapped in the ice of Alaska. NBC's Don Oliver reports that they appear to be regaining their strength while they wait for help...

SCENE 7

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1988

TOM BROKAW: It's been going on for 13 days now. The whales and that ice that they're trapped in off Point Barrow, Alaska... NBC's Don Oliver has been spending a lot of his time in those freezing temperatures, following this life-and-death struggle...

SCENE 8

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1988

TOM BROKAW: A giant makeshift battering ram was flown to Point Barrow, Alaska, today, in a desperate new attempt to free those three whales trapped in the ice for two weeks now. As NBC's Don Oliver reports from the scene tonight, the effort to save these

toward open water as Eskimos cut a path through thick ice. More on the rescue effort from NBC's Don Oliver...

SCENE 10

MONDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1988

TOM BROKAW: It's a whale of a tale and it does go on, that rescue mission off the icebound coast of Alaska. NBC's Don Oliver remains at his post in the frozen north...

SCENE 11

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1988

TOM BROKAW: On the whale watch tonight, NBC's Don Oliver reports: The Russians have arrived. The Russians have arrived...

SCENE 12

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1988

TOM BROKAW: Freedom for the whales. It shouldn't be long now... NBC's Don Oliver reports we're down to the final few hundred yards and a breakthrough...

SCENE 13

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1988

TOM BROKAW: The ice has been broken. But those two whales that have been trapped off the Alaska coast appear to be in no hurry to get going tonight... NBC's Don Oliver remains on station in the north...



"Our reporter is still there — NBC's Don Oliver..."

huge mammals is growing increasingly complicated and expensive...

SCENE 9

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1988

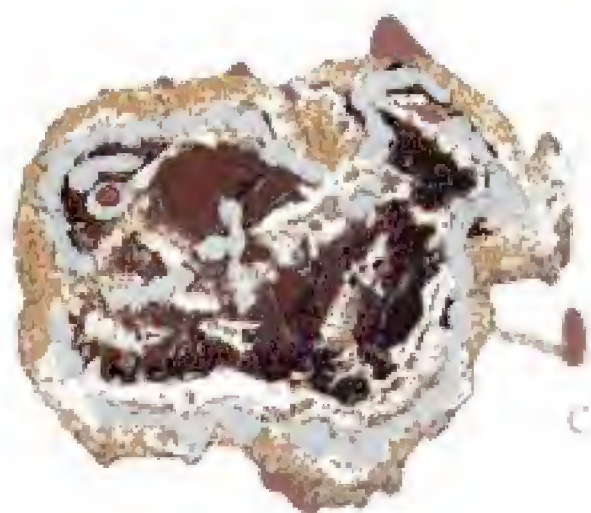
CONNIE CHUNG: One of the three whales trapped in the ice near Barrow, Alaska, has not surfaced since yesterday... The remaining two whales inched

SCENE 14

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1988

TOM BROKAW: Tonight the whales are gone, we think, swimming free in open water, and presumed to be headed south toward warmer water... Our reporter is still there — NBC's Don Oliver...

—Kate McDowell



Burslem went on with the transpacific broadcast and realized that his voice had inexplicably begun to slur. He touched his chin and couldn't feel a thing: his lower jaw had frozen. His viewers, however,

being Australians, assumed he was drunk and, being Australians, ate it up

Fudgie, five hours later, dead; no network news correspondents on hand to record the special moment

hardly differed from footage of the whales sticking their heads out of the first hole for the thousandth time — or from *any* hole, for that matter.

Actually getting to the holes was infinitely more interesting. The first reporters on the scene had commandeered the few available vans and trucks, regardless of (uniformly wretched) condition. Not that cars are practical in Barrow anyway: engines need special heaters to keep their oil and grease from freezing, and a Barrow driver doesn't dare turn a motor off between October and May if he or she wants the car ever to start again. And with Arctic diesel selling for \$3 a gallon, it costs \$200 a week just to keep a car idle. (Auto theft isn't a problem in Barrow: there are only a few roads, none leading anywhere, making theft a kind of Zen exercise.)

The vast majority of reporters had arrived too late to rent a truck and were forced to congregate early each morning outside the Top of the World and bid against one another for the services of Eskimos who owned either snowmobiles or dogsleds and were willing to make the 15-mile trip out to the whales, for which they could get up to \$200 cash — or \$150 and a fifth of liquor. This was for a one-way ride (anyone without \$200 for the return trip was stranded until the National Guard or Search and Rescue picked them up). The Eskimos squeezed out extra profits by offering multiple levels of service: first-class passengers got to wrap themselves in polar bear blankets and sleeping bags; coach passengers huddled in bloodstained caribou hides and often had to share their sled with a dead walrus or seal, consoled that frozen dead seals don't stink.

The 50-minute trip could be a dangerous one. There was always the possibility, however remote, that one might fall victim to *ivu*, a sort of icequake in which the sudden release of stored-up energy in the ice pack causes huge shards, weighing as much as a ton, to shoot out of the sea like warheads — and land like warheads, too. Reporters also had to worry about whiteout, a deadly Arctic phenomenon that has nothing to do with correction fluid: when the wind whips snow-covered ground, the sandstormlike effect

blends with the white Arctic sky, blinding everyone except polar bears, who then make short work of befuddled caribou and stumbling humans. Not that polar bears, who are among the most fearless creatures on earth and have been known to attack helicopters, *need* to rely on whiteout to keep their bellies full: the only reason they never bothered any of the multitude of reporters and whale rescuers was most likely that they had simply found food more to their liking elsewhere. Still, the threat of their imminent interest was such that reporters had to shell out extra for their armed Eskimo drivers to stay by their side on the ice.

And there was always the sheer cold to worry about: one hapless reporter for a Japanese network, within seconds of arriving on the ice, discovered that his contact lenses had frozen fast to his eyeballs; blinking and tearing only managed to freeze his eyelids shut over the lenses, forming a sort of flesh-plastic-eyeball sandwich. Thus momentarily blinded, he was led away to thaw by laughing Eskimos. (Given that the Japanese eat whale meat and think of the animals as very large livestock, their interest in the rescue story must have been largely comic — not unlike Westerners making light of Hindu cow worship.)

As is frequently the case, however, the reporters were by far their own worst enemies. Once having made it to the ice, they pushed, shoved and even threw punches in their efforts to get the best spots for taping the surfacing whales — and drank heavily in an effort to keep warm, no doubt fueling further outbreaks of heated professionalism. Back in their rooms, reporters drank just as vigorously; after all, even Barrow's most modern buildings are rarely heated to higher than 40 or 50 degrees (yes, *above* zero). Perhaps inevitably — or perhaps because Eskimos charged \$50 for trickly, lukewarm showers — personal hygiene went by the wayside.

No reporter suffered more than Ken Burslem, the American correspondent for 10 TV Australia, one of Australia's three major broadcasters. During his first Alaskan broadcast, Burslem realized that his voice had inexplicably begun to slur. He touched his chin and couldn't feel a thing: his lower jaw had frozen. His viewers,

however, being Australians, immediately assumed he was drunk, and, being Australians, ate it up. Burslem was forced to stand for longer and longer stretches in the subzero Arctic night, and the more inebriated his frozen jaw made him sound, the more his countrymen turned on their sets to see him; soon stations all across Australia were requesting their own live interviews with the shivering pseudoalcoholic at the top of the world, and by the end of a long, punishing night chattering to various anchormen, Burslem could barely even manage the slur for which he had become celebrated. Crowds of Eskimos—who rival Australians in their affinity for this sort of spectacle—gathered to watch Burslem's marathon broadcasts, and at the end of his stay in Alaska presented him with the key to Barrow's brand-new alcohol treatment center. Burslem went on to win the Thorn Award, Australia's most prestigious broadcast journalism prize, for his seemingly intemperate Barrow reportage. (Memo to Anthony Haden-Guest: *Down Under*.)

AS THE STORY DRAGGED INTO ITS SECOND week without much incident, even the various news media began to tire of it. "It's a whale of a tale and it does go on," Tom Brokaw semiquipped as he introduced the tenth installment of the *NBC Nightly News*'s continuing coverage. *Time* reported in its omniscient way that "enthusiasm... had begun to wane," while *The New York Times* led off its longest story on the rescue (out of a restrained total of eight) with the objections of biologists who noted that the very fact that the whales were stranded was likely nature's way of keeping the species's flourishing numbers down.

In the end, 14 days after the story broke, the animals were saved by the Eskimos, who, working for the borough at \$15 an hour, cut a succession of holes in the ice from which the animals could swim, one to the other, until they were near enough to open water that a Soviet frigate could cut them a two-mile channel to freedom. ARCO and Standard Oil both donated equipment to the rescue, as did the Minnesota deicing entrepreneurs. Greenpeace instigated the rescue, which was officially overseen by the National Guard. Even President Reagan made his customary phone call. All participants—in some cases far from incidentally—earned themselves some neat PR, especially Greenpeace, which saw its membership soar; the Soviets, who gave up commercial whaling only last year (they reportedly used whale meat as mink feed); and the oil companies, which would dearly need a reservoir of public goodwill when, a few months later, their sister company Exxon fouled a significant stretch of previously pristine Alaskan coast.

The federal government and private industry

spent over \$5 million dollars to save the whales. This may seem like a lot of money to lavish on a random trio of animals, however big, but on the government's terms, the sum pales in comparison with, say, the \$22 billion blown on B-2 bombers. Even Bruce Willis will get more than \$5 million—\$2 million more, though not, thankfully, from the federal treasury—to make *Die Hard II*.

No one knows how much the world's media spent covering the whale rescue. Yet for all their considerable efforts, nearly all of the journalists failed to report what to natives was an actual story: a house fire that instantly incinerated three Eskimo children. Their driftwood shack happened to sit across the street from the Barrow firehouse, but, unfortunately, it was empty that night—the firemen had knocked off early, exhausted from all the hours they had spent on the ice that week, cutting holes for the whales. (No one, however, was accused of negligence.)

As for the whales themselves, only two actually made it. The third, a calf, died of exhaustion not long before the Russian icebreaker reached them. The local biologists, who by having the whales videotaped in the first place had set off the chain of events that led to their rescue, were originally thinking of tagging them with transmitting devices in order to record their migration south to the waters off Baja California, where gray whales winter. The biologists thought better of it, though. Chances were that, given the physical stress the whales' ordeal had put them through, as well as the lateness of the season, the animals would probably just get stuck in ice again somewhere farther down the Alaskan coast—or, failing that,




end up as choice eating for the schools of killer whales and great white sharks that lie off the Pacific Northwest coast. The biologists decided they'd rather not know: it would be a down ending to a nice story. Tom Brokaw would surely agree. ▀

Dateline Barrow, below: it was the great American nonstory, but the rest of the world was absurdly obsessed, too.



BUT WAS THE \$18,000

"We are just beginning to... learn something about the history of the interior decorator, whose influence on modern life has been... both pervasive and profound."— introduction to *The Decoration of Houses*, by Edith Wharton and Ogden Codman Jr., 1897  Somewhere in a large Manhattan co-op, an apartment uptown in every sense, a New York socialite and publisher begins his days by padding across floors covered with rush — vast square yardage of hollow, pliant reeds pulled from swamps and woven together. Medieval European peasants, generally unable to obtain acrylic shag, wove the stuff into rugs to relieve the dirt floors of their huts. The society publisher, needless to say, is not living in a hut; indeed, he could almost certainly afford to cover his floors with a truckload of Sotheby's better Kashans and kilims. Instead he has grass matting harvested



CURTAIN

in a marsh. "It's very soft, very beautiful," allows a colleague, who adds that in order for the rush to stay that way, it demands an unusual regimen of maintenance. "You have to keep it from drying out, so it has to be *watered* every ten days or so," explains the colleague, somewhat incredulously. Yes, that's right, the colleague says—this moneyed aesthete, this cosmopolite, this New York VIP dinner-party fixture, is obliged to *irrigate his home*. "He's got to water his rug."

The question before us, of course, is, why? Why would a rich publisher sow the floors of a zillion-

Beautiful?

AND OTHER TRUE TALES

FROM INSIDE THE HIGH-END, HIGH-PROFILE, HIGH-STRUNG
WORLD OF INTERIOR DECORATING

BY MICHAEL WALKER

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN CRAIG

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dollar co-op with grass matting that demands as much care as creeping bent? Why not go for the Persians, or, at the very least, a half-acre of Du Pont Stainmaster? The answer, of course, is, *his decorator talked him into it.*

IN 1980, BEFORE THE EIGHTIES—THE LUXURIOUS, drop-dead, overrefined, Nancy Reagan eighties—really got under way, there were 160,000 decorators in America. There were more decorators (and *interior designers*—they are essentially the same) than short-order cooks, more people who used the words *swag* and *credenza* professionally than there were who cut men's hair for a living. There were plenty of decorators—one for every 500 American households—to go around. Yet by 1988, even before the Nancy Decade had ended, there were fully 207,000 decorators, an eight-year increase of 29 percent. "Today," says the decorator Mario Buatta, "everybody and his sister is a decorator." And instead of squandering just \$13 billion of Americans' money on moiré fabrics and multiple coats of lacquer and media centers, as they did in 1980, decorators this year have more than \$35 billion of other people's money to spend on bric-a-brac.

This works out to an average of about \$70,000 per job. Which is, on the one hand, a lot of money: the typical American's whole house costs only \$90,600, and even to those richer-than-average people who order up the average \$70,000 redecorating, serious money is at stake—swanky mirrors and rugs instead of, say, a new Mercedes 500SL. The sum is, on the other hand, a pittance, a trifle, useless: tell any well-known decorator—tell Sister Parish, Albert Hadley, Peter Marino, John Saladino, Chessy Rayner, Mica Ertegun, Jay Spectre, Mark Hampton or Vincent Fourcade—that you want to redo your home for \$70,000, and chances are he or she will titter, *literally titter*, at your rube presumption. "If a stranger walks in and says, 'I've got \$10,000—I want you to do my living room,' you know, you laugh," Buatta confesses. "Saladino?" says a Manhattan architect. "To *talk* to him, to say *bello*, you have to have a million dollars." For that minimal \$1 million job, Saladino would take \$250,000 for himself. Mark Hampton says he has no fixed fee as such, but admits that when he is unsure of a client's seriousness or wealth, tossing out some minimum fee to the prospective client "is a good way to test." If the clients are "naïve" about what's entailed in upper-echelon decorating, Hampton says, "in those cases, it's important to establish with these babes in the woods that it costs

\$25,000 to do a really fancy paint job." Even Waldo Fernandez, a not-exactly-famous decorator-to-the-stars in Los Angeles (Elizabeth Taylor, Merv Griffin, Alana Hamilton Stewart, Sean Connery), hesitates to decorate a *single room* for less than \$250,000, or a house for under \$3 million. "You have to pay for quality," Waldo told *Los Angeles* magazine this summer. So you do: before he switched careers in the 1970s and began referring to himself in the third person simply as Waldo, Fernandez's most notable achievement was dressing the sets for *Planet of the Apes*.

Los Angeles, of course, has more than its share of residents with too much money too ready to be squandered on plush, meretricious interiors (Goldie Hawn, Elizabeth Taylor, Michael York,

Like almost all
unfathomably expensive
tyrannies of taste,
the epidemic
of professional decoration
really breeds
within and spreads
from New York City



TWO'S COMPANY, THREE'S A CROWD, EIGHT'S A CARTEL

Clockwise from left, decorators Mark Hampton, Juan Montoya, Jay Spectre, Carl Levine, John Saladino, Pierre LeVec, Mario Buatta and Pierre Moulin

Merv Griffin, et al.), and it has *Architectural Digest*. But even Karen Fisher, the founder of a referral service that finds decorators for neophyte clients, with branches in New York and Los Angeles as well as San Francisco, Chicago and Washington, says undiplomatically that southern California is, in a word, "so *tasteless*. God, when I pick up *Architectural Digest*, I can't stand the stuff that goes on in L.A." Fisher was speaking, of course, from her Manhattan headquarters. Like almost all unfathomably expensive tyrannies of taste, the epidemic of professional decoration really breeds within and spreads from New York City.

In Chicago, for instance, even people who spend hundreds of thousands of dollars to have a bedroom spiffed up seem *embarrassed* to have spent hundreds of thousands of dollars to have a bedroom spiffed up ("No one would drop the name of their designer to make points at a cocktail party," claims one Chicagoan who deals with decorators daily. "No one would say, 'Oh, *my designer* says...,'" whereas in New York anything that one has done in the name of good taste, no

matter how cruelly expensive, is an acceptable cocktail-party subject. In New York, *not* to announce that Buatta did your Southampton place, and Jed Johnson your Central Park West flat, seems... coy.

ARE DECORATORS DUMBER THAN DESIGNERS?

INTERIOR DECORATORS DID NOT SPRING into existence simply to overcharge clients, license their names to pillowcase manufacturers and perfect a caricature of the overbearing poofter *artiste*. Rather, the decorator was born 200 years ago—*what? no bicentennial celebration?*—when a hypothetical craftsman, probably an upholsterer, rose up from his kick pleats one day, hissing, “No, no, *no*, damn it, it’s *all wrong*. The swags go like *this!*” To which his stunned colleagues, particularly the architect, instantly acquiesced, leaving the supervision of interiors thereafter to the decorator and his descendants. (Architects would in this century reassert their rights to interior design, throwing down a gauntlet that divides interior designers and architects to this day.)

Though the terms are used interchangeably [see “Because I’m Not Just Some Upholsterer, Darling,” right], there is a nominal difference between interior designers and interior decorators. “The term *designer* implies a lot more than decorating,” explains a disinterested spokesperson for the American Society of Interior Designers, a trade organization with 28,000 members. The implication is that interior decorators merely decorate—they embellish a room, or “just push furniture around,” as one decorating-magazine editor puts it, while interior *designers* hew complete interior environments with the razor’s edge of their vision. ASID-member interior designers are also supposed to know about unglamorous technical matters: prospective members must take an entrance exam to prove their mastery of residential fire codes, fabric toxicity, space planning and the like.

Yet, whatever they call themselves, decorators-cum-designers can be stupid. A New York architect once went on a professional shopping trip with a decorator colleague. The two were looking over a loose, curvaceous, machine-pressed chair from the 1950s—an icon designed by Charles Eames. “Look,” said the decorator breathlessly, “at that *wonderful* [Charles Rennie] Mackintosh chair.” The gaffe is the equivalent of an English teacher mistaking Jack Kerouac for Henry James. The same architect says he has worked with decorators more than once who have proposed removing a building’s structural columns.

Decorator vs. designer, designer vs. architect, on and on the mutual derision and resentment goes, all the way up the professional food chain. “With a

Darling

BECAUSE I'M NOT JUST SOME UPHOLSTERER, DARLING

Interior Designer or Interior Decorator? A SPY Survey

Who knew what we were getting ourselves into? All we had noticed was that the profession of, you know, *creating new spaces* seemed to have bifurcated into those who call themselves Interior Decorators, the old-fashioned (and once again modish) term, and those who prefer Interior Designers, the more official and contemporary. We thought we’d find out why. But in the process of talking to several dozen prominent decorators and designers, we discovered—besides the occasional suspicious mewling sounds in the background—a veritable can of worms, a controversy raging between the so-called little-old-ladies-who-carry-around-

samples and the more distinguished, more educated, more self-involved *professionals*. Our poll was simple—*Do you call yourself an interior designer or an interior decorator? And why?* Fully 55 percent insisted upon being called designers and uniformly considered *decorator* pejorative. But there were those who claimed neither title, and 6 percent even invented their own terminology. What follows is a sampling of the emotional outpouring and superior posturing our survey occasioned.

THE CONFIRMED DESIGNERS

Bob Patino

Designer. Because I work on reevaluation and reallocation of space.

Melvin Dwork
It’s a total concept. That’s why we are entitled to use the term *designer*.

Charles Damgo

Designer. Because when people think of interior decorators they think of someone who runs screaming from the room when you say you don’t want purple curtains.

Hector Grant

Designer. They call *boise painters* decorators too. We don’t paint.

Patricia Harvey

Designer. Every *upholsterer* is known as an interior designer, and we resent that.

Mazene Efros (a designer whose publicist called and

recommended we poll her)
Designer, but that’s not what I do for a living. I think the term *decorator* refers to the idea of a local slipcover or upholsterer who just decorates. In my mind, if you didn’t have any training, you’re a decorator, and if you did have training, then you’re a designer.

Spokesperson for Samuel Botero & Associates

Designer, because that’s what the license is in. That’s what you go to school for—interior design.

Robert Fymat

Designer. Interior decorators don’t have any education. They do not know how to draw, they do not

know how to read technical instructions.

Jeffery Reddick

We would classify ourselves as interior designers. There are some people who only do surface decorating. We do both. Mario Buatta, for example, is a very talented man who does only decorating.

Jack Lenor Larsen

It’s newly fashionable to be a decorator. Mario Buatta would probably say he’s a decorator.

ON THE OTHER HAND...

Mario Buatta

I call myself an ex-interior decorator who designs.

Gary Crain

I don’t care one way or the

other. Basically it’s a new terminology—it used to be all interior decorators.

Spokesperson for

Kaith Irvine of

Irvine & Fleming Inc.

Decorators. Definitely decorators. He and Mr. Fleming both prefer *decorators*. I think the older people still prefer to be called decorators.

Ellen Sosnow

(whose publicist also called to recommend her opinion)

Decorator. I’m sort of old-fashioned. *Designer* sounds too contemporary.

Juan Pablo Molyneux

Both. For me it’s just a name. As long as I can do my work, then it’s okay for me.

OR COULD IT BE BOTH TERMS ARE OBSOLETE?

Wamen Hansen

Planning and design consultant, because it doesn’t plant the *I* word [interior] in anyone’s mind.

Richard V. Hare

Neither. It’s a long story. I just call myself an *interior consultant*.

THE FINAL WORD

Spokesperson for Melanie

Kahane Associates

Well, she’s dead, so she doesn’t care anymore. It doesn’t matter to her now, one way or the other. But I’ll tell you one thing: she was a damn good decorator.

—Peter Heffernan

Are you one of the millions of enterprising, not-all-that-well-educated Americans with a terrific sense of color and texture and *class*—a would-be major-league decorator but for your lack of an interior-decorating *license*? Alas, the existing state licensing exams tend to be abstract, ivory-

tower exercises, not rigorous tests of practical decorating competence—and besides, they fail to convey the magic and sheer good-life marvelousness of the interior-design field. Well, despair no longer. Here at last, thanks to BARBARA FLANAGAN, is our soon-to-be-nationally-recognized

SPY INTERIOR DECORATORS LICENS

Welcome to the official SPY Interior Decorators Licensing Exam (SIDLE). On the following pages you will encounter lots and lots of fascinatingly multiple choices. Don't hurry through them. Take the SIDLE to the quiet corner of your home or workspace where you do your best conceptualizing, then relax, take your time, sip a California Chardonnay. Consult your best sources, favorite suppliers and intimate confidants, if you choose. *Bonne chance*—and good luck!

PROGRAMMING AND PLANNING

Assessment of client needs, research techniques

1. In the evening, clients most enjoy which of the following pastimes:
 - a. watching hidden big-screen TVs slide, as if by magic, from richly upholstered ottomans
 - b. serving amber-colored cocktails poured from sculptural decanters
 - c. admiring entire walls of books bound in the sensuous textures of aged leather
2. Clients do not appreciate spending money on which of the following:
 - a. early works by inaccessible, experimental young painters, and sculptors over the age of 25
 - b. furniture and appliances that fail to suggest the word *life-style*
 - c. bathtubs without powerful, multidirectional water jets

THEORY

Design and composition, color and lighting

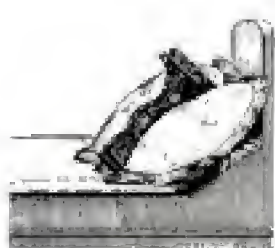
3. Which of the following hues, tints, tones and color concepts are also tempting, nontoxic fruits:
 - a. Rome, Valencia, Seville
 - b. dusty apricot, pale persimmon, blushing peach
 - c. Granny Smith, Jonathan, Golden Delicious, Navel
4. Create the most arousing possible furnishing—horizontally. (Example: *flocked Chippendale bergère manqué*.)

a. distressed	a. Chippendale	a. lowboy	a. manqué
b. flocked	b. Queen Anne	b. ottoman	b. flambé
c. hand-tied	c. Louis XIV	c. bergère	c. touché

CONTRACT DOCUMENTS

Reading working drawings, shop drawings and related visual material

5. Find the reproduction nineteenth-century Japanese cloisonné vase in the following pictures:



a.



b.



c.

BUILDING CONSTRUCTION AND SUPPORT SYSTEMS

Principles and terminology of lighting, plumbing, air-conditioning, acoustics and energy conservation



6. In which one of the following real instances described in a published interview with Liza Minnelli does interior designer Timothy McDonald most successfully provide an emotional support system for his client?
 - a. "Tim just couldn't get over the fact that I couldn't read a floor plan. So he finally said, 'Look, pretend you're in a helicopter flying over the space,' and it worked!"
 - b. "At first it was a bit difficult for me. I'd say, 'Tim—did you see *Gigi*? Do you remember the lace tablecloth?' But very soon we were on the same wavelength."
 - c. "After Mark carried me over the threshold, we walked into a room full of beautiful things—and Halston and Tim. I asked them to leave us alone for a while, because it was such a personal and private moment."

MATERIALS

Identification and characteristics, installation, appropriateness of use

7. Which of the following world-renowned interiors employed flame-resistant chamois leather walls, onyx floors and real tortoiseshell ceilings?
 - a. Adnan Khashoggi's sleekly appointed onetime yacht, the *Nabila*
 - b. the onetime 282-foot floating hideaway of Middle Eastern businessman A. Khashoggi
 - c. the luxuriously crafted 1,800-ton pleasure craft once owned by Monsieur Adnan Khashoggi of Saudi Arabia



BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL PRACTICE

Administrative procedures; client, contractor and supplier relations

8. Paige Rense, editor in chief of *Architectural Digest*, is
 - a. not really a visual person if she gives the cover to the work of a designer other than you
 - b. off her stride if she cuts you down to a two-page spread
 - c. a bitch on wheels if she doesn't return your calls, even after the big basket of Moët arrives
9. Your client requests a comfortable reading chair. You:
 - a. buy a \$1,600 armchair at Macy's that can be delivered in a few weeks
 - b. prepare the following bill, and warn the client not to expect delivery until the 1990s

	NET	LIST	OTHER
i. violet silk wing chair	\$3,500	\$7,000	
ii. add freight (although it is already included)			\$150
iii. add tax (although you have an exemption and pay no sales tax)			\$595
iv. re-cover silk chair in apricot suede (four yards) (upholsterer)	\$480	\$1,200	\$300
v. refinish legs in Chinese red lacquer (lacquerer)			\$285
vi. strip suede, re-cover in violet silk (trim) (four new yards) (upholsterer)	\$50 \$300	\$110 \$600	\$320
vii. refinish refinished legs in faux marble finish (artist)			\$300
	\$4,330	\$8,910	\$1,950
		+ \$1,950	
		\$10,860	

10. Your client's husband asks you why one chair—"a \$3,500 chair"—costs him \$10,860. You answer:
 - a. "Trust me on this one—the apricot was deadly."
 - b. "Pay a professional, get a professional job."
 - c. "Level with me—when was the last time you quibbled over a grand or two?"

exam

HISTORY

Identification of major periods and styles in architecture, furnishings and art

11. Match the following legs with their identifications:

- a. Ludwig Mies van der Rohe
- b. Duncan Phyfe
- c. Andrée Putman
- d. Robert Stern



12. Architects and artists, historically contemptuous of interior decorators—even of licensed interior designers—composed the following closed-minded invectives against our profession. Which one is most unjust?

- a. "We don't want to be firemen whose legs are clad in modern trousers, but whose heads are embellished by the helmets of Roman legionnaires; we don't want to be like those Negroes upon whom the English culture bestowed the umbrella and the top hat, and we don't want our wives to run around naked like savages in the garb of Venus!"—Kasimir Malevich, 1924
- b. "Eliminate the decorator."—Frank Lloyd Wright, 1931
- c. "Let decoration, therefore, die for architecture."—Frank Lloyd Wright, 1931

ESSAY QUESTIONS

Write your own personal reflections on one of the following passages from *Architectural Digest*:

"Waterford and Chippendale, Aubusson and whippets, all were in their element...."

—"Coach House in Oxfordshire," May 1981; Nancy Lancaster, designer

"A bronze whippet pauses, arches its back, and looks over its shoulder, directly—or so it seems—at a contemporary painting in red and white."

—"Black and White Metaphor," June 1984; Kalef Alaton, designer

"Behind the whippet, affectionately nicknamed 'Sam' by the owner, who wanted a very ordinary name to make it more earthy, grows a young tree toward a skylight...."
—*Ibid.*

DESIGN PROBLEM

Based on the information provided in the quotation, draft a rectangular room at half-inch scale, and solve the actual design problem below.

"When we were nearly through with the decor," says the designer [Reginald Adams], "Paul Lynde picked up a bust and said, 'What about this?'"

—"An Actor's Aspirations Realized," *Architectural Digest*, May 1981

designer," says the ASID spokesperson, about to denigrate decorators, "you're getting somebody with knowledge and expertise, not somebody who's just going to match swatches." "He *thinks* he's an *architect*," says one very famous architect about designer John Saladino. Indeed, in this business, resentment is endemic, even within a single caste. Mario Buatta worked for Keith Irvine for a year in the early 1960s, but the two men still relentlessly snipe at one another. Last spring, in preparation for B. Altman & Company's elaborate promotion for Mario Buatta's line of home furnishings, the decorator personally designed the store's six Fifth Avenue window displays. The night before the opening, a rather rarefied vandal soaped the windows, scrawling BOO-BOO BUATTA and ENGLAND HATES BUATTA. The culprit, Irvine's partner Thomas Fleming told a longtime associate, was someone from Irvine's office. (Irvine declined to comment.) Decorators will be decorators.

Of course, no credential guarantees knowledge or expertise or even eighth-grade shop-class common sense. During this, the Nancy Decade, a man designing a home for a Houston couple talked his skeptical clients into letting him order them a custom-made bathtub—a \$20,000 all-copper tub. When the first bath was drawn, however, a conceptual flaw manifested itself: copper is an exceptionally good conductor of heat, and the tub bottom was scalding. *No problem*: the designer designed and had built and installed an elaborate, specially oil-treated teak liner. When a bath was drawn the second time, however, the teak liner floated uselessly to the top. The clients finally fired their fey nincompoop—who was not, in fact, a decorator, nor an interior designer, but an architect.

WE WANT IT, YOU KNOW, STATELY

THE FACT IS, AS LONG AS THEY ARE NOT LITERALLY burning their butts for the sake of design caprice, most clients don't care about nomenclature or certification or training. "Basically, people are buying a product," says Michael McDonough, a New York architect whose apartment interiors have been published in *New York* magazine and *Metropolitan Home*. "The product is status. The status is achieved through invoking some kind of idealized European past. New York is very conservative in that way, and these decorators provide that imagery." One A-list decorator who is paid a lot to provide that imagery agrees. "Just think of Saul Steinberg," says the decorator. "I mean, what a joke that is! I mean, here's a man who has a 38-room apartment that belonged to John Rockefeller, and [Steinberg] bought it, what, 15 years ago? And he had Parish-Hadley deco-

If you get past the
switchboard
at Saladino's office,
you may be asked
first to fork over
a nonrefundable
retainer—as much
as \$50,000



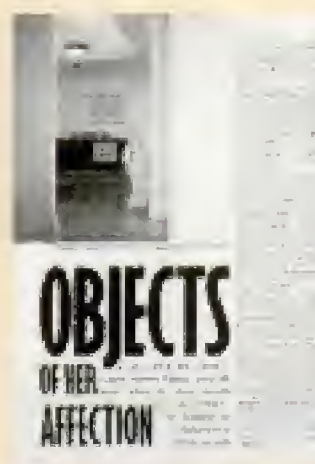
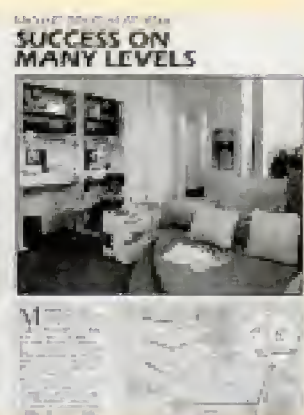
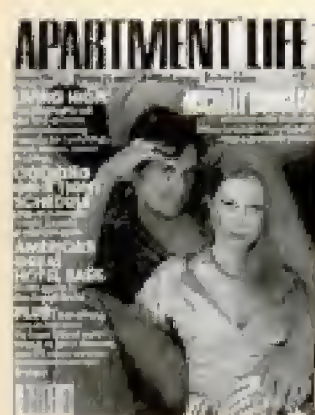
SALADINO

rate it all sort of contemporary-feeling. And then suddenly he goes through that wife; then the second wife, Gayfryd Steinberg, has turned the apartment into sort of a Renaissance museum in Florence. It's really a riot."

Indeed, any tour of New York's power residences reveals a ponderous, heavy-as-mahogany sameness, a sameness much valued by precisely those people who could afford to hire decorators talented enough to give them something distinctive. "It's unfortunately the people that have the money, that can afford to buy things," says Buatta, who "don't buy the right things."

exhibitionist

MICHAEL DOUGLAS, LIFE-STYLE



In 1979, the post-hippie actor-producer insisted on showing readers of *Apartment Life* his Luxo lamps and carpet-covered plywood platforms; in 1988, Michael and Diandra forced readers of *Architectural Digest* to ogle their California house; and now the act has become annual—here, the 1989 *Mirabella* spread on the Douglasses' Manhattan apartment

McDonough, the architect, grants that "a lot of [decorators] are very sophisticated and well educated. They're capable of a lot more than what they're asked to do. But basically it's *Do the English country house*."

And any *faux* lady or gentleman needs, for his or her multimillion-dollar New York City English country house, a formal library, with 300, 400, 500 feet of bookshelves. In many instances, it is up to the interior designer to supply the 300, 400, 500 feet of books as well. Along with stocking reviewers' throwaways, the Strand bookstore does a "quite substantial" business selling used books by the linear foot, according to owner Fred Bass. Prices range from \$5 a foot to \$10 a foot for "more substantial books in better condition"—only a few thousand dollars, in other words, to appear learned. "We get customers," Bass marvels, "who say, 'We don't care what they are—we want an older look.' They need their shelves filled immediately. I've had decorators come in with their clients and say, 'We only want green-leather bindings. What do you

have in green leather?'" One decorator, intimately and embarrassedly familiar with the practice, says that if books-by-the-foot clients "went off to another room and I started looking at their books to see what made them tick, I'd think they had wide, wide interests."

THE FRED-AND-WILMA-AS-COCAINE-DEALERS LOOK

TO SAY THAT ALL OF JOHN SALADINO'S WORK looks the same (distressed walls, steel-and-mahogany coffee tables, pseudo-Greco-Roman sofas), or that every Mark Hampton house looks the same (English Regency armchairs, giltwood eagle consoles, Georgian tables with lion's-claw feet), or that every Jay Spectre apartment (cheesy Art Deco-inspired leather armchairs, curved alcove banquettes, rattan glass-topped dining tables) looks like every other Jay Spectre apartment, is not, in the view of most of their clients, to make a withering criticism—it's the designer's formulaic look they *want*. Self-emulation seems to bother nobody. Waldo, the decorator-to-the-stars—did we mention that Michael York is a client? and Goldie Hawn?—published pictures of an extravagantly renovated Brentwood mansion (the clients were nobodies) in *Los Angeles* magazine this summer: a huge waterfall, curvy ersatz-boulderish walls throughout, a shag-carpeted master suite and grass-cloth-covered Kleenex boxes—the works. It is a memorable house—and was memorable when he did the same thing back in the more ersatz-boulderish-walls-shag-carpet-and-interior-waterfall year 1976. "Nothing is ever new," the decorator told *Los Angeles*. Anyway, he said, the new place, original or not, is "a Waldo." But Waldo, it seems, does not copy just himself. He is said to be unnaturally influenced by the late California designer Michael Taylor. And three years ago, after Merv Griffin had the designer Mark Appleton dream up a desert house for him, then let Appleton go and hired Waldo, Waldo more or less executed Appleton's designs and called the result his own. Wasn't Merv surprised, chagrined, appalled? Waldo says he currently has six decorating projects for Merv under way, including a Spelling-size 60,000-square-foot mansion.

The architects' critique of decorators is not just a matter of educational snobbery or guild jealousy, or class tension. There are a few good architects without visceral antidecorator feeling ("My architecture *wants* to be decorated," Robert A.M. Stern says), but most consider an interior they have designed perfect as is: to decorate a room is to gild the lily—and to use thick, cruddy gilt at that. One trendy New York architect has been working with MAC II, the professional decorating vehicle of socialites Mica Ertegun and Chessy Rayner. He understands why decorators want to tart up New York homes with fake-old-fashioned stage sets—to

mitigate the urban grit outside—but MAC II, he says, “mitigates to the point of making you live inside a pin box.”

Which do you prefer, rich person: occupying a 12-room Victorian pin box, like most of the New York oligarchy, or living in a swanky fake cave? “Everywhere,” *Architectural Digest* said of Cher’s triplex loft in lower Manhattan, is “a great deal of stone.” Tons of stone, in fact: menacing, parking-garage-like outcroppings looming from the coffered ceiling, great slabs rising up like cooled magma to form the pass-through of the kitchen. It is the sort of place Fred and Wilma might live in if they dealt cocaine. “We’ve been doing stone together for about ten years,” said Ron Wilson, the decorator of Cher’s first home and of this, her eleventh.

A PICTURE IS WORTH A THOUSAND WORDS, SOME FLOWERS, A NICE DINNER AND MAYBE A NEW TOILET

WHETHER YOU ARE CHER’S DECORATOR OR NOT, there is probably nothing more helpful to your career than having your work published in a shelter magazine, and no magazine is better at establishing young designers’ careers and at sustaining walking-dead ones than *Architectural Digest*, the undisputed queen bee of high-gloss, color-corrected, living-end, riding-to-hounds life-style fantasy. “Bob Stern used to have a saying,” says a fellow architect. “*Architectural Digest*: three phone calls, three commissions. *New York* magazine: 30 calls, zero commissions.” Not that *HG*, *House Beautiful* and *Metropolitan Home* aren’t fine places for interior designers to place their work. *HG* is the next best thing to *Digest*, and *Metropolitan Home* and *House Beautiful* are in an altogether different class, both from each other and from the *AD*-*HG* pretentious-living axis: both are “service” books, offering nominally useful information. *Met Home*, relentlessly trendy, champions young designers as well as the work of designer-establishment giants and features a bizarre crypto-fashion-magazine style of prose that staff members call Metrospeak. *House Beautiful* (called *House Buattaful* by the low-key, self-deprecating Mario Buatta) is a *Flower & Garden Magazine*-era holdover that seems to have lost its way sometime around 1971.

Shelter magazines enjoy an especially cozy relationship with furniture companies, lighting and appliance manufacturers, florists and electronics concerns, whose products they need to fill out the frames in their photos, and upon whose advertising they depend. The standard photo barter—a

company lends the merchandise for the duration of the shoot in exchange for credit in the magazine—is sometimes supplemented by deals in which, say, bathroom fixtures are installed at fire-sale

prices in an editor’s home. Some editors and contributors also buy furnishings, appliances and electronics at cost direct from manufacturers or through their PR firms.

Decorators too are naturally desperate to fawn and grovel before the shelter magazines. At *Architectural Digest*, according to one staff member, “[editor in chief] Paige [Rense] does receive her fair share of gifts.” If Rense likes you, you can have a lucrative career despite so-so work: no coasting decorator owes more to such indulgence than Jay Spectre, the assembler of identically high-polish, 1920s-by-way-of-the-’70s apartments. During the last two years Spectre’s work has had no fewer than three features in the magazine, a frequency, one *Digest* editor admits, that “at this point is more because he’s a friend [of editor Rense’s] than because of his talent.”

As with any court and its courtiers, some must occasionally drop from favor, if only as an incentive to keep the others currying. Buatta, for instance, is said to be on the unofficial out-list right now because Rense objects to the fact that he has licensed his name to manufacturers of everything from sofas to chintz. And John Saladino: another bad boy. “Paige has been very disappointed in Saladino,” says a *Digest* source, because “she feels that he’s fishy.” Imagine: a *fishy decorator*. Shocking.

A more enduring and directly profitable form of self-promotion is the name-brand decorator book. Mark Hampton, for instance, has cobbled together a book for Random House, *On Decorating*. The decorator Alexandra Stoddard was having a party in her Park Avenue apartment to celebrate the publication of her book *Living a Beautiful Life: 500 Ways to Add Elegance, Order, Beauty, and Joy to Every Day of Life*. She has multitudes of tchotchkes in her flat, all carefully lit with spotlights. During the party, after only four or five guests had arrived, the fuse blew three times, and Stoddard got more harried each time, running in and out of the kitchen and asking, “Would someone please fix these lights?” The third time, she ran into the living room and shrieked, “*This isn’t living a beautiful life!*”

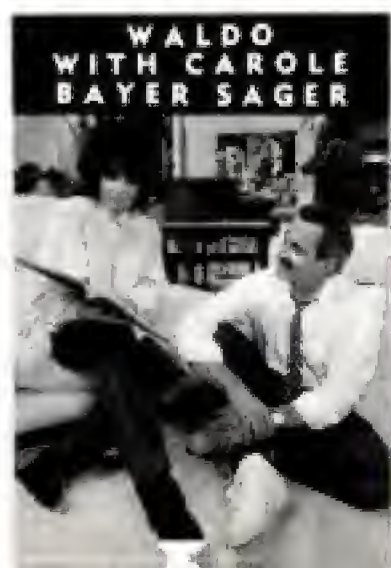
LET’S MAKE AN APPOINTMENT

FOR THE UNINITIATE, APPROACHING THE HIGH altar of big-name design usually begins with a quick lesson in don’t-ask-you-can’t-afford-it economics. If you get past the switchboard at Saladino’s office, for instance, and actually make an appointment, you may be asked to first fork over a nonrefundable retainer. Fine: \$500? \$1,000? As much as \$50,000, according to one client. “For



RAYNER AND ERTEGUN

“We get customers,”
 marvels the owner of the
 Strand used-book store,
 “who say, ‘We don’t
 care what they are—
 we want an older look.’”
 Prices range from
 \$5 to \$10 a foot



WALDO
 WITH CAROLE
 BAYER SAGER



the fifty grand," reports a source, "you get room sketches—what your rooms are going to look like—some color swatches and the way he suggests arranging everything. But that's all you get."

The \$50,000 ante, says a member of Saladino's staff who defends the practice, "happens early on, before the design phase. If the client isn't happy with the design, we [keep designing] until the client is happy. Until they're happy [and give the go-ahead to spend more], the fee remains; we don't charge any more."

You send along the \$50,000 check. You show up at 305 East 63rd Street. "First," says the Saladino designerling, "you meet with, like, the vice president, and then, like, his assistant, to figure out what sort of project it is, to figure out who you are and if the project is real. You know, someone can come in just to joke [see "And Do You Have a Budget for This, Dearie?," left]. When we know it's for real, you meet Saladino." At this juncture, does Saladino's and other big-name designers' involvement with a project wane considerably unless it is a big-money or celebrity commission? *No way*, says the designerling. "He's in full control. We design as a team. Sometimes he likes what we say and we develop it, but we can't come up with something and then put it in front of him, because he's not gonna accept that."

One aspect of the business where no one disputes Saladino's special touch is in the area of clients' bills: they are particularly large, as overstuffed as his trademark leather sofas. "Since everyone accuses me of doing it," the designer has told an assistant about overcharging, "I might as well do it anyway."

And if a price-sensitive client should call stores or suppliers to double-check a designer's figures, it is very much in their mercantile interests to corroborate the designer's bill, since they would naturally like a piece of next week's million-dollar job. But interior designers don't really need to go to extremes to gouge clients, or to steal (*West 57th* correspondent Selina Scott recently sued her decorator, blaming him or his workmen for the disappearance of \$10,000 in jewelry from her apartment): the system is set up to do it for them, legally and politely.

HOW THE MONEY— GREEN, NEOCLASSICAL, LOTS OF ORNAMENT— IS RAKED IN

"IT IS," SIGHS AN ARCHITECT WITH MORE awe than bitterness, "an incredibly lucrative business. There is incredible demand. The overhead is [low]—I mean, they hire stu-

AND DO YOU HAVE A BUDGET FOR THIS, JORDAN?

Free Advice from America's Most Expensive Decorators

we hit the phones.

If you had the last apartment on earth and wanted to redecorate—something postapocalyptic but undegradated, say—would a classy decorator touch the job for anything less than a quarter million—or a mil? Even in circumstances less extreme, what might be the lowest fire-sale price that could coax John Saladino or Jay Spectre or MAC II (Mica Erreguns outfit) to stop by and take measurements? This we determined to find out, by means of deception. Yes: *we lied*. But only in the service of truth.

Company executive, the fictitious Emma Tipton got a loft on Leonard Street and \$100,000 to renovate it as her graduation present (after receiving her degree in photography). We invented Peter Harris, a Salomon Brothers trader with two bedrooms in Rupert Towers who just bought the adjacent one-bedroom flat and wants, finally, to have it all professionally "done" for \$500,000. And we created Gene Wendell, half of a husband-and-wife computer consulting team just in from Tucson who have \$1 million to transform their brand-new Chelsea townhouse into a dynamic working-living-entertaining space with a southwestern feel. Then

One hundred thousand dollars, it would seem—despite being considerably more than the combined salaries of all the writers who contributed to this story—is not enough to even *consider* decorating a loft. "Well, it's a start," offered a Jay Spectre Inc. representative, "but it might not be enough to do a complete project.... You might want to put up some walls, a private bedroom, a kitchen—it might be more realistic to double that figure" (The fellow did at least offer an opinion about our Miss Tipton's chosen profession: "I think photography is a very important art form.") We were hardly so lucky with John Saladino. Their vice presi-

dent, John Nihoul, suggested that "with your budget you might do better with a smaller firm.... We reach \$100,000 very easily in a billing." And the MAC II representative—who drove swiftly to the heart of the budget question and was inordinately curious about how we came to acquire the loft—was least convincing in her offer to pass the message along. "Okay, loft on Leonard Street. And that's, uh, modern furnishings?" she feinted, pretending, it seemed clear to scrawl the details of our call. "We'll get in touch and see if we can set up an appointment." At press time, we're still waiting.

is at least tempting to the professionals. Nobody seemed to care about the nouveau, Wall Street aspect of our fictional cash; it was meager enough, however, to make them reticent about a house call. Geoffrey "Hello, I'm Jay Spectre's Partner" Bradford: "Probably the best thing would be for you to come in and see us, see some of the work we've done, talk about the way we work—which is very simple—and see if we can work together. How's next week?" Chessy Rayner at MAC II: "I think you can do very nicely for that amount of money. Are you familiar with our work? I would suggest that you make an appointment to come in and take a look."

Thankfully, for those kinds of dollars, a decorator refuses to alienate. When we asked the vice president of Saladino's firm about the possibility of combining "classy" geometric patterns, eighteenth-century antiques and art deco, he saw no problem at all. "Yes, absolutely—we think of ourselves that we can do anything." And the \$500,000? "That sounds very appropriate—it's, of course, not the largest budget we've ever worked with, but it's not unreasonable." Chessy Rayner was even more exuberant about our \$500,000, and our eclectic ideas: "Absolutely. Mixing it up is a good idea—I don't think you want all antiques or all overstuffed."

All of which suggests that for \$1 million, you pretty much get the sort of interior decor you actually want. A vaguely plausible-sounding computer consulting business moving to New York from Tucson? One office floor, one living floor and one entertaining floor, done Santa Fe? A husband-and-wife team where the *husband* makes the decorator-hiring calls? You got it. "You'll do just fine. You should come in *soon* and talk to the principals"—Mac II. "Oh, it sounds *beautiful*! Some of the ceiling heights in those Chelsea townhouses are *splendid*!"—Jay Spectre Inc.

—Peter Heffernan,
Henry Alford and
Elisa Schappell

dents right out of school. They bill everything. And more power to them. All they're doing is responding to what the market will bear. Which seems to be, like, basically unlimited." Say there are, conservatively, 20,000 American households that want name-brand decorating and that each year a tenth of them commissions major work—in other words, 2,000 high six- and seven-figure jobs annually to be chosen by the several dozen famous and quasi-famous American decorators.

Underlying this remunerative El Dorado is a complicated and ultimately price-fixed fee structure based on mythical "retail" prices for furnishings, fabrics and other matériel, and on mutually beneficial sales practices between the designers and their suppliers. Top-of-the-heap designers often work for a fixed fee, typically 25 to 35 percent of the total cost of the job.

But in addition to their fee, most designers pocket a large windfall by buying furniture and other supplies at "net" cost, tacking on a 25 to 40 percent surcharge and billing the client this "retail" price. So in our \$1-million-minimum scenario, the designer actually pays only \$600,000 to \$750,000 for furnishings and supplies billed to a client at \$1 million.

While the decorators' buy-low, sell-high practice is somewhat analogous to a building contractor's buying materials at cost and pocketing the difference, at least you or I could go down to the lumberyard any time we wanted to buy the two-by-fours. Not so with decorating. "It's impossible to find a good upholsterer, or get good workmanship, or buy fine fabrics without the assistance of a designer," notes Karen Fisher. "All the best showrooms are closed to the public, and most are very careful to deal with the trade only. [The designers] have established a very powerful union in their position there."

The locomotive pulling this gravy train is the to-the-trade showroom, from the venerable Decoration and Design (D&D) Building in New York to the elephantine "design centers" that have sprung up in most major American cities during the last decade. Access to these bunkers is, theoretically, strictly limited, the expensive goods inside unavailable to even the most conspicuously consumptive Park Avenue arriviste unless he or she is in the company of a designer or architect. Why not just sell the pieces directly to consumers? From the furniture companies' perspective, it's a matter of distribution. They say there isn't broad enough demand to justify manufacturing and marketing such merchandise—Knoll's Pfister sofa costs \$16,901, a Barcelona chair costs \$6,486—at a retail level. But by cutting in the designers with professional discounts and selling only to them, the manufacturers are assured a steady stream of business and are insulated

from real, price-lowering competition.

"It's a very common practice in the industry," says an architect responsible for many high-priced New York interiors, "for the showroom to say to the designer, 'How many receipts would you like?' And 'Would you like a blank receipt?' Very common. Not everyone does it, but let's just say it's *understood*, okay? Look. You own a showroom. You're sitting there looking out the window, you've got nothing to do, and somebody walks in and drops \$350,000 worth of business in your lap. So what do you do? 'Hey, um, I really want to show my appreciation for this—would you like the receipt [later presented to the client] to show the retail or wholesale [net] cost?' Perfectly innocent question. In other words, there are very polite ways to structure the paperwork."

Keeping the clients in the dark about pricing when they finally do breach the walls of the showrooms is institutionalized. One dodge, cheerfully exposed by *Metropolitan Home*, is the "5-10" price tag, which allows browsing designers to calculate a piece's net price without tipping off the client. For example, the net price of an ottoman marked 730-10 is calculated by subtracting 5 from the left figure and 10 from the right, or \$725—which is what the designer will pay the showroom. The client pays the designer anywhere up to \$1,000. Is everybody happy? Probably. Is the client crazy for paying \$1,000 for an ottoman? Probably. "The whole relationship," concludes a regular *Times* Home section contributor, "is inimical to the client in the first place."

I SPEND, THEREFORE I AM

BUT THE HIGH PRICES ARE OFTEN THE UNSPOKEN point of *going* to Chessy or Jay or Mark, of luxurious decorating generally: it's hard, almost an oxymoron, to practice conspicuous consumption in a shrewd, financially prudent fashion. "They've made a lot of money on Wall Street, and now they're learning taste," sniffs a non-rush-mat-owning New York publisher, who's worked with several decorators over the past two decades, of his decorators' typical clients. "And there's a lot of people around who want to spend a lot, just so they can tell their friends how much they spent decorating. Visit me in the Hamptons, I'll introduce you to a hundred: 'I had John Saladino and it cost a million dollars to renovate my living rooooooom!' They can't wait to tell you what they spent." "Bored wealthy women who never see their husbands," says an architect, "are buying entertainment—they're just tickled pink to spend \$4 million with Mario Buatta."

Is there no limit? Does no one just say



One architect says

he has worked

with decorators

more than once

who have proposed

removing a building's

structural columns



no? Recently an antiques dealer, having retained one of New York's most expensive interior designers to decorate his Southampton bathroom, received a bill for approximately \$18,000. The sum was not, as one might reasonably assume, the charge for the entire project; it was the decorator's fee for procuring and installing a single curtain. The gravy train lurched; the antiques dealer ordered the curtain removed and sent back to the decorator; the client made it clear he did not intend to pay the \$18,000. Another Manhattan client who, with her entertainment-executive husband, inter-

viewed Hampton and Buatta about decorating their Upper East Side townhouse says a Parish-Hadley designer gave them the choice of a \$100,000 Aubusson and another rug for about \$50,000. Again, the gravy train made an unscheduled stop; the couple rejected both rugs, although they could have afforded either. "I basically said to [the decorator], *We're not the Kravises*. We're not, you know, wanting to put on a big show."

Sociologically, the decorator-client relationship is often deeply interesting, fraught with confusion and thus one-upmanship about who is snottier or more powerful than whom — *Swept Away* without the sex. In most cases, both the client and the designer are from relatively humble backgrounds, yet they are in

all likelihood creating a distinctly aristocratic showcase, and each is anxious to convince the other that refined taste and social self-confidence and huge sums of money do not faze.

"Most decorators," says an important New York decorating editor, "grew up poor, on the edge of a swamp. Their work as decorators is a nose-pressed-to-the-glass experience. Decorating, for them, is the ultimate expression of arrival. They all, however, try to leave you with the impression that they spent their childhoods romping on rolled lawns." In this sense, the \$18,000 curtain becomes, in all but its particular form, no different from the 24-karat-gold Kimball concert grand piano at Graceland. Spectre grew up in Kentucky, Saladino in Missouri. And although Hampton freely admits that his father was an undertaker and farmer in Indiana, he has a very flutey, non-farmer's-son accent. "There's so much pretense in the business," Buatta says. Decorators "think they're so much better than the client." Recently, Buatta says, he watched "one young [decorator], a southern guy, he's one of the most pretentious people you ever

MARIO BUATTA TALKS ABOUT GOLDDIGGERS, PARASITES, PARVENUS, EXTREME

ON SIZING UP CLIENTS

When I first started in business 27 years ago, I used to spend weekends with clients, stay at their houses just to get a feel for how they lived. Which was great, because you got to know how they used the house and what they expected of you. I don't have that kind of time anymore. I've gotten a lot wiser in my old age. You can pretty much size up the way people live just looking at the way things are.

ON KEEPING CLIENTS' HUSBANDS OUT OF IT

Usually they don't get their husbands involved. If they're smart, they don't, because it confuses the issue.

ON NEW MONEY DESPERATE TO LOOK LIKE OLD MONEY

Our business is made up today of so many people who have just come into a lot of money. They've never had

anything; they come to you with nothing. They don't know who they are, and they want you to give them a backdrop— instant heritage. There's a whole world of new-money people who were never WASPs and never can be, but they want to live like WASPs. You see, they have nothing, they want it all yesterday. [They buy] furniture we used to turn up our noses at—late-nineteenth-century stuff. They're all out there to prove that they've got taste and they've hired the right designer. It's all insecurity; that's all it is. It's trying to say, "I've arrived. Look at me."

ON THE SUGGESTION THAT HIS LICENSING BUSINESS HAS CAUSED HIS FALL FROM FAVOR AT ARCHITECTURAL DIGEST

That's the craziest thing, because I don't get that many jobs published — [my]

clients are private. It takes three days out of your life to photograph a job—I don't have the time. I don't need the business. But [*Digest* editor] Paige [Rense], my God—they call me every month. "What have you got? What have you got?" She gets mad at me because I don't give her anything. I don't know what they're talking about, [that I've gone] "commercial." Jay Spectre has done more licensing than I have, and she shows him all the time.

ON THE PARASITISM OF FELLOW DECORATORS

I want to tell you something: this business—there are so many jealousies, so many bitchy people. They say Seventh Avenue is bad, but I think the decorating business is worse—who got this client; who got that client. I hate to use the word *parasite*, but they become

THE EVOLUTION OF

Left, from the preternaturally cozy, animal-painting-clogged pseudo-Victorian look in 1973... to the preternaturally cozy, animal-painting-clogged pseudo-Victorian look in 1989; right, three Kips Bay showhouse rooms—the 1981 tchotchke-crammed ersatz



want to know, and of course, who is he with? He's with a typical New York kind of client, and the banter was so funny: she's just plain housewife; she thinks he's *somebody* but he really isn't." The architect turned decorator Peter Marino, who grew up in Queens, also has a strangely *raffiné* accent, the better to make clients such as fashion designer Valentino and richest-wife-in-America Claudia Cohen defer to his extraordinarily expensive aesthetic suggestions.

DUELING EGOMANIACS: DECORATOR VS. CLIENT

THE LOOK OF THE TYPICAL MY-DECORATOR-IS-MY-copilot Park Avenue pleasure dome may have less to do with the client's unadventurous taste than with the contemptuous iron will of the person doing the decorating. At this level, client participation, aside from check writing, may be strictly optional or even proscribed. "Mark Hampton will come in and look around your apartment and 'diagnose' you," says a source who has dealt with Hampton. "And there's no back talk allowed. Your dining room is going to be *umber* and you're going

to have bookcases on the walls and the curtains will be a certain way. If you don't want to do that, it's going to cause problems. Everyone is so charmed by him and likes him so much, I don't think they put up a fuss." "A lot of people imagine decorators are very dogmatic," Hampton himself acknowledges, but "I consider myself very alert to my clients' preferences. Lots of my clients have very strong opinions." According to one atypically feisty client of another designer, "My decorator goes, 'Oh this is faaaabulous, you *must* buy thees.' Well, come on, Pallio, cut the shit. If everything is fabulous, then nothing is fabulous. But most people wouldn't say that to a decorator. They'd say, 'Oh yeah? You want me to buy that? Well, uh, sure, I guess so, okay.' Most people wimp out with these decorators." Indeed, a certain identity loss for the client, judging from repeat bookings, may be part of the point. "We're not against [new money]!" Sister Parish, the field's 70-ish, authentically upper-class grande dame told *HG*. "We want to give them pleasure, make them feel comfortable... and *grateful*."

It all begins to sound faintly sadomasochistic. *Give me a million dollars to make you feel ignorant and irrelevant, and don't forget to thank me.* "When a client comes in, they're nice," says a staff member at one of New York's best-known decorating firms. "And when they leave, it's 'Oh, I hate the witch. Did you see her shoes? I hate them.'" Even celebrated clients

"Most decorators,"

says an important

New York decorating editor,

"grew up on the edge

of a swamp. Their work

is a nose-pressed-

to-the-glass experience"

THE BUATTA LOOK

English sitting room with rococo mirror and thick print draperies... the 1984 tchotchke-crammed ersatz English bedroom with rococo mirror... and the 1987 tchotchke-crammed ersatz English sitting room with thick print draperies and rococo mirror

JEALOUSY, FAMOUS FREELoadERS AND PEOPLE WITHOUT

taste



attached to people like the client is theirs and theirs alone.

ON PATHETIC CLIENTS

I had a client who once placed numbers on every object, so in case they were moved, she could remember where they went, exactly the way I left them. Vase No. 1 was under table No. 1. They took pictures that they showed their housekeeper: "That's the way he did it; that's the way it has to stay." They're afraid... and it's kind of sad.

ON HIS ANNUAL WORK LOAD

Whole houses? Probably not more than 5 or 6, but we have, like, 80 jobs on the billing book. *Major houses.* People now [in July] I'm telling I can't do anything until January. Some of these people keep you busy all year round; some clients are doing things every month.

ON WELL-KNOWN CLIENTS WHO DON'T WANT TO PAY

There are these ladies who consider themselves so special that if you work for them, you should do it for nothing. Celebrity types? Uh, well, have you read any books lately about famous ladies? That one was famous for wanting everything free.

ON THE MISERLINESS OF SUCCESSFUL GOLDDIGGERS IN PARTICULAR

A lot of these women who marry the older man for what he's all about rather than the fact that they love him or for looks or whatever, you sometimes find, with them, that they're always nickeling and diming, always trying to save the husband's money. And then you get into arguments—she always points the finger at you if something goes wrong.

ON THE UNPROFITABILITY OF DECORATING

Kids see what you're making and say, "Gee, he's making more on the carpeting for that room than I make in a week." [But] you never make big money decorating. There's never a great decorating fortune made. Your expenses are such, especially at your bigger firms, that your money goes right out the window with expenses.

ON BILLING SHREWDLY

When you send the bill, you have to be very careful. There's psychologically a right time and a wrong time to send bills. First of all, you never send big bills, since big bills knock their socks off. So you send lots of little bills; you don't wait until the job's complete and send one big bill. It's easier for them to swallow the little bills.

—M.W.

are not immune to the snigger-and-wink. "Joel Grey was very specific about what he wanted," John Saladino once reminisced. "He said he went around the house without a shirt, so everything he sat in had to be comfortable. He'd take fabrics and run them across his chest, then the fabric was put out to his cats to see if they'd claw it." Ever since, in Saladino's office they run what they smirkingly call the Joel Grey Test on fabrics. "It becomes a real



strain," one decorator says, "because no matter how much a client might annoy you with their likes or dislikes"—*how dare they!*—"and no matter how much you wish they would see things your way, their input is always gonna make the project unique."

To be fair, of course, clients sometimes deserve the contempt their *mwah-mwah* kissy-face designers privately heap on them. According to press reports, Nancy Reagan has spent this year bothering her decorator

Ted Graber by phone day and night, fussing endlessly over details in the Reagans' new Bel Air house. And in Malibu, where John McEnroe and his famous wife are refurbishing their house, neighbors have reportedly taken to calling her *Tantrum* O'Neal for the screaming fits she directs at the refurbishers.

The beautiful people are also, after all, high-strung, fussy, mercurial people. Tina Brown has had Chester Cleaver, yet another designer-to-the-stars, as her decorator ever since she arrived in the U.S. back in the middle of the Nancy Decade. He had made her East Side apartment look Mayfair-esque in 1986, after which he was the subject of a flattering article in Brown's *Vanity Fair* in 1987. Last spring, Cleaver was engaged to make over her office on the fourth floor of Condé Nast's Madison Avenue headquarters. A flashy, lavish redesign was proposed by the decorator and approved by Tina in April: custom blond wood cabinetry, cranberry-red carpet, glittery seventies-style violet walls, jazzy fluorescent lights, a huge black and white marble slab desk. But by the time she'd returned from her vacation in July and beheld the redecoration for the first time, Tina had changed her mind. Brown (who is notorious for assigning and then killing entire issues' worth of articles and photography) promptly had everything but the cabinets ripped out and replaced. Now the walls are off-white, the carpet is off-white, the lights standard fix-

tures, the desk plain wood—and it may all remain that way, unless the magazine's editorial art director comes up with yet another redecoration scheme, as Brown suggested after the Cleaver fiasco.

Even though she has been "doing stone together for years" with her decorator, Cher can be a very naughty client, too. After work was substantially complete on the kitchen in her lower Manhattan paleothon, Cher decided the new kitchen, which had been built open, should be rebuilt enclosed. *Fine*, Ron Wilson said. Then she decided that no, she wanted the kitchen opened up after all. *Fine*, Ron Wilson said. "That's not unusual for her," he explained to *Architectural Digest*. "She's a very strong Taurus, and I'm smart enough, being a Taurus myself, not to argue with her."

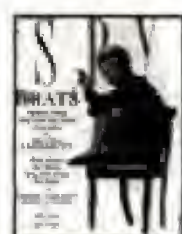
Or, as one society designer has said, apropos his many moneyed clients: "What I do is hold the hands of a lot of rich cunts."

WHICH LEADS US, SOMEHOW, TO THE ULTIMATE question: Do we really need interior decorators? The vast majority of designers, of course, would answer affirmatively; and the majority of designers perform low-key, competent services for ordinary people who haven't the time or inclination to furniture-shop or visualize traffic flow from the mud room to the breakfast nook.

"Theoretically, if you have a well-defined enough sense of taste, what the hell do you need a decorator for?" asks a decorating client who nevertheless continues to use one. "They do lend a cohesion, and they go out and shop. Which is why I hire them—not to impose their taste on me, but to do a lot of the legwork I don't want to do." And, as we have seen, designers, for good or ill, hold the keys to the castle. "People with quite good taste will use a designer because they need the access [to the showrooms and other craftsmen]," says Karen Fisher. "Do you know a good carpet installer? Right. Do you know a good painter? The fact is, the horror stories you hear about decorating tend to come from people who tried to [do it] themselves on the cheap."

So we're stuck with the interior-decorator proliferation. And, to be sure, the designers who cling to New York society do serve an indispensable function—which is to give the very, very rich a *privately* appalling way to spend their money. As long as social climbing remains the precarious journey it is, the path littered with the bodies of those who decorated wrong and lost their footing, there will be a decorator standing by with a stout coil of rope and a plummy voice to lead the rest of the way up. And the nouveaux riches—even the not-so-nouveaux riches—will pay up and follow. Gladly, even. As Sister Parish said, it's important that they feel comfortable...and *grateful*. ▀

By the time she returned
from her vacation
and beheld the flashy,
lavish redecoration
for the first time,
Tina Brown had
changed her mind—
and promptly had
almost everything
ripped out



December 1986

BRATS

"Brats want everything—fame without achievement, money without employment, fun without effort. And brats get what they want."

March 1987

TRUE CONFESSIONS

"Hacking through the celebrity memoir glut. The sex! The drugs! The awkward prose!" Rock Hudson, Charles Manson, Tina Turner and much, much more in our easy-to-read foldout chart.



September 1987

THE MEN WHO DEFEND THE MOB

"Our American system of justice requires that every defendant, no matter how vicious or contemptible, receive the best legal defense possible."

October 1987

THE SPY 100

"Our annual catalog of the truly appalling, the unintentionally amusing and the unrelievedly banal."



November 1987

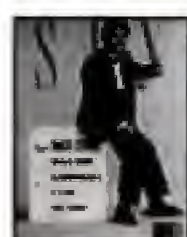
KENNEDY BASHING

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March 1988

THE FILOFAX GENERATION

"They're always jotting, jotting, jotting, seemingly intent on committing to paper every facet of their existence and systematically cramming it all between the covers of their bulging 'planners.'"



April 1988

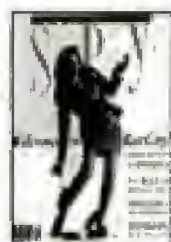
OUR NICE ISSUE

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May 1988

WELCOME TO RAT CITY!

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September 1988

LIFE-STYLE HELL! OUR SPECIAL LOS ANGELES ISSUE

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October 1988

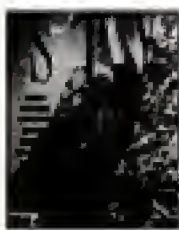
THE SPY 100

"Our annual census of the 100 most annoying, alarming and appalling people, places and things."

November 1988

FEUDS!

"It's not enough for some people to be well-to-do and well known; they need to be well-to-do and well known and belligerent."



December 1988

SEVENTIES-SOMETHING

"A return to the decade of the mood rings, ultrasuede, sideburns and disco sex-machine Tony Orlando."

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LAZY,

HAZY, CRAZY

Were the reviews of the big summer spectacles phoned in from the beach? Were the reviews of the big summer spectacles all strangely similar?

BY HENRY 'DUTCH' HOLLAND

For months now, *Rolling Stone* movie reviewer Peter Travers has been swerving across the border into Boffoland, once solely the domain of such movie publicist's friends as SPY's own Eric Kaplan™ and his estimable successor, the renowned boulevardier/cineast/messenger Walter Monheit™ (see page 46). Of *Scandal*, Travers actually wrote, "Prepare to be wowed." A month later, he found that in *Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade* "the thrills are nonstop." (If you don't believe me, check

REVIEW
OF
REVIEWERS

the back issues of *Rolling Stone* in your kid brother's closet.) Combing Travers's writing for hints of irony—we Hollands always try to give people the benefit of the doubt—I detected none. Then, in one issue in August, Travers lost it completely: *Lethal Weapon 2* was "jolting, jacked-up entertainment"; the animated short *Tummy Trouble* was "wilder, wackier and wittier than most full-length films"; *A Hungarian Fairy Tale* was a "potent piece of bureaucracy-bashing"; *The Music Teacher* was "hypnotic, haunting"; *Twister* was a "fiendishly funny farce."

The pleasure wasn't all alliterative. "Whenever the going gets tough, the movie gets going," said the phrasemaker regarding *Great Balls of Fire*. "Attention, sequel sufferers [okay, a little alliteration]," our straight-faced town crier wrote, "Rob Reiner offers welcome relief." (*When Harry Met Sally...* was a "ravishing, romantic lark," by the way.) Travers concluded, "Harry and Sally may be a match made in hell..." Will anyone have trouble completing this sentence?

"...but..."

Yes, I'm afraid so.

"...watching them is movie heaven."

Simple concepts like movie heaven and movie hell didn't suffice for most critics when it came time to discuss the over-rated *Batman*, and specifically Gotham City. (In case you're wondering, Travers said Gotham looked "dazzling, decadent" and that Nicholson's Joker was "a wild, warped wonder.") *Batman* gave reviewers the chance to show what they'd learned in undergraduate creative-writing courses, leaving readers up to their utility belts in adjectives and ambitious descriptions. Here is a roundup of some reviews:

(1) In Tim Burton's *Batman*, the skyscrapers are

- (a) "dulled-out" (David Denby, *New York*)
- (b) "elongated" (his pal David Edelstein, the *New York Post*)
- (c) "thickly clustered" (their mentor, Pauline Kael, *The New Yorker*)

(Pauline, if the skyscrapers aren't elongated, surely *something* must be? "[The] tenements.")

(2) The two words that *best* describe the feel of Gotham City are

- (a) "bunched together" (Denby)
- (b) "bunched together" (Edelstein)



PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEOFF KERN

(3) Most creative opening: "The camera drops in leathery glide, swoops over a wall, dips again, and coasts deeper into night. What is this place, these dim abutments and empty, roofed streets (canals?), a coliseum undiscovered in the desert? Credits play. The camera continues its winged prowl. At last it rises, circles, and looks down at where it's been: inside the intaglio of a great bat, the one salient feature in a world of darkness. The design may be as big as a temple roof or as tiny as a signet ring. Whichever, inside it's where we have been, too"—Richard T. Jameson, *7 Days*. (Suggestion to the editors of *7 Days*: in keeping with the college-newspaper-cum-small-literary-press feel of that paragraph, why not just pay Jameson in course credits, or copies.)

(4) Best mistake: "We hear music so doomy you might think it to be Mahler, though it's really Prince in a cosmic mode"—Vincent Canby, *The New York Times*.

You might, if you were Vincent Canby, think it to be Prince in a cosmic mode, but it's really Danny Elfman who scored the movie (Prince did the songs). Memo to Canby: We can't stand 2 see U embarrass yourself—time 4 U 2 pull out your copy of *Dirty Mind* and get reacquainted with His Royal Badness now.

(For more on *Batman* crit, see page 36.)

Another critic who slipped up briefly last summer was the *Voice's* Georgia Brown. "Now," she wrote, John J. O'Connor-like, in her review of *Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade*, "comes Irish actress Alison Doody in her first screen role." Well, it *was* Doody's first screen role if you discount her featured appearances in *A View to a Kill*, *A Prayer for the Dying* and *Taffin*.

Now two lovestruck writers. David Edelstein, a fine if easily smitten critic, continues his valiant struggle for control over his hormones. "The corners of his mouth dribble gross white viscous froth resembling...never mind," he wrote, maturely, of the dog in *Turner and Hooch*. And in *sex, lies, and videotape*, one character "always looks as if he's just finished masturbating or is about to start." More encouragingly, although he was clearly taken by Caroline Milroe in *The Magic Toyshop*—he described her as "beginning to exude that young-woman

aroma that drives boys (and movie cameras) wild"—Edelstein ended his review with an amusing, self-knowing wink: "For such young women do patriarchs overstep their bounds, ensuring their overthrow. And film critics have to be careful, too." Exactly.

And someone else's emotions have spilled over. Here is this month's *Vanity Fair* profile excerpt: "They are astonishing, those eyes.... The perfect conformation of azure eyes, dark brows, lashes so thick they would make Loretta Young envious—these things are startlingly evident the moment he greets me.... He pogoes toward me, eager and breathless, a puppy flicking its frisky tail.... The gods...created him in the form of a heartthrob.... His physical perfection.... He looked too young and too pretty.... His best performances are in romantic roles...in which his boyish gusto can come to seem something more: ardent, overwhelmingly sensual."

Right: Stephen Schiff on Mel Gibson.

While my friend Pendlebury's French vocabulary is limited, it seems twice its actual size owing to his habit of repeating each phrase, particularly when he's agitated—as in "*les billets, les billets*" or "*vite, vite*." No such padding is required for *New York Post* movie critic Jami Bernard, whose facility with Italian was celebrated in this column two months ago. This time Bernard has added that certain *elle ne sait quoi* to two otherwise perfectly good reviews. *Four Adventures of Reinette and Mirabelle* is an "Eric Rohmer bagatelle," in which one of the characters, who is "studying something *tres chic*," does not teach her cousin "the ins and outs of the *metro* or anything like that." And Wayne Wang's *Eat a Bowl of Tea* takes place "in a stir-fry of Chinese and American cultures." Can't wait to hear what Bernard has to say about the next Fellini anti-pasto, or perhaps a disappointing Bergman comeback smorgasbord, or an undiscovered Fassbinder gem of a wurst.

When all the pans (not the stir-frying kind) were finally in, just who was the main offender—the offender *di tutti offenders*, as Bernard might put it—in Joseph Papp's star-riddled production of *Twelfth Night* (formerly by William Shakespeare) in Central Park last summer?

"The worst offender is Jeff Goldblum."

—Clive Barnes, the *New York Post*

"By far the worst offender is Goldblum."

—William A. Henry III, *Time*

"Easily the most shocking offender is Mr. Goldblum."

—Frank Rich, *The New York Times*

That's not mimicry, that's critical consensus—the reviews appeared on the same day.

Taki's piece in *Fame* on shipowner Stavros Niarchos was surprisingly entertaining. Still, it managed to contain

(1) too many lessons in Greek culture that we don't remember signing up for ("Greeks like to spoil their children"; "Greek society was very closed"; "[Greeks] consider ambition and strength admirable qualities"; "Cultivating aloneness is a common Greek trait"; "In the... Greek culture, a man is expected to womanize"; "Greeks are among the world's greatest rumormongers");

(2) too many hokey Niarchos nicknames ("the Golden Greek," "the Delphic oracle");

(3) Taki's trademark heavy-handed liberal-bashing (shah, yea; Papandreou, nay—plus choice Taki sarcasm built around such phrases as "the outraged liberals," "of the liberal persuasion," "like true liberals" and "naive bleeding hearts");

(4) classic Taki snoblesse oblige ("I spent my honeymoon on the [185-foot, three-masted schooner] *Creole*, and I must admit it was very hard to sail on *any* boat after that"—precisely why I gave up getting invited to sail the Mediterranean on schooners); and

(5) one bad grammatical error ("he invited my wife and I").

Finally, hard-liner John Simon, who almost never makes grammatical or factual errors, has apparently started serializing his autobiography. Look for it under the heading Theater in *New York/Cue* magazine. Here is Simon reviewing *Up 'n' Under*, a play about an underdog rugby team: "When I was playing rugby at the Leys School, Cambridge, I never heard of a miniaturized version of this thirteen-a-team game with only seven players and ten minutes a half. At Harvard, I made the rugby team immediately...."

Next issue: Simon, while reviling a production of *Macbeth*, is reminded of the A+ he got in third grade for a story he wrote about some witches. ♣

THOSE FIGHTIN' LUCASES

*One's a Reaganaut, the other
hates the system—but they love
each other like brothers*

BY JOHN BRODIE

Earlier this year, Attorney General Richard Thornburgh recommended to President George Bush that William Lucas, a



Detroit lawyer and former FBI agent, be nominated to serve as assistant attorney general in charge of the Justice Department's

Civil Rights Division. Bush agreed. At the time, the nomination seemed politically elegant: Lucas, who is black but is opposed to affirmative-action quotas, would be regarded as a strong man by the right yet be acceptable to the left because of his race. All that remained was a pro forma Senate confirmation hearing. Unfortunately, a week before the president's official endorsement the Detroit chapter of the NAACP (a chapter Lucas was supposedly active in) condemned the candidate and issued this succinct statement: "At the Justice Department, he would be a nonleader." Quickly, Thornburgh's Stealth nominee tripped the radar of the organized left across the country, and the man Ronald Reagan had dubbed Cool Hand Luke found himself undergoing a confirmation hearing more contentious than any since John Tower's—and one with the same end result.

William, however, isn't the only Lucas attracted to high-pitched publicity: his brother, Father Lawrence Lucas of the Resurrection Roman Catholic Church in Harlem, is as committed a shoot-from-the-hip radical as his brother is a Repub-

lican-come-lately opportunist. Indeed, while William was fighting for his political life in Washington last summer, making floundering GOP sounds before Congress, Father Lucas was loudly defending the teenagers who were accused of raping a jogger in Central Park.

Two ideologically opposed brothers sprung to political prominence from the same Harlem household—the uncanny thing is that Norman Lear has not yet optioned the Lucases' story. Indeed, like a made-for-TV remake of *Angels with Dirty Faces* (the Jimmy Cagney movie in which one childhood pal grows up to be a gangster and the other a priest), the Lucases have matured to become each other's theoretical political nemesis. But in this version, it is difficult to decide which brother to cast as the ne'er-do-well: with one embracing Lee Atwater and the other Louis Farrakhan, the question of egregiousness is clearly relative.

True to script, Father Lawrence Lucas entered the world in the back of a Harlem taxicab in 1933. His brother William was five at the time. They were raised together by immigrant parents from the



West Indies, devoted Roman Catholics who died when the boys were still young. Separated, they were raised by different relatives.

In 1962 William graduated from Fordham Law School, which he attended nights while working as a New York City cop. He was recruited by then Attorney General Robert Kennedy (who was seeking to integrate the Justice Department) and hired on the contingency that he pass the D.C. bar exam within nine months.

After flunking the test, he joined J. Edgar Hoover's FBI in 1964 as a special agent. Until that time there had been five blacks among the 5,500 FBI agents—two of whom acted as Hoover's office footmen, while another served the director as a dog walker and occasional cook. As a special agent from 1964 to 1968 in Detroit, Lucas—whom Bush wanted to manage all federal civil-rights enforcement—was perfectly situated to get the scoop on the civil-rights movement. During these years the bureau devoted its resources to developing the "Ghetto Informant Program" and producing a greatest-hits tape of sexual sounds bootlegged from Martin Luther King Jr.'s room in Washington's Willard Hotel.

Meanwhile, back in Harlem, Father Lawrence Lucas was forging a liberation theology from his pulpit at the Church of the Resurrection, where he became pastor in 1969. Among his first acts as parish priest were painting the statue of Jesus near the altar brown and establishing a working relationship with the Black Panthers (which probably earned him a file in his brother's agency). In 1970 Random House published his account of race relations within Catholicism, *Black Priest/White Church*, which expressed views he described as "a discomfort to many." By this time, Lawrence Lucas had begun to acquire the four handguns that later won him the description "pistol-packing priest" from the tabloids.

His pistol-packing brother left the FBI in 1968 and became Wayne County (Detroit) sheriff, a job he held for 13 years. William Lucas oversaw a department that used fire hoses on prisoners and confined them in a feculent holding area known as the Hole. "He didn't control the system," explains one Lucas apologist (correct: he controlled the *department*).

In 1982 Lucas, a lifelong Democrat, was elected Wayne County executive. Nevertheless, in July 1984 Ronald Reagan asked Lucas to accompany him to a campaign stop in Michigan. During the ensuing months George Bush, then vice president, met with him four times. Neither Bush nor Reagan seemed concerned that seven years earlier Lucas had withdrawn his name from Jimmy Carter's short list of potential FBI directors because it was revealed that he had accepted a free junket to Las Vegas from

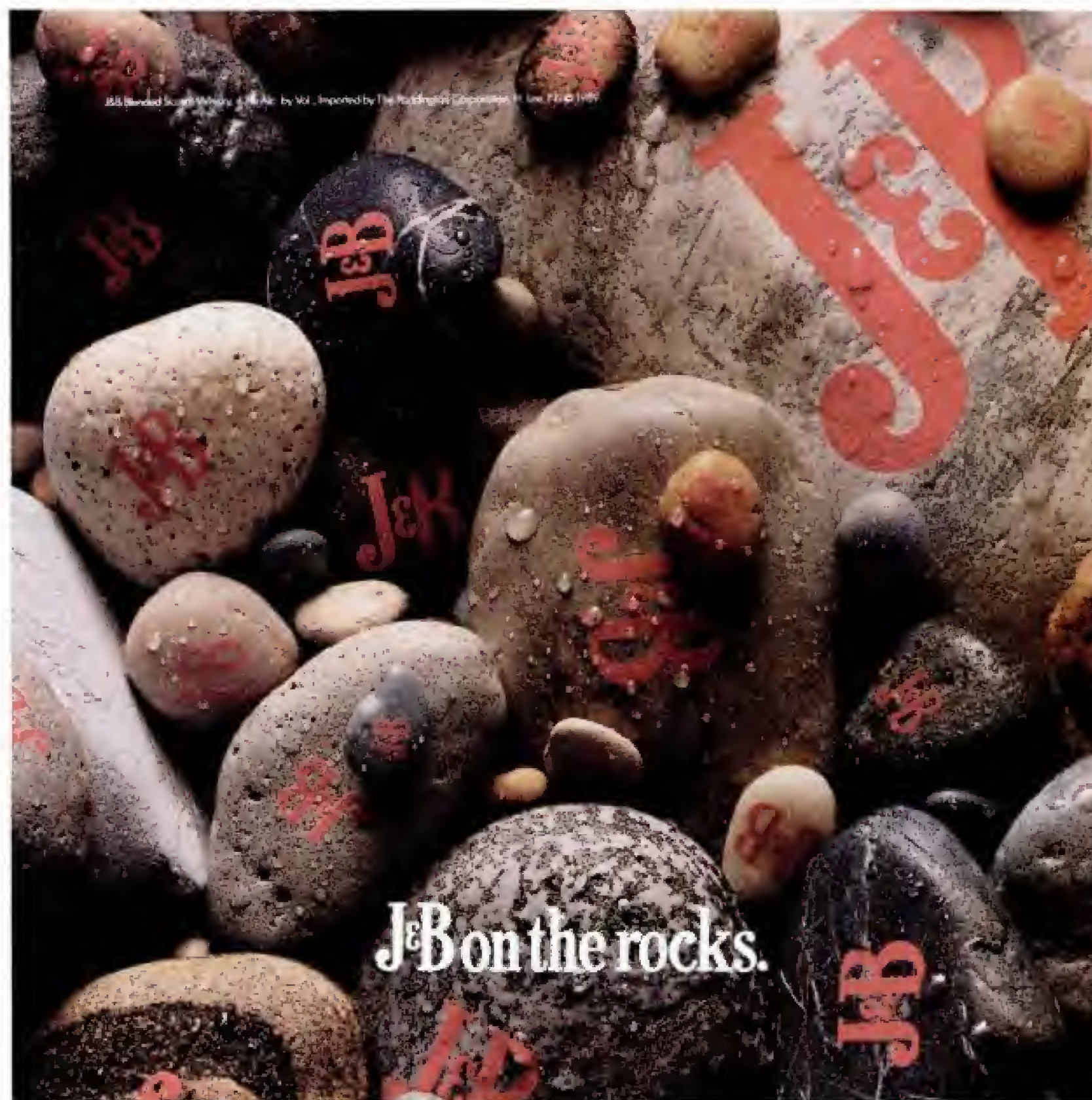
an indicted gambler.

Ten months after Lucas met Reagan, he switched parties, in one stroke becoming the highest-ranking elected black Republican in the country. As a Democrat he would have been way down the list as a candidate for the Michigan statehouse. When asked upon his conversion about a run for governor, Lucas told reporters, "It would be presumptuous of me to believe as a new member I could step to the front of the line and seek that office." Needless to say, Lucas ran for governor as a Republican and got whipped in the 1986 general election.

Lawrence Lucas's aspirations have remained both more ambitious and more circumscribed: he has run for no political office, but he would still like to demolish the present political and economic system by whatever means necessary. In an interview with *SPY*, he was quick to point out that carrying firearms is perfectly in keeping with the Catholic doctrine of self-defense. "If you must injure, you must do only that injury required in order to save your life. . . . If it is necessary under those circumstances to take a life, then you are morally justified in so doing." Father Lucas adds the exegesis, "The approach to abortion is consistent with this, but unfortunately there seems to be concern only for the nine months that I'm inside mama's womb. When I come out"—here he seems to shift gears—"and they see what I look like, then they don't care about white Catholic cops killing black folks left and right and whole policies of genocide coming from the White House right down to Gracie Mansion."

But when it comes to his brother's collaboration with the white police establishment, and now the Bush administration, Lawrence's indignation has a blind spot. He's even campaigned with his brother. When asked today about his brother's alliance with Ronald Reagan, Father Lucas finds a good all-purpose leftist dodge: "As far as I'm concerned, Democrats and Republicans are just opposite arms of white supremacy. . . . I'm not a slave to the Democratic Party."

In July, when William was being pilloried by the NAACP and abandoned by Jesse Jackson, Father Lawrence was one of the few activists to stand by him. "He was a Democrat turned Republican," says the priest of his brother, "which apparently is wrong, if you're African,



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to do so, but it's all right if you're a Ronald Reagan or a Rudolph Giuliani."

With a similar, leftward outflanking maneuver, he dismisses his brother's antagonists among civil-rights leaders: "I call them 1940s-style, NAACP handkerchief heads," he says. But he reserves his most caustic criticism for the white liberals who opposed the nomination: "They say, 'Hey, boy, hey, girl—we're going to dictate your values and priorities. If you do it, you're a good nigger; if you don't, you're a bad nigger.'"

During his brother's Senate confirmation hearing, the white liberals and the handkerchief heads were merciless, battering William Lucas, and for a moment the political arena seemed turned upside down. Howard Metzenbaum, the predictably liberal Ohio senator, repeatedly asked Lucas about a 1985 customs declaration in which Lucas had failed to disclose more than \$8,000 worth of jewelry and clothing. Senators Joseph Biden and Paul Simon challenged the nominee's ability to be a leader in the civil-rights movement. And Senator Edward Kennedy, on the twentieth anniversary of Chappaquiddick, asked whether

Lucas would defend women's rights.

To Lucas it must have been strange to turn for comfort to old segregationist Strom Thurmond and Orrin "The Democrats are a Party of Homosexuals" Hatch during his lashing by the liberals. Despite Thurmond's efforts, the nomination was dismissed after a 7-7 vote; Lucas was later consoled with the nonconfirmation-needed title of director of the Justice Department's Office of Liaison Services.

On the first day of hearings, though, there occurred a fraternal juxtaposition as telling as the political fracas itself. Father Lawrence Lucas arrived in the Senate hearing room alone and disarmed. He was escorted by a Bush administration handler past the well-scrubbed William Lucas clan to his own row. As the room filled to capacity, Father Lucas sat cordoned off for most of the morning.

While his brother stood before the Judiciary Committee fending off allegation after allegation with only an effusive smile—just like his political succubus, Ronald Reagan—Father Lucas, dressed in his habit, rested a hand on his empty holster, and smirked. ■



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Page 127: Anthony Savignano/Galella, Ltd. (B. Trump); Ron Galella (Buckley); all others, M. Lloyd-Foxe.

BACKWARD MARCHES

TIME

*While Time Warner's generals
rhapsodize about the takeover, the
cheerleading can't convince the troops*

BY MACAULAY CONNOR

If ever a word confused the wage apes who stalk the corridors of Time Warner, the giant cable-TV and movie concern,



it is the one so regularly bandied about during the months leading up to the takeover of Warner Communications by Time Inc.

The magic word, needless to say, is *synergy*. No amount of wishful, carefully crafted agitprop memorandums—at least one written by Peter Quinn, who worked on Mario Cuomo's dramatic keynote address at the 1984 Democratic National Convention—was able to establish the precise working definition of *synergy*, or how it would apply to Time's once lustrous stable of magazines that includes *Time*, *Sports Illustrated*, *People*, *Fortune*, *Money*, *Life* and, of course, *Cooking Light*.

The journalists at *Time's* Washington bureau were given an insight into what this exciting buzzword might mean to them, however, over lunch recently with Dick Munro, Time Inc.'s pious, excitable chairman, and teeny Reg Brack, the ferret-eyed magazine-division head. Fielding a question from a bureau member regarding what this blather meant, Brack testily made clear the company's intentions. "By this time next year," he raged, "there will be 10 million *Batman* videocassettes out there. And each and every one of them will have a subscription coupon for *Entertainment Weekly* stuffed inside. Now, *that's*

what I mean by synergy!"

It must fairly be said that Munro and his fellow executives have worked tirelessly at mustering enthusiasm among the troops for the Warner merger. Such was his passion for the deal that Munro's very mood would apparently suffer violent swings in the course of a single meeting with colleagues: he was furious one moment and on the verge of weeping the next. At the many such meetings, long and bitter discussions ensued about the fact that, among other minor merger-related problems, the company would suddenly cease being profitable and would turn no profit in the foreseeable future—and therefore would be unlikely to continue its policy of awarding profit-sharing sums to its employees, which can amount to at least 10 percent of a Time Inc. employee's annual pay. When editor in chief Jason McManus was asked about this early last summer, he hemmed and hawed and pawed the floor a bit before finally confessing, "Well, gosh—we really hadn't given that any thought. I'm kind of unprepared to commit to anything on that right now."

*When Munro was making one of
his jacket-off, man-of-the-people
visits to the cafeteria, the assembly
quietly booed him*

At Munro and Brack's little get-together with the Washington bureau, it fell to one brave correspondent to ask the really tough question: "Are you making as much as the rest of the press says you're making?" Although Munro and his co-conspirator and putative successor, the height-enhancing-shoe-wearer Nick Nicholas, Time Inc.'s president, will come out \$52 million ahead because of the takeover, Munro boldly said before a roomful of people whose pay and job-security prospects have not exactly been improved by the merger, "Money has never mattered to me. *I make more than I need.*"

That's not to say Dick Munro can't be

a very sensitive guy. When, at one of his postmerger morale-boosting forums, he was asked what Time Warner cochairman Steve Ross's people would be doing to tighten *their* belts, a tear fairly formed in the corner of Munro's eye. "Look," he said softly. "If you knew Steve the way I know Steve, you'd feel about him the way I do. He's a real softy and just doesn't fire people. Besides," Munro continued, "he looks after *talent*, and you really have to coddle talent." In other words: *No. Warners will not be cutting back.* Ross will continue to airlift his laundry and Steven Spielberg's dog out to East Hampton, because Warner deals with *talent*, as opposed to the expendable editors and writers who helped make Time Inc. one of the most respected magazine empires in the world.

Now, to get closer to his buddy Steve, Munro and the friendless Nicholas had decorators and workmen fashioning new office space for themselves even before they had been given the final go-ahead for the takeover. Not in those cold, cruddy Sixth Avenue offices of the Time & Life Building, mind you, but on the superexecutive floors of Warner's much tonier offices at 15 Rockefeller Plaza, where they would be closer to Steve—and all that coddled talent.

But for all his efforts at convincing Time employees that encumbering themselves with \$15 billion in debt was a good idea, Munro's propaganda campaign served only to confuse and frighten. In a speech to shareholders back when the Time Warner deal was a comparatively sensible merger, not a pointlessly expensive acquisition, Munro assured Time Inc. employees that *their jobs were not in danger; they were the most valuable part of Time Inc.; he could see the pain in their eyes when he ate lunch in the employee cafeteria.* Weeks later, when Munro was making one of his jacket-off, man-of-the-people visits to the cafeteria, the assembly quietly booed him. Around the same time, a directive reassured employees that although management did not foresee any layoffs, it had decided to sweeten the company's severance policy. A follow-up memo to Time journalists asked ominously, "Is a system designed several decades ago still appropriate for the 1990's? Is there a more effective way to get things done?"

If the editors and writers at Time Inc. were looking for help from above, they appeared to be out of luck. Jason

McManus is certainly more popular than his predecessor, Henry Grunwald, but he never quite seemed to get a handle on the whole takeover. His salary was almost double what it was when he first took the job—he knew *that*. But when he and his fellow executives met with editors and writers to discuss the takeover of Warner, it became apparent that nobody on the 34th floor reads business magazines, least of all the ones they publish. One editor asked, reasonably, what management would do if, in a year, the Time Warner stock price didn't equal what it would have been under the Paramount offer. "By then it will be a dead issue" was the matter-of-fact answer, demonstrating a cynical disregard not only for the interests of the shareholders but also for how the business press would cover the story a year hence. (The "Year After the Merger" story, with much attention devoted to the stock price, is a basic business-journalism standby.) Soon after the merger was consummated, McManus seemed to go out of his way to look like a play-ball, bottom-line executive: Katherine Bonniwell, the publisher of *Life*, asked him to sack Pat Ryan, the managing editor of *Life* (and a 28-year Time Inc. veteran), and McManus complied, subjecting Ryan to his customary, chilling I'm-about-to-fire-you greeting, *My friend...*

But come the merger's first anniversary, many of those who conspired to effect the merger may be gone. Munro is due to jump ship next spring, the honeymoon between Nicholas and his coequal-to-be Ross is probably over already, and there has been considerable posttakeover talk of McManus stepping down and being replaced by Time managing editor Henry Muller.

Bets are being hedged all over the place—indeed, it's virtually corporate policy. Weeks before Delaware Supreme Court chancellor William Allen ruled in Time's favor on the takeover, well-placed officials of the company seemed almost uncannily certain that the deal was theirs. What was not made widely known to anyone but Paramount's attorneys was that Allen used to be a partner at Morris, Nichols, Arscht & Tunnell. And Morris, Nichols, Arscht & Tunnell just happens to be the firm that represented Time in the proceedings. So *that's* what they mean by synergy. ▀

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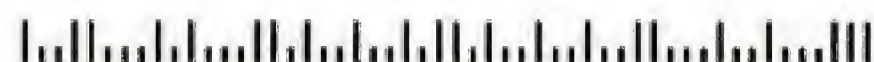
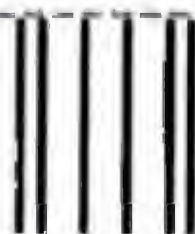
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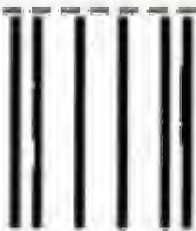
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THE DUMBER THE BETTER

*On Wall Street, why
knowing who doesn't know
beats knowing who knows*

BY WILLIAM SMITH
AND EDDIE STERN

Wall Street investors are always looking for new ways to predict the ebb and flow of financial markets. They collect tips, sub-



scribe to abstruse newsletters and follow any of a number of seers who employ complex mathematical models. But one of the

most effective approaches is the theory of dumb money: the idea of studying where Wall Street's dopes advise you to put your money, and then doing the opposite.

Perhaps the most reliable tools for such antiprognostication are *Time*, *Newsweek* and *U.S. News & World Report*. The theory holds that popular opinion is a solid indicator of what *not* to do. According to Wall Street analyst Paul Macrae Montgomery, there are few better expressions of conventional wisdom than the cover stories of the newsweeklies.

Montgomery has researched *Time* covers back to the 1920s. He has found that whenever an executive or financial trend is famous or obvious enough to warrant a cover story, its days are dwindling. For an executive, a cover indicates that his downfall is two to three years off. Ivar Kreuger, who once controlled three-quarters of the world's match trade, made *Time's* cover the day before the 1929 crash. Two years later, he was a suicide. A more recent victim of the cover-boy curse was Steve Jobs, who appeared on *Time's* cover about

three years before Apple chairman John Sculley engineered his purge.

More useful to dumb money-ists are cover stories dealing with interest rates or the future of a particular industry. Such stories will signal the practiced dumb-money watcher to heed the trend in the short run — say, for one to three months — and then to reverse course. In March 1982, for example, as three-month T-bill rates hit 12.5 percent, *Time* ran a cover story on INTEREST RATE ANGUISH. Over the next month, three-month T-bill rates rose to 13.5 percent and then began to fall dramatically. By August, five months after the cover story, interest on three-month T-bills had sunk to 8.4 percent, prompting *Newsweek* to run its own cover story on August 30, 1982. This would have signaled the dumb money-ist that interest rates would, in fact, go up, and, sure enough, after a month passed and rates dribbled down to 7.7 percent, a rebound occurred, and interest rates returned to double digits before the year was out.

Mere coincidence, you think? The October 1987 crash inspired dark, desperate cover stories in both *Time* and *U.S. News & World Report*. Dumb money-ists who bought shares a month after the crash in



any of the so-called Index Funds that rise and fall with the Dow Jones Industrial Average would have made 36 percent on their investment by last May.

Dumb money-ists are also fond of *Wall Street Week*, the PBS series hosted by Louis Rukeyser that features stock tips from big-time brokers and analysts. According to Norman Fosback, president of the Institute for Econometric Research,

Rukeyser's viewers get stale advice. Fosback tracked 200 predictions made on *Wall Street Week* and concluded that one can make money betting *against* the recommended stocks. Just call *Wall Street Week* two weeks before a given show and ask for the names of the analysts scheduled to appear. Then call the analysts' firms, find out what stocks they've been recommending to their clients (and will soon recommend on TV) and buy them. Then, two weeks after the show airs, you sell. The touted stocks, claims Fosback, rise gradually during the two weeks that precede their mention on the show, and surge on the following Monday as viewers across America rush to act on tips they heard Friday night. The stocks then fall an average of 3.2 percent over the next six weeks.

Rukeyser, a dispassionate observer of these findings, disagrees. "We're talking about a ridiculously bad study, full of baloney," we were told by the man who wrote *Playboy's* "Women of Wall Street" feature. "The only reason [Fosback] did it is because he wasn't invited on the show."

Rukeyser, however, corroborated our research on another dumb-money bellwether, *Barron's* editor and columnist Alan Abelson, saying he had been "much too bearish lately." Well, so he has. We tracked Abelson's record for a 30-month period and found him to be usefully un-prescient. Abelson missed four of the six major stock-market surges that occurred between January 1987 and May 1989 — yet was not bearish enough to call the crash. Indeed, his predictions throughout 1987 explain why he is such a favorite of dumb money-ists. From January to March 1987, Abelson was bearish as the market rose over 400 points. On March 23 he turned bullish, just as the market dropped 98 points over the following month. Evidently chastened by that downturn, he became bearish in May, just as the market began its climb to its precrash high of 2,722 in August. By that point, Abelson had again turned bullish, even jesting in July that the market might crack 5,000. He remained bullish into the fall, even after the wild selling that preceded Black Monday, which prompted him to hypothesize cheerfully that he "may have seen the worst" and was "encouraged" by the economic climate of the day. Those uncharacteristically sunny words appeared on October 19, the day of the crash. ■

3 MEN

AND THEIR BABIES

*Superdaddy Spelling is off TV,
fuddy-duddy William Morris
is just TV, muddleheaded CAA
wants a client only on TV*

BY CELIA BRADY

Tori, Tori, Tori: Aaron Spelling—the man who once likened the television business to *Death of a Salesman* by saying, “We are



all Willy Lomans in this business. We make our trips to the networks and tell them an idea, and they either buy it or turn it down”—has recently been exhibiting behavior typical of an altogether *different* type of family drama, one more in keeping with the glamorous sop he himself produces. It seems that Spelling is a father with a heart so big that he has set aside a handsome portion of the eighteen acres that his 65,000-square-foot Holmby Hills house spreads across for his daughter, Tori, so that when she grows up her heart, body and furniture will always belong to daddy.

Generous to a fault, Spelling has also taken to shoe-horning Tori's name into various production contracts that land on his desk. Furthermore, as if oblivious to the fact that this is the first time in 25 years that he has no series on the air—and to the layoffs in his company—Spelling recently had to be talked out of giving the young actress a Rolls-Royce for her sixteenth birthday. Yes, a seeming extravagance—but then again, given that Spelling furnishes his wife, Candy, a Los Angeles beauty with the complex-

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ion of a lovingly burnished turd, with \$10,000 a night in gambling funds whenever they go to Las Vegas, his gift of a Rolls would simply have been the sign of a man who knows how to treat *all* his girls right.

Image Is Everything: If you were Norman Brokaw, chief executive of the sleepy old William Morris Agency, how would you have reacted to the awed, loving profile of Mike “the Manipulator” Ovitz in *The New York Times Magazine* last summer? Would you have (a) offered Mike his old job back; (b) convened a meeting of all major William Morris agents to get them working together toward making the firm a force in movies once again; (c) forgotten everything else and called your public-relations firm?

The answer, of course, is (c). Brokaw, now surrounded by the hum of decorators and workmen who are busy pulling up the old, mildewed carpets in the agency's chronically dark Los Angeles offices, apparently feels that the firm would benefit from an enhanced stature on the East Coast. It falls to Lee “That’s Mr. Sinatra to you” Solters to make it all happen.

To illustrate that the Morris agency's

movie client roster is not made up entirely of irrelevant oldsters, Solters has been bandying about the names of its recent (and young) conquests, such as Uma Thurman and Tim Robbins. (The only William Morris movie star who is big and young is Tom Hanks.) Solters also has been dutifully repeating the wishful company mantra that it is still the pre-eminent agency in television.

And, Finally, the CAA News: Ron “Agent Meyer” Meyer has been caught once again exercising his inviolable agent's rights. It seems that CAA seduced Jane Seymour, the pouty miniseries queen, over to the agency by promising the respect-starved actress she would somehow get feature-film parts. However, when a producer called Jane to discuss her possibly acting in an upcoming feature without first having consulted Meyer, the banty Warren Beatty impersonator telephoned the producer and berated him mightily. Not for violating Hollywood protocol, not for his lack of respect. No, Meyer apparently (and somewhat inexplicably) upbraided him for forgetting that Jane Seymour is a *miniseries* star.

See you Monday night at Mortons. ☛

LABOR

DAY AND AFTER

*She told him she wanted to have
his child. Now shove has come to push*

BY ELLIS WEINER

First, the news: Nathaniel "World's Cutest Human" Weiner has a new sister—Gillian "Epithet to Be Announced" Weiner.



She is, of course, terribly naive; I don't want to say she was born yesterday, but, as of this writing, she was literally born yesterday.

Mother, baby, father, brother, pediatrician, nurse and obstetrician are all doing fine. Don't laugh. For an obstetrician to be doing anything these days, let alone "fine," seems to be little short of miraculous. As this magazine's younger, childless or illiterate readers may not know, obstetricians are bailing out of the profession like so many D. B. Coopers—something about skyrocketing malpractice insurance rates, although for a wan OB (say *wan oh-bee*) the rates would probably best be described as skywalking.

I haven't slept much.

Not that I lack the mental lucidity to feel deeply ashamed of the blatant behind-handedness and unchicitude of our whole "birthing experience." The happening trend, after all, is to have baby delivered by a midwife—a development I consider a mixed blessing. *Midwife* is so much easier to say than *obstetrician*. Then again, *obstetrics* sounds clean and technical, while *midwifery* is pronounced, against all common sense, mid-WIFF-ery, and sounds like an intermediate juncture in the process of striking out. (*Foiled by the pitcher's oh-and-two slider, Hernandez delivered himself of a colorful midwifery oath.*)

Then there's the likely revitalization of the (arguably already too revitalized) stand-up comedy industry. Look for wom-

en to be the main beneficiaries. I'm talking about a virtual parallel universe of stand-up comedienne breathing (via the Lamaze technique) new life into old material. "My midwife is so fat, when she sits around the birthing suite, she sits *around* the birthing suite!"

Speaking of which, I've just flown in from about 16 hours of sitting around the birthing suite, and boy, is my wife tired. Of the several surefire, can't-miss, tax-free ways to be a grown-up available to modern man, childbirth is not one. (Some that are: participating in armed combat, attending a parent's funeral, explaining daylight saving time to a three-year-old.) Childbirth is, however, available to modern woman, and it is to being a grown-up as boot camp is to being a soldier. It is arduous, not to say labor-intensive. You are subjected to astronomical doses of what chirpy nurses euphemize as "discomfort." It can even be fraught with physical peril. All this, and you don't kill anybody, bury anybody or end

If sex is Nature's way

of making humans want to reproduce,

childbirth is Her way of making

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up, after a meticulous 15-minute explanation about "setting the clock" and "spring" and "fall" and "an hour," being asked, "But what's *daylight*?"

If sex is Nature's way of making human beings want to reproduce their species, childbirth is Her way of making sure they don't overdo it. Meanwhile, as modern woman lies there grimacing and groaning at what, by all accounts, is more or less unimaginable pain, modern man has several options. He may caress modern woman, coach her through some gimmicked-up (and, improbably, effective) breathing exercises the sole purpose of which is to distract her from the worst agony of her life, and tell her she's "doing great." He may, during the tentative calm between labor contractions,

indicate the LED numbers and unspooling Rocky Mountain trace on the fetal monitor, and declaim in pedantic irrelevance on the difference between digital and analog forms of data processing. Or he may eat his stupid roast beef sandwich and hope for the best.

As for the actual birth, during which a baby emerges from one's wife's body—clearly, such a thing is impossible. Conception, fine. Gestation, okay. One's wife walking around with a cantilevered medicine-ball belly in defiance of gravity, no problem. But I submit there's no way such a creature, with a body the size of a decent leg of lamb and a head the dimension of a softball, can traverse the "birth canal." Why, 20, or 12, or even 2 hours down the birth canal would be enough to make 15 years on the Erie Canal seem like a day at the beach.

Yet, somehow, the baby makes the trip. Something comes out. You see hair, you see an ear, and you think, *My God, that's a head*. What in human experience can be stranger than this? The alien bursting out of John Hurt's stomach? The Snow White—Rob Lowe opening of this year's Oscars? Dan Quayle calling his Samoan reception committee "happy campers"?

After a few seconds, and absent old-fashioned and now obsolete slapping, she cries. A few minutes later—and her brother did this, too; they all do; it's fascinating—she stops crying and looks around. It would take either the best or the worst writer in America to approximate the contrast between where she was in the womb and where she is now. The doctor does this and that, then hands Daddy (by now clad in stylishly rumpled surgical greens) an angled scissorslike device with which to cut the umbilical cord. With the thought *Sorry, kid, but there's no turning back now*, I do so. Have I mentioned that its texture is like slightly overcooked calamari?

And then the face. Pardon my parental pride, but at that moment she looked very much like Deng Xiaoping. In but two days, she has that creamy-sweet baby look. By then she spends most of her time sleeping, crying and nursing; when she opens her eyes and looks at you, it is like being granted an audience with the pope. You are in The Presence. Later—by the time this sees the print that the reader sees—she will look even more like herself. Whoever that is. ■

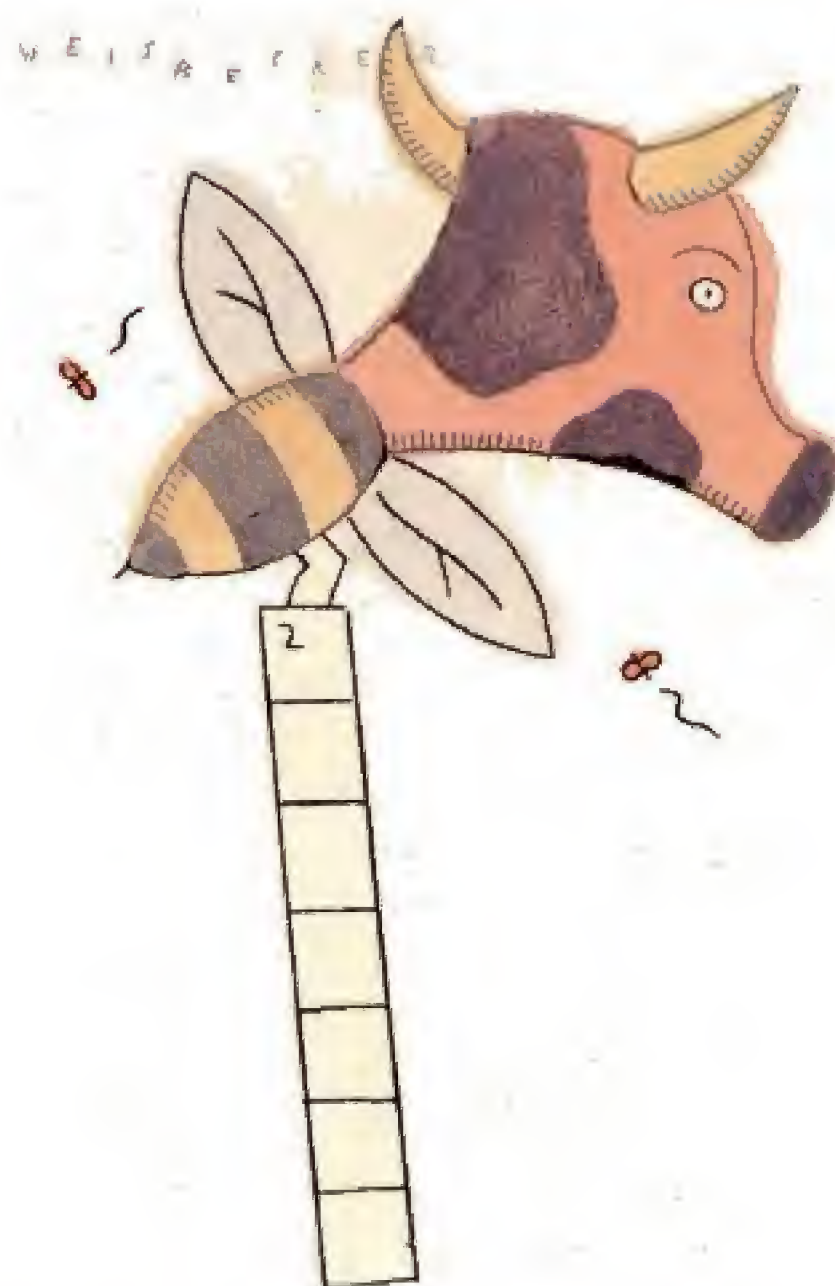
Crossword Puzzle

THE UN-BRITISH

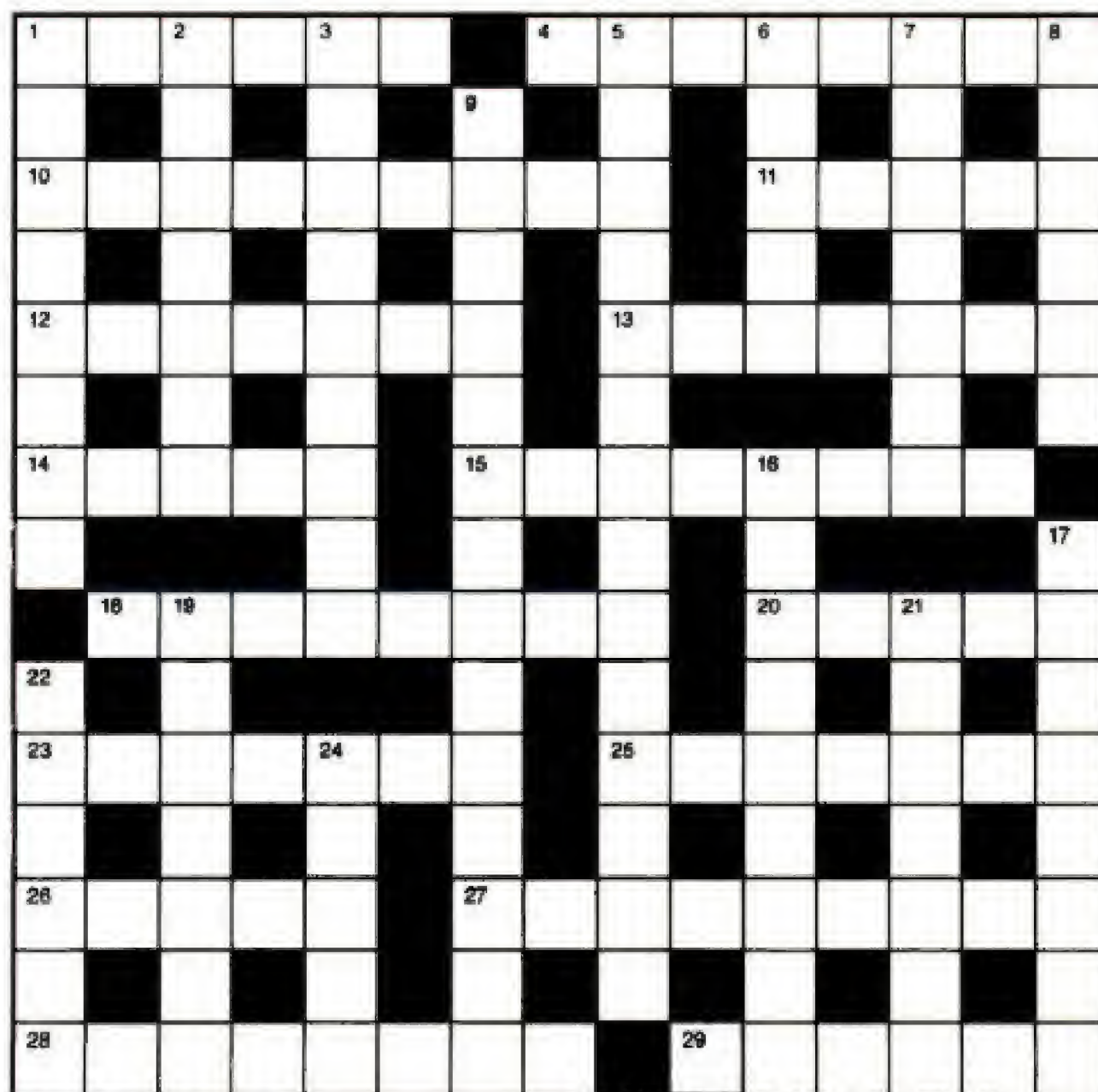
BY ROY BLOUNT JR.

ACROSS

1. Spoiled Los Angeles child may help us conquer cancer. (3,3)
4. Uncut horse gets muscles backward. Leo. (8)
10. Retain! Release! Maintain flexibility! (4,5)
11. Carry monkey's head as emblem. (5)
12. Drink right at hilarious occasion, and it causes weeping. (4,3)
13. Snake found next to Indiana, around Rhode Island, eases pain. (7)
14. Concerning a match. (5)
15. Wigglers without Rh factor devour German city. (3,5)
18. Devil-lassoer is out of line. (8)
20. Dislocated state of discernment. (5)
23. Parrot, bloodsucker, we hear, are diplomatic. (7)
25. No cur in messy mythological beast. (7)
26. Low droning sound precedes an animal that murders. (5)
27. Forced against Mother's laws. (9)
28. Gaudy metal Edsel smashed. (8)
29. What cowboys did to her Doctor of Education. (6)



Nobody Loves Me, Everybody Hates Me, Guess I'll Go 15 Across



DOWN

1. "The name of the place is I like it _____." (4,4)
2. Cow-bison combo puts bee on climbing Norwegian. (7)
3. Decadence: a soldier climbing all over big reptile. (9)
5. That oviparous rabbit, if you believe. (3,6,5)
6. Slack off and allow to rise. (3,2)
7. Break in wrong time around, right? (7)
8. Putting a handle on place where we lost war over gin spritzer. (6)
9. Nessie shot creature feature. (7,7)
16. Unfashionable wisecracker on tiny platform becomes gull. (9)
17. Caged, Barbie's significant other has need around 50. (8)
19. Grand kind fellows who bring what Bossy gives. (7)
21. Not exactly so crude when scrubbed hard. (7)
22. Consequence of oversexy delivery service. (6)
24. Bound up in past, perhaps. (5)

The answers to the Un-British Crossword appear on page 122.

ILLUSTRATION BY PHILIPPE WEISBECKER

The flattering new



-pns si amonqis padeus-88e

denly everywhere, notably on oval eye-



fuls Veronica Hearst, 100-

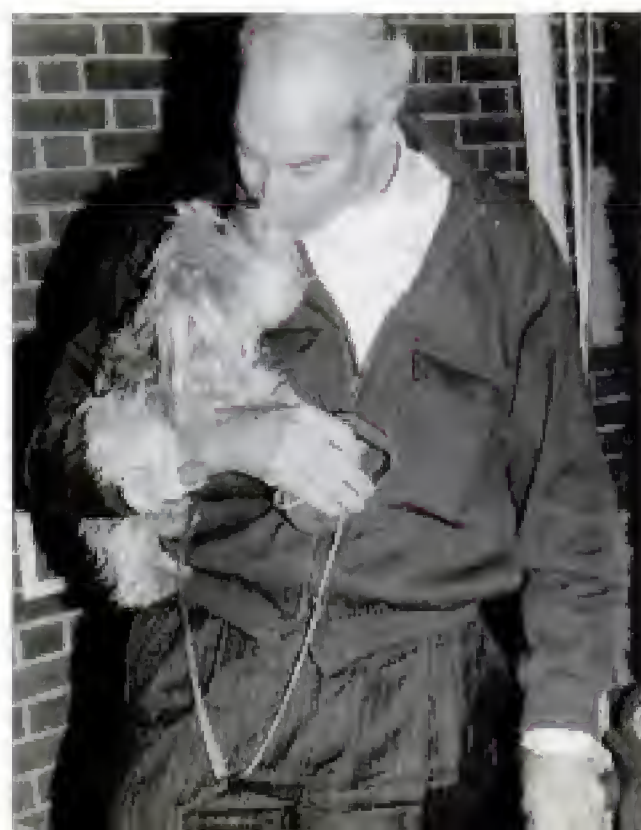
year-old Sylvia Miles and

catan-happy, bosomy dirty-book writer

Shirley Lord.



DOG EAT DOG At failed kidnews entrepreneur Chris Whittle's Loeb Boathouse party for girlfriend Priscilla Rattazzi's superimportant book of photographs of quasi-famous people and their dogs, quasi-famous golddigger Susan Gutfreund forces her malleable pet to stand on hind legs like a human child, while deposed art-world despot Tom Hoving goes tongue-to-tongue with his dog. Whittle, meanwhile, fascinates one out of two female listeners with scintillating talk of his plans to enter Tennessee politics.



THREE STOOGES Hats off to three of the special people who make New York City the crazy, mixed-up place we can't get enough of—Donald "Stinky" Trump, Liz "Leatherpuss" Smith and Alfonse "Home Sweet HUD" D'Amato, each caught here cutting up in the way they know drives their fans wild. You guys!



▲ HELLO, DOLLIES! Back for their semi-annual appearance in these pages, glowing at the Martha Graham gala at the Metropolitan Opera, are SPY's (and by now, surely, *everyone's*) favorite party couple, the flaxen-haired flesh-puppet Walter Stane and his chronic date, the lovely and watertight Gertrude Swope.

Update: Ironman Nightlife Decathlon III



Decathlon player-coach George Plimpton (who surely engages in rounds and rounds of strenuous socializing *only as research* for his forthcoming best-seller, *Paper Ironman*) generously offers Knute Rockne-style mid-party pep talks to both 1989 Ironman contender Morgan "Fairchild" Entrekin and 1989 MVP Tama Janowitz.



▼SWADDLING CLOTHES

At a benefit for the American Ballet Theater, prettier-and-more-tasteful-than-Ivana Blaine Trump awaits the assistance of her



husband, Robert, to winch her up and deposit her at another spot in the room.



MIXED DOUBLES At a society wedding (1), investment banker John Gutfreund stares off into a middle distance, attempting to fix his features into a pleasant—if befuddled—expression as his wife, Susan, the Francophile ex-stewardess, shares a warm moment with a French baron. (2) Leaving *The Wall Street Journal's* 100th-anniversary party, ultra-earnest author Ken Auletta pulls the Trump-patented *Who invited her?* thumb gesture on his saddle-soaped wife-cum-handler, Amanda "Binky" Urban. (3) Former Diane Sawyer boy toy Laurence Tisch tries to give his wife, Billie, the slip as they leave a party for John le Carré.



BODY LANGUAGE Social anthropologists have been scratching their heads over the precise meaning of a strange new mating dance seen around town. It goes like this: the female (in photo No. 1, Pat Buckley) extends an arm up in the air in a gesture that suggests supplication; the male reaches a finger toward the female's lower lip, apparently about to force her to make the sound *b-b-b-b-b*. (2) At an Algonquin party for Christopher Mason, Knopf wife and novelist Gita Mehta tries unsuccessfully to get walker John Richardson to engage in the aforementioned ritual with her. And (3) at *Mirabella's* launch party, Rupert Murdoch tries the male's part of the gesture on an unresponsive Harry Evans, a man he once purged as editor of *The Times* of London.



HAIR TODAY, HANG-OVER TOMORROW

Right: when 1988 and 1989 Ironman runner-up Carl Bernstein brought a shiny blond hairdresser named Kim to a book party for P. J. O'Rourke's *Modern Manners* (Bernstein wearing his trademark appropriate-anywhere black on black, a subtle reminder that 1974 was his big year), the evening's patter turned toward matters of hair care. Below: voice-of-his-generation-by-default

Bret Easton Ellis proudly displays his whisker to humorist Emily Prager.



YES, MASTER At a luncheon for Gannett TV overlord Grant Tinker at The Plaza, *New York Post* columnist Eric Breindel shares a couple of casual and completely relaxed moments with his boss, Peter Kalikow.





HERE'S WHAT YOU DO,

sidewalk surfers: When it gets dark in our New, Improved New York, skateboard over to 55th and Madison. Bring a few dollars. Look for Larry, the window washer. If he's not at ground level, just tug on the ropes and he'll come down for you. When you get to the top—high above Madison, high above all the gritty, cratered, overcrowded Manhattan avenues—you'll find that the air is clean (or cleanish, anyway) and the granite is smooth as silk and dry as a Santa Ana breeze. When the AT&T loop gets overcrowded, head downtown to the notorious Eldorado Submarine Basin, 300 feet below Grand Central Terminal. Here's what you do: There's this air vent with a loose grate near the Saloon door in the Oyster Bar—you can't miss it. When the maitre d' isn't looking, crawl into the vent, lie flat on your board and follow it down....

A

FOLD SO "A" MEETS "B"

B

Wall Street was shaken to its foundations today when rumors were confirmed that two of its oldest rivals had tentatively reached an agreement to merge their vast industrial and service holdings.

Lawyers for Phineas Smith of Smith, Smith, Smith and Smith and Zachary Jones of Jones World Corp., delivered statements over breakfast at a press conference at the posh Manhattan Men's Club, and later signed the merger agreement that no one on Wall Street could have ever predicted.

Inside sources say the process began several months ago when Jones secretly began buying Smith stock, amassing 21% of the issue, and on July third, tendered an offer to buy the remaining Smith stock at \$12 over market quote in a hostile takeover bid.

What Jones insiders did not know at the time was that Smith had also been secretly buying Jones stock through an unknown investment house, and the day after the Jones offer, Smith tendered a counter offer to buy the remaining Jones stock at \$13 over market value.

The simultaneous takeover bids threw both companies into chaos, each adopting dangerous poison pill tactics to stop the other from gaining control. Smith was actually seen handing out cyanide to his top management, instructing them to keep it hidden in the lapels of their jackets at all times.

Meanwhile, the infamous Wall Street raider C. Hubert Bone began moving behind the scenes, amassing a reported \$6 billion war chest aimed at taking over both Smith and Jones in their weakened states.

The secret takeover move caught both Smith and Jones off guard, leaving the two battered, old enemies only one option to avoid being devoured by Bone; they had to bury the hatchet and merge their companies to survive.

After five straight days of closed-door negotiations, Smith, Jones and their lawyers and accountants emerged with plans that effectively put both companies under one management team. It was agreed upon that Smith would act as CEO during odd years and Jones would head up the new corporation during even years. The new corporate headquarters will be in Terre Haute, Indiana, halfway between New York City, where Smith is based, and Dallas Texas, where Jones is based. They still have not agreed upon a name for the new company, although they are rumored to be considering either Smith and Jones, Inc., or Jones and Smith, Inc.

The fine points of the deal are not yet clear, but one source said that Mr. Smith is offering to trade his Aircraft Division for Mr. Jones' stock holdings in Jones' Industries Fast Food Division, all West Coast drilling rights currently owned by his oil company, and two CEO's to be named later. Smith is said to be willing to consider the offer if Jones would be willing to throw in a Midtown Manhattan business complex, three Atlantic City Casinos and a minor league hockey team.

Jones agreed to talk it over with his mother, an octogenarian, who allegedly still makes most of the big decisions in the family's financial empire.

C. Hubert Bone, left with \$6 billion and nothing to buy, is said to be considering a plan to finance a chain of dome-covered amusement parks in Alaska and Canada, with plans to expand into Siberia, Mongolia and the sister cities of Minneapolis/St. Paul over the next ten years.

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